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907 | BY CHAS. CLARK MUNN | CENTS

# SMITH'S

## MAGAZINE



**SPECIAL COLORED ART SECTION IN THIS ISSUE**

Published Monthly by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-89 Seventh Ave., New York

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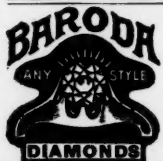
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Vol. V

No. 6

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A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

SEPTEMBER

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**YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50** **SINGLE COPIES 15 CENTS**

Monthly Publication issued by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.  
 ORMOND G. SMITH, President, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City; GEORGE C. SMITH, Secretary and Treasurer,  
 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

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VOLUME 5

SEPTEMBER, 1907

NUMBER 6



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With Henry Miller in "The Great Divide"



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MISS ELEANOR ROBSON  
In "Salomy Jane"

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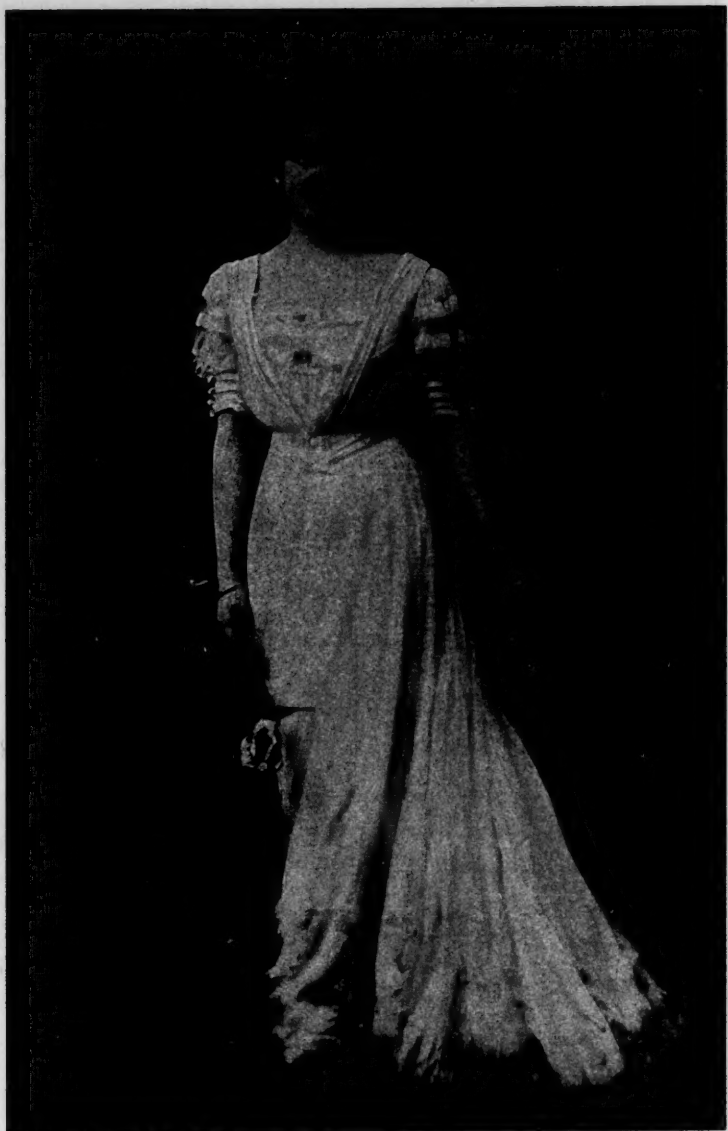


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MISS FLORA JULIET BOWLEY  
In "The Lion and the Mouse"



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MISS DELIA MASON  
In "My Lady's Maid"



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MISS TOPSY SIEGRIST  
With Lew Fields' Company

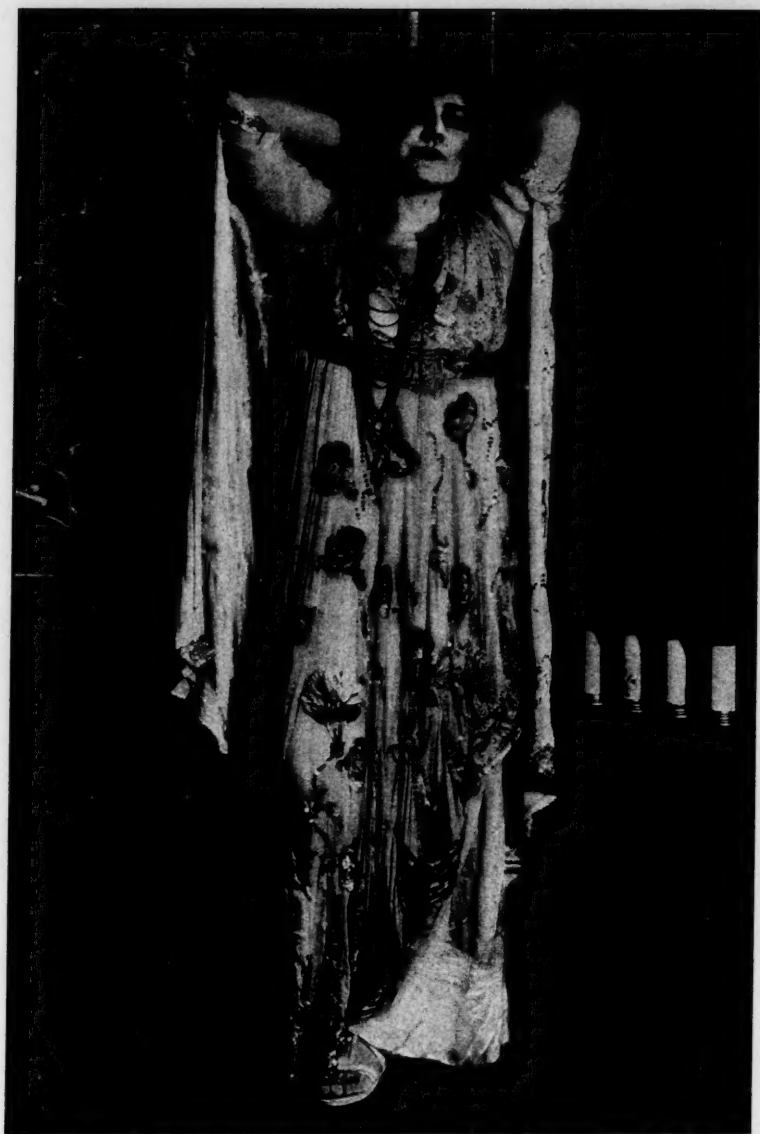


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MISS JULIA MARLOWE  
In "John the Baptist"



MRS. LESLIE CARTER  
in "Zaza"



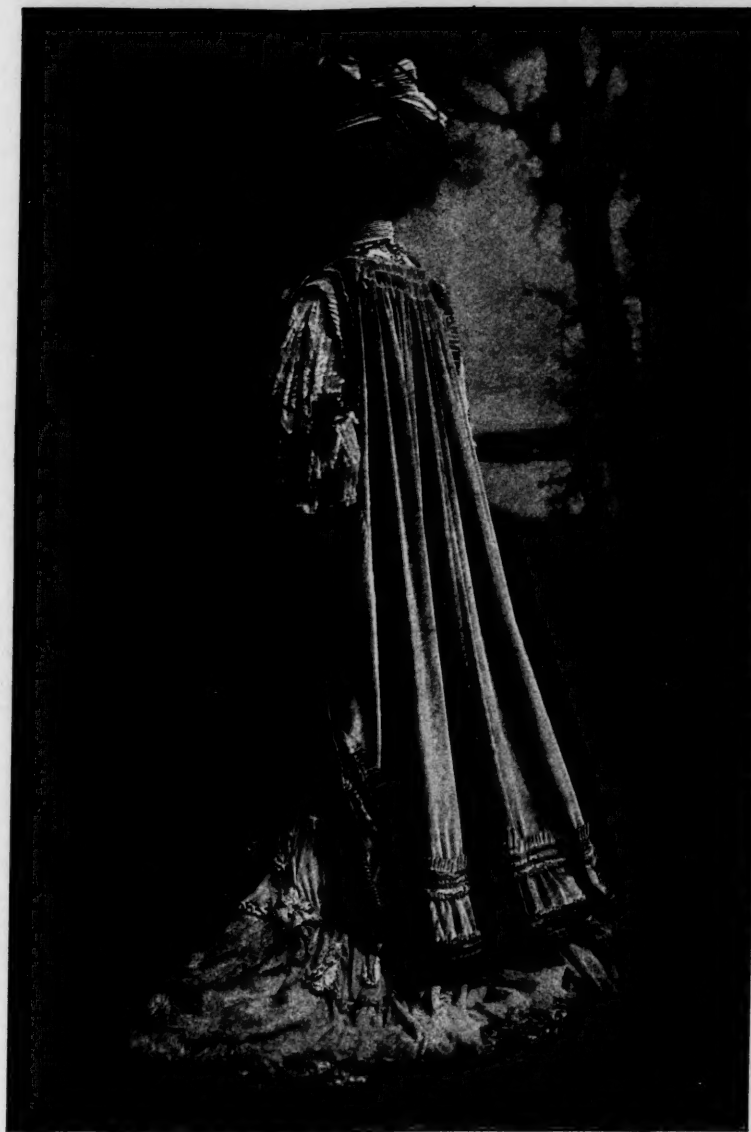


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MISS MAUDE KNOWLTON  
In "The Chorus Lady"



MISS ADELE RITCHIE  
In "Fascinating Flora." (New York Casino summer show)



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MISS EDITH DANIELL  
With Anna Held in "The Parisian Model"

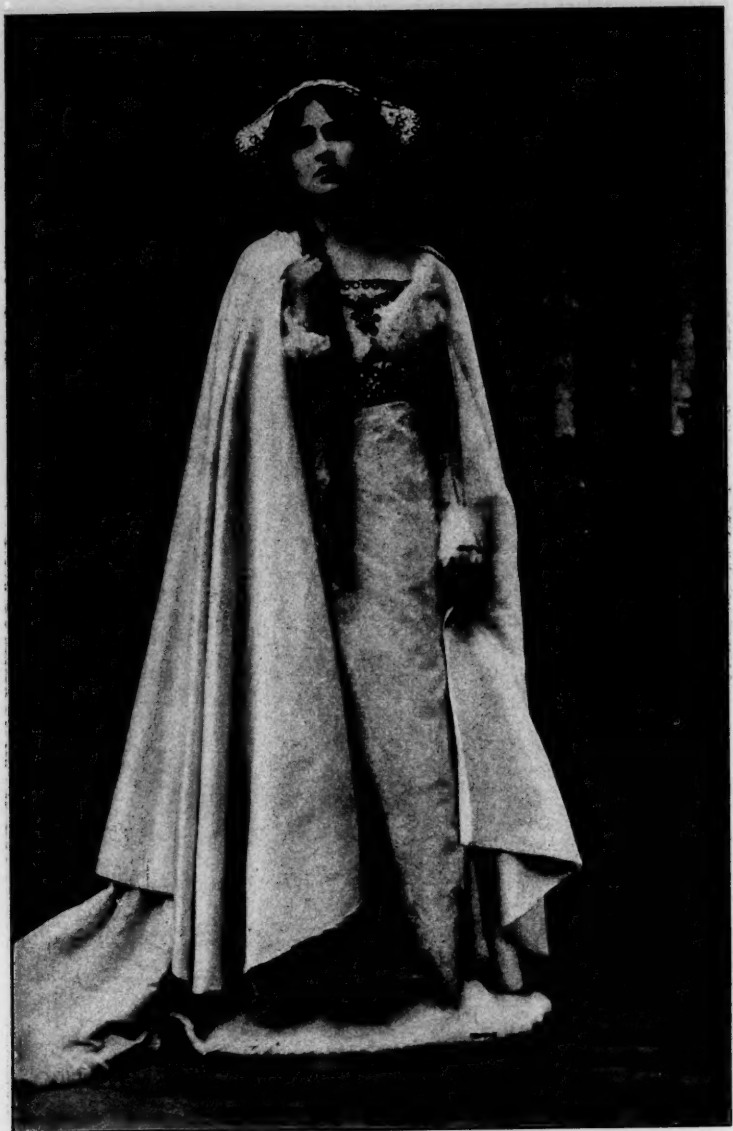
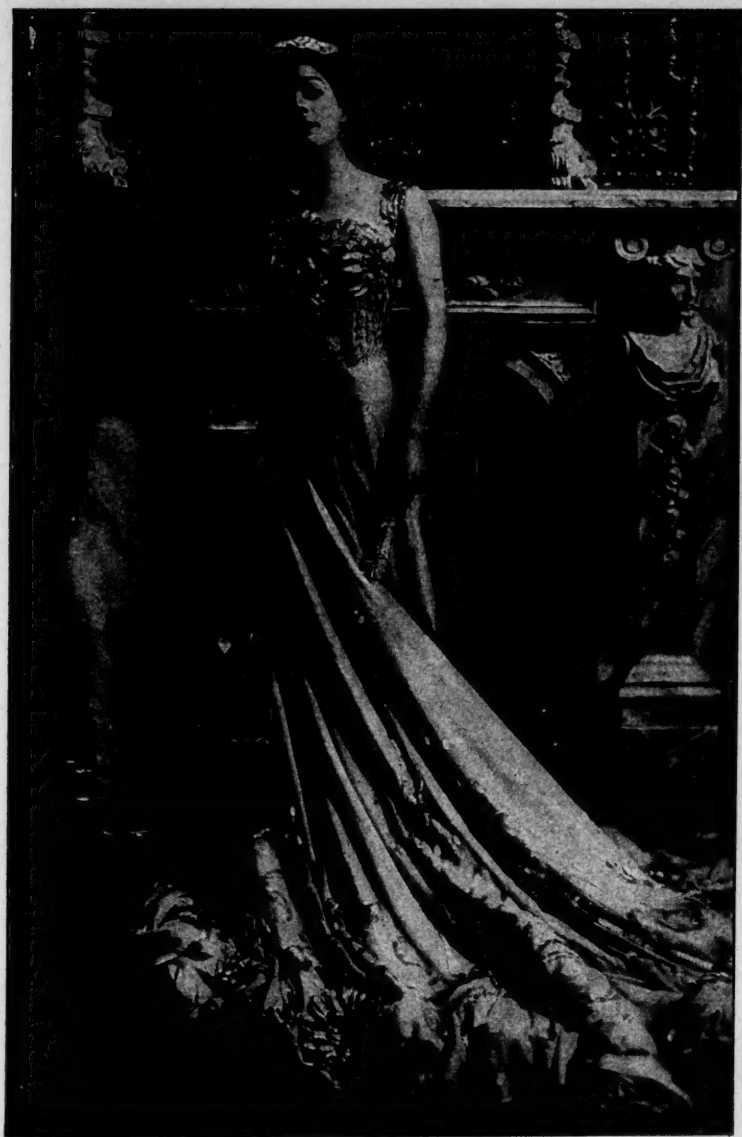


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MISS BEATRICE BECKLEY  
With James K. Hackett in "The Walls of Jericho"



MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA  
In "Comtesse Coquette"



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MISS AGNES CAIN BROWN  
In "The Rose of the Alhambra"



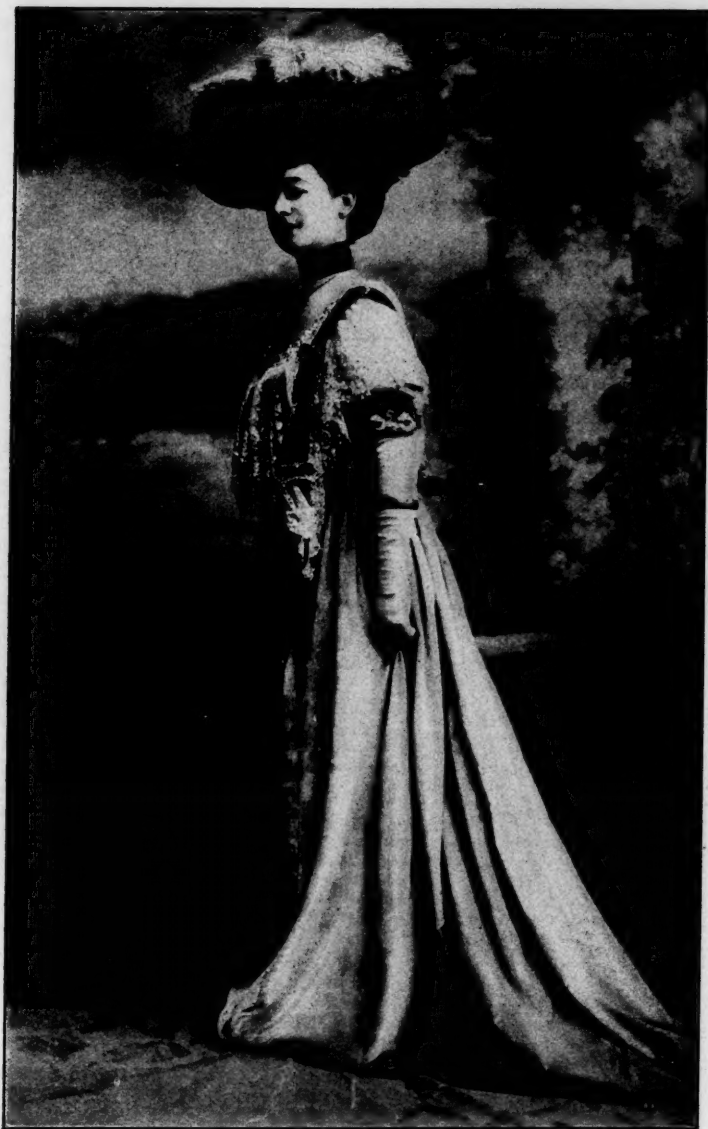


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MISS ELSIE REINHARDT  
With Louis Mann in "The White Hen"



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MISS TRIXIE FRIGANZA  
With Eddie Foy in "The Orchid"



# LORENA OF THE CAPE

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN

Author of *UNCLE TERRY, ROCKHAVEN, THE HERMIT, THE GIRL FROM TIM'S PLACE, ETC.*

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. CAHILL

## CHAPTER I.

### SWEET SIMPLICITY.

SOUTHPORT, or the "Cape," as that semicircle of small, brown houses was called, was, as usual, nearly asleep that summer day. Uncle Terry, the keeper of the Cape light, and stage-driver to the head of the island eight miles away, had just started in his ancient carryall with a very thin mail-pouch. Lem Bascom, John Oaks, Cap'n Darby, Jim and Abner Perry, the five principal citizens of the village, were miles away on the undulating ocean hauling lobster-pots or cod and haddock trawls. The Widow Leach, of proverbial piety and poverty, was turning the drying cod on the Perry brothers' fish-racks. Aunt Lissy, Uncle Terry's wife, in faded calico sunbonnet and dress of same, was kneeling in her wall-enclosed garden. Mrs. Cap'n Darby and Mrs. Abner Green, in wooden rockers on the former's porch, were discussing Lorena Bascom's future prospects, while Lorena herself, alone in John Oaks' store, was await-

ing possible customers, and minding her own business, as sole clerk, for fifty cents per day—and glad to earn even that.

From all around the rock-ribbed Cape, and murmuring over the placid little harbor and into each open door and window, came the low, drowsy monotone of the ocean. And just then, at about mid-afternoon, the small steam-yacht *Mermaid*, with shining brass rails, and yawl towing astern, slid into the narrow entrance of the Cape harbor, slowed down about mid-way, and ceased to move just as two sailors in white duck tossed the anchor over her bows.

"Well, here we are, sir," declared Cap'n Sam Hardy, the skipper, turning from the wheel and touching his cap to Vance Winship, the owner, and Professor Bethany, his guest. "And this," he added, waving his hand over the six-acre cove, "is the famous Cape harbor; the smallest and snugget on the coast of Maine."

"A wonderful freak of nature, and a most surprising one," exclaimed the

professor, glancing back at the rock-walled entrance not four rods wide, and then at the sandy shore of this tiny harbor, with the half-circle of small houses facing one side of it, and the low cliff enclosing them. "Why, it's like a pocket; a pouch, rather. And how perfectly landlocked! Neither wind nor wave can disturb us here. And how shallow it is!" He stepped to the rail, and looked over at the plainly visible white sand bottom. "Scarce water enough to float us, I fear," he added apprehensively.

"Oh, plenty," returned Cap'n Sam, smiling; "a good four fathom at low water, and we draw less than one."

"Why, there are fish swimming about beneath us!" the professor continued excitedly, looking over the rail. "And there's an eel, as sure as I live; yes, two of them; and I can see huge crabs, also; long ones, with spider legs and big claws. Why, it's amazing!"

"Them's lobsters," answered Cap'n Sam bluntly, also looking over. "Crabs don't grow here, or the sort we eat, I mean."

"You might rig a fish-line for the professor," Vance, who had been quietly enjoying his friend's surprise, now chimed in. "There is a crate of clams we took aboard at Harpswell to use for bait, and he can have a lot of fun. I'm going ashore to look around. Anything needed?" he added, turning to the steward in white cap and jumper, who had also come on deck.

"All we wants is green stuff, sir," that Teuton answered; "some fresh lettuce, meppee, and some top onions, I dinks."

And then Vance Winship—sybarite, cynic, indolent because rich, well-bred since he was well-born, debonair, and always generous—lit a fresh cigar, stepped into the yawl the ready sailors had drawn alongside the lowered steps, and, bidding them remain on board, picked up the oars and rowed ashore.

Not direct, for even he was piqued by curiosity at this picturesque harbor, and, turning across the *Mermaid's* bow toward the row of houses, pulled lazily for twenty rods until alongside a

pinky-built, two-masted fishing-boat tied to a post, which he inspected while his oars trailed on the water. Then on to another craft of similar build, beyond, and then shoreward again, and following it until just around a tiny point where, in a bight, he noticed two long, narrow, slat racks on foot-high legs, and standing beside them a tall and very thin woman, with wrinkled, sun-tanned face and deep-set eyes staring at him.

Her hair was snow-white, a brown straw sunbonnet half-enclosed her head; a faded calico dress hung like a scarecrow's from her attenuated form. Her arms akimbo, and her long, bony hands resting on her hips, with shoulders bent forward with age, she presented a picture and pose at once pitiful and pathetic.

One long, curious glance passed between the two, then Vance raised his cap, gave a filip to one oar, turned out of the bight and onward to where a long spile wharf half-covered with lobster-pots extended out into the shallow water. Here he landed, tied his boat to a low post, and walked up to the brown, shingled building half-abutting on the wharf.

At its front corner he paused, for out from the two open windows and the open door between came the dropping, squeaking notes of "Hold the Fort," evidently machine-made, within.

One moment only he halted to hear that time-worn melody, then he peeped in, and saw a young girl half-reclining on a broad box in front of a counter, her head resting on one hand, her elbow on the box, one leg curled under her, the other thrust out, and disclosing a well-filled black stocking, visible almost to her knee, and directly beneath her face was a small organette, the tiny crank of which she was rapidly turning.

The store, for such it was, was packed full of a conglomerate confusion of boxes, barrels, farm-tools, clothing, boots, and shoes. Rolls of calico, cotton cloth, and blue and brown denim were heaped on both counters. Two glass show-cases held cigars, candy,

rolls of ribbon, bundles of hosiery, gloves, and woolen mittens. Hams in yellow-glazed cloth jackets hung from hooks in the bare rafters. Tin and wooden pails, pots and lamps were also thus suspended. A mingled odor of kerosene, coffee, salt fish, and tarred rope permeated the stock and store. A slant of light from a half-open door in the rear aided the two windows and front door, and in the midst of all sat this girl, unconscious of an observer, grinding out Moody and Sankey melody from a twelve-inch square box.

It was all such a unique spectacle, and the girl so graceful in pose and outline, with a long braid of yellow hair depending near the arm she leaned upon, that Vance, a critic of all that was beautiful, stood and watched her until "Hold the Fort" had run its course. Then, raising her head to shift the rolls, the girl saw him. In an instant she was on her feet in confusion and blushes, eyes wide open in astonishment and half-fear, and staring at Vance. But he was equal to it all.

"Hello, little girl!" he said, with an amused smile. "Don't you mind me. I'm harmless, and came ashore to buy some onions. What is that funny little hand-organ you've been grinding?"

The combination of smile and "Little girl" was effective in banishing her fear.

"That's an organette," she answered, now returning his smile. "Uncle Terry gave it to me on my birthday, and it's so cute I play it all the time."

"It certainly is a funny machine," Vance answered, advancing and smiling again. "I never saw one like it."

"I'll play you another piece, then," she rejoined eagerly, and evidently quite proud of her possession. Then, turning up the lid of the toy organ, removing a roll of perforated paper, inserting another from a dozen of them on the near-by counter, and seating herself, she began turning the little crank again, and "The Wearing of the Green" started its drawling career, with Vance scarce able to keep from laughing at the comical little box and still more comical music. After that she

regaled him with "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and then looked up at her audience of one with a shade of pathos in her big blue eyes.

"That piece always makes me feel sorry," she said confidingly, and as if wanting his sympathy. "Don't it you?"

"Well, not so played—that is—yes, it is rather a sad song," he answered, catching himself in time. "Properly rendered by a band of darkies at the twilight hour on a Southern plantation as I've heard it, it most certainly has a weird pathos."

"I suppose you have heard all kinds of music," she returned, a little crest-fallen now; "and mine don't seem any good."

"Oh, I don't mean that," he rejoined, smiling again to reassure her. "Any music is better than no music, and yours is all right. Now let's get acquainted. My name's Vance Winship, from Boston. I came ashore from my yacht, that has just run into your little harbor here, and I want to get some lettuce and top onions. What is your name?"

"Mine's Lorena Bascom," she answered simply. "Folks call me Lora."

"And is this your father's store?"

"No, it's Mr. Oaks', but I tend it while he's away pulling pots. Father is away, too."

"And your Uncle Terry gave you the music-box on your birthday, you say," Vance added, glancing her over; "your—let me see—your sixteenth, I guess."

"No, sir," she returned, with a little toss of her head; "my eighteenth. I was eighteen three weeks ago the twenty-first of June."

"The longest day of the year," Vance answered, smiling at her admiringly. "Have you brothers or sisters?"

"No, nobody 'cept father and grand-ma. My mother died years ago."

"And your Uncle Terry, who is he?"

"Oh, he's the lighthouse-keeper, but he isn't my uncle. Everybody here calls him 'uncle,' though. He's the dearest man I know."

"More so than your father?" Vance now queried, with more interest. "How about him?"

"Oh, ye-s," the girl rejoined reluctantly. "That is, I mean no, only it's different. I don't see much of father; he's away nights hakeing."

"And where does your beau come in?" questioned Vance again. "Girls of your age always have one, I know."

"But I haven't," she returned half-defiantly; "and I don't want one yet, Uncle Terry says. I ain't old enough."

Then Vance laughed; a good hearty laugh as well.

"Eighteen," he said, "and not old enough! Well, that is good! And they say twenty-five is the old maids' corner. But maybe there are no fellows here good enough to be your beau, eh?"

"There's no young folks here of my age," the girl replied; "but I wish there was—some girls, anyway. I'm sorter lonesome once in a while."

"No girls, no fellows to have fun with, and eighteen!" Vance mused aloud, now looking at her curiously. "Well, little girl, I am sorry for you; you must be lonesome. And now how about my lettuce and top onions? Can I get any here?"

"I've got some in my garden I'll give you," she answered quickly. "I guess you can't buy any."

For a moment Vance hesitated, while he glanced at the girl's innocent, up-raised face, and came near saying he should insist on paying for them, but he didn't. Instead, he answered: "It's good of you to do so, and I shall be grateful for them." And then, the girl leading, the two left the store, with the door wide open. Once in the sandy roadway, and side by side they followed the path around to the row of weather-beaten houses. There a lane led inward in front of them, and, entering it, they kept on until the last but one dwelling was reached, and here the girl turned up a narrow path to a walled garden.

A low, lattice gate was swung aside by her, and soon Vance's two hands were full of "green stuff," and he and his bareheaded eighteen-year-old child companion, both laughing and chatting merrily, were on their way back to the little store.

Here Vance secured paper and twine, bundled up and tied his ample stock of forage, and then an awkward point in the summer-day episode was reached. To offer pay he dared not. He had thanked her again and again, and yet, say all he could and had, he still felt her debtor.

"I—we—shall be here a few days, Miss—Bascom," he said finally, feeling a new admiration for this girl who had shown him such utter and yet childish confidence. "And I'd like to entertain you and your grandma, and show you my boat to repay your kindness. You needn't dress up any," he added, after a pause. "There is nobody on board except Professor Bethany, my old tutor, whose hobby is marine vegetation, and the skipper, and I'd like to square myself, somehow, for robbing your garden."

"Why, you have thanked me, and that's enough," Lora answered bluntly, and flushing at his earnest manner. "We don't think garden sass worth much here, or eat half that grows. I'd like to see your nice boat, but grandma wouldn't go. She's 'fraid o' strangers, and I couldn't go without her."

And then Vance Winship felt that this girl he had first addressed and considered as a child had not only got the better of him in kindness and put him in her debt, but had attained to an added respect as well.

She was utterly unsophisticated; the world and its ways were unknown to her he saw; but her big blue eyes were without a shade of guile or coquetry, her speech and thoughts as pure as the sea-winds blowing across this cape, her face a sweet oval, lips an enticement, form as beautiful as that of a young goddess, and raiment the acme of simplicity.

All this Vance saw and was sure of, then he bade her good-by, and pulled away to his yacht, to find the professor had caught a market basketful of sea-perch, flounders, and rock-cod; and therein had had the time of his life. And when Vance came aboard the professor was in a state of rapture over a sea-cucumber, a queer link between



vegetable and shell-fish life, and quite unconscious that his young host had been absent three hours.

And that evening when the two sat smoking on the canopied after-deck, not one word of the professor's learned discourse upon the varied forms of marine vegetation was heard by Vance, for his thoughts were ashore. For an hour he puffed away in contented silence, watching the village lights vanish one by one, wondering the while if this girl's "no lover" admission was true.

"I doubt it," he half-whispered to himself at last; "and yet it may be so. Anyhow, she ought not to blush unseen much longer, for she's certainly a dream of sweet simplicity."

Then he lit another cigar, and kept on wondering.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE OPENING OF A CHESTNUT BURR.

Vance Winship was neither a marriageably disposed young man nor a Lothario. An only son of a hard-working, business father, who had turned the money-making crank year after year with never a day's let-up, who believed recreation a waste of time, and stuck to that creed until called to the beyond, Vance had early learned to abhor such a life. He had not learned the value of money, nor had he climbed one step of the long, uphill course his father had trod. He admired womankind from an artistic standpoint, was amused by the fulsome flattery some of them in his set lavished upon him, was perfectly conscious of the why and wherefore of it; and while he felt that some day he might need an establishment of his own, his present ample income, his lady mother with her devotion to him and continual fear of what Mrs. Grundy would say, and his spinster sister, equally devoted, were enough for him.

A pet of many women seldom comes to love one ardently, or need one; and Vance, by reason of social position, inherited wealth, refined nature, artistic taste, and really generous ways, was bound to be so petted and sought after.

His good-heartedness was evinced by this yachting excursion for Professor Bethany, his tutor at college. The professor had never visited the Maine coast, and he never was likely to do so on his meager salary as professor of botany in a small, inland college; and Vance had invited him for company out of pure good-will. And so it came to pass that these two, as wide apart as the poles, were here in the little Cape harbor.

The professor was in the mood and situation to enjoy its wild, rock-bound isolation, salty-flavored inhabitants, and picturesque scenery to the utmost. To Vance it was also new, and, while he had visited Bar Harbor two or three summers with his mother and sister, and had threaded the almost countless passages and inlets among these coast islands several times, this most unique one had so far escaped him.

He had never come in close touch with such a group of poor, hard-working fisher-folk, and knew naught of how they lived winter or summer, or why they would inevitably regard him with so much interest. His first shore visit there had interested him; he had never set foot in such a tiny store so filled with a conglomeration of all sorts of merchandise. Lora, with her utter simplicity and innocence, was a new specimen of the fair sex; her ready acceptance of his interest and her childish confidence were a revelation; and when morning dawned again, and fresh, crisp lettuce and top onions were added to the breakfast of fried fish and excellent coffee, Vance thought of the walled garden and the girl who had so eagerly donated these additions.

"I hated to accept them without paying," Vance asserted, referring to the episode he had described to the professor on his return; "and all I could do was invite the girl and her grandmother to visit us as compensation. Do you think they would come?" he added, addressing the skipper, who breakfasted with them. "You know these coast people better than I do. How is it?"

"I doubt it," answered Cap'n Sam.

"That gal most likely hain't got a best dress to her name. Her grandmother—I think you said it was—ain't likely to be better fixed, and this craft would scare both."

"How would it do if I took the old lady a couple of bottles of wine—some port?" hazarded Vance. "She must have lumbago, or something. All old ladies do."

"Good idea," responded Cap'n Sam, who foresaw some amusement for his young employer, and a longer stay in this harbor. "By all means take her some wine, see the girl again, and bring back more garden truck. You might also be able to buy some butter and a pail of milk. We could use both."

And so it happened that Vance, thus spurred that morning, excused himself to the professor—whom the skipper had promised to take on a search for kelp and ribbon-weed in the square boat—and once more started for a shore visit.

The day was another fair one. The Cape men folks had long before pulled far to seaward on their daily calling. Mandy Oaks had led the half-dozen Cape children up to their little brown temple of learning, where scattered pupils from over the island also gathered. Uncle Terry was also out pulling his quota of lobster-pots. The Widow Leach and an impecunious matron were spreading salt cod on the Perry brothers' racks; and Lora in Oaks' store had kept tabs on the *Mermaid* until she saw Vance leave it and pull directly toward the little weather-beaten dwelling she called home.

And he it said his thus going ashore caused her heart to beat with unusual rapidity.

To Vance it was merely a pleasant lark. He was curious to see where and how this simple girl lived, and also to take sly peeps at other of these fisher-folks' domiciles. He meant to visit the store again, and thought it would be fun to get Lora to go with him on a quest for butter and milk. He even planned to invite her to pilot him down to the lighthouse for an excuse to be with her and chat. Reaching shore, he

pulled his boat well up on the sandy beach, tied the painter to a half-embellished bit of wreck, and, taking his two bottles of wine, clambered over the rocks and up to the house the girl had led him to the afternoon before.

The door was wide open. An old crone, wrinkled, toothless, and white-haired, sat in a wooden rocker near an open window, knitting. She looked up as Vance paused on the threshold, and his "Good morning, madam," brought her to her feet.

"I've brought you a little wine," he said hurriedly, glancing over the small, bare room minus carpet, with a tiny box-stove, wooden chair, and oilcloth-covered table for furnishings. "Your granddaughter, I believe, kindly gave me some fresh vegetables yesterday, and I want to make some return."

"It's kind o' you, sir, to think o' us folks," came the mumbled answer. "Won't ye come in, sir, 'n' sit down?" And the old lady took a few limping steps to turn and offer a chair to Vance.

"I thank ye fer bringing it," she added, as he placed the bottles on the table and seated himself, "but no need on't. We don't vally garden truck much here." Then, to the surprise of Vance, she hobbled out of the room by way of the back door, and moved toward the garden. Vance, divining her intent, followed. She pulled an armful of lettuce and young onions, while Vance watched her, conscious of a new insight into the character of these poor people.

"Ye must take these," she asserted, returning and proffering the bunch of green stuff to Vance, "an' ye be welcome to all ye want any time, sir." And then Vance felt himself more in debt than before. There was one way out of it, however. He seized it on the instant, and, after profuse thanks to the old lady, hurried into the house ahead of her, thrust a five-dollar bill under one of the wine-bottles, and got away as hastily as the narrow, stony path to the beach and his boat would allow.

And now, empty-handed once more, he resumed his inspection of the Cape habitations. And a poor, dwarfed,

weather-browned lot they seemed. Like so many good-sized turkey-coops almost, crowded between boulders, backed up against the enclosing ledge, with equally diminutive garden spots, chicken-pens, and seldom a dooryard as additional peculiarities. In front of one stood a once yellow dory, earth-filled, and blooming with flowers. A ship's figurehead was perched over the door of another, and half-way to the store from this row of dwellings stood a small church with a tiny cupola.

A few housewives peeped out of dwellings as he passed. Not a child had he espied anywhere. Two calico-clad old women, beside some fish-racks, were all that he could see. But when he reached the store a surprise awaited him, for now the girl in attendance wore a pretty shirt-waist, her hair was in a neat coil, and she looked her age, and charming as well. Somehow, also, the store seemed tidied up, the rolls of cotton cloth and calico were piled in better order, and the floor was swept.

"I've been surveying your village," Vance explained, after bidding her good morning, "and called at your house."

"I—I s'pose you think our houses are awful poor after where you come from?" she stammered in answer, and looking scared.

"Oh, in a way, yes," he returned. "I presume fishing isn't very profitable, and it's all rocks around here. I made your grandma's acquaintance," he added, after a pause, "and she was very kind. Gave me a lot more of your garden good things. I suppose your father's off fishing?"

Vance meant well. He usually had tact enough to say the right thing at the right time, but now, to poor Lora, conscious of the utter poverty of her home and shiftless neglect of her father, it was just the wrong thing.

"I—we don't know where father is," she replied, growing more confused and coloring. "He has been away most two weeks now."

"What keeps him away so long?" Vance asked, failing to read the girl's confusion. "Is he on a vessel?"

"N-o, sir," Lora answered faintly, and turning away. "We—we don't know where he is."

And then Vance grew wise.

Something else came to him now. The wretched little room he had peeped into, the old crone hurriedly hobbling out to give him of her garden product, this girl clerking in a store where hours passed between customers' calls most likely, and the pittance she must receive for it. Then with all this the utter pathos and loneliness of her life here.

"Don't you want to walk over to the point and show me the way to your lighthouse?" he queried hurriedly, to change the subject. "I wish you would."

"I hadn't ought to leave the store so long," she answered hesitatingly; "some one may need something."

"Well, let 'em," he ejaculated, with a smile. "They can't buy anything anywhere else here, I guess; so come on."

His cheery manner and smile won. Lora put on a simple sailor-hat, and together they followed the sandy quarter-mile of roadway, bordered by cedar and bayberry-bush, to the point. This was quite hidden away and screened from the village by a bush-crested ridge. No person was to be seen about the little white dwelling nestling at the foot of the lighthouse, for none was there except Aunt Lissy, and she sat dozing over a weekly newspaper in the sitting-room. The lighthouse towered tall and spectral. The ocean beat and moaned along the jagged rocks, and far to seaward gleamed the sails of passing ships.

"I suppose you love the ocean," Vance said, as the two reached the extreme point and sat down on a rock step. "Most ladies always exclaim over it when on shore."

"I don't think I do," Lora answered, peeping shyly at this entirely new and jauntily clad yachtsman. "It always makes me feel lonesome."

"And why?" Vance queried.

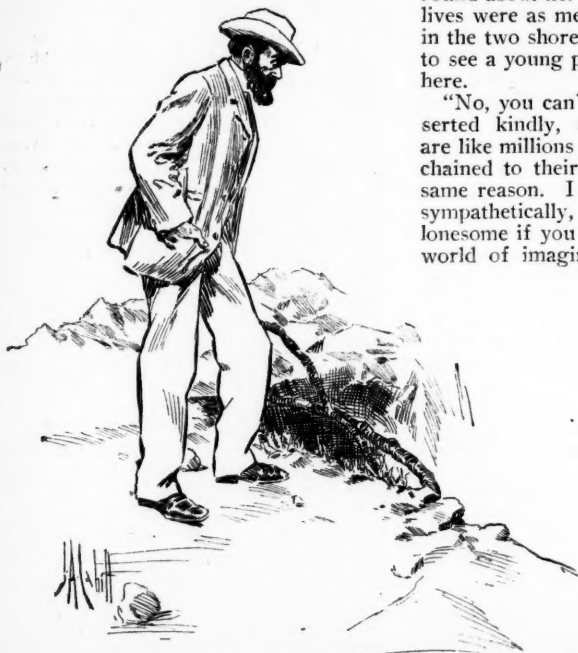
"I don't know why," she returned hesitatingly; "only it does, and I wished I lived somewhere else."

"But it's such a grand spectacle, so full of moods and mystery, one day smiling, the next bellowing at us in fierce anger. I should think it would fascinate you who see and feel its every impress."

"I guess that's why it makes me feel so," she answered, realizing herself unable to cope with his language.

"But it must set you thinking, and take your mind away from yourself and your daily vexations and cares," he continued, watching her; "and—and your lack of companions, for I judge you haven't many your own age."

"I—I think that's why it does make me feel so," she half-stammered in defense; "because it makes me think of myself and how I have no one to confide in now. I used to have," she continued, with a slight accent of pathos; "two or three of my age, but they all left here."



"No," returned the professor, peering first into one pit and then another.

Vance wondered if one of them might have been a lover.

"I guess the cause is lack of companions rather than the ocean," he responded aloud; "for you must admit it's an impressive influence. If you had a lot of friends you would be less moody and more receptive to the witchery of the sea and its weird mystery. I'm sorry you haven't," he added, in a lower tone, "for a young girl so alone as you are is to be pitied."

"I don't see how I can help it," she answered bluntly. "I can't go away from here."

There was no need to admit more. Vance, keen to draw conclusions, saw her life and environment as it was on the instant—her wretched hovel of a home, no mother except this old crone of a grandma in her dotage, a father as yet an unknown quantity—most likely little worthy the name—and round about her a dozen families whose lives were as meager and bare. So far in the two shore visits Vance had failed to see a young person of this girl's age here.

"No, you can't help it, I see," he asserted kindly, after a pause. "You are like millions of others in this world, chained to their birthspot, and for the same reason. I think," he added more sympathetically, "you would be less lonesome if you lived more in the ideal world of imagination and less in the

prosy one of your daily life. By that I mean build air-castles, fancy yourself some one else living in luxury and with scores of friends. Sit and watch the ocean and dream day-dreams. Study its moods, and forget yourself and your troubles."

"What's the use?" she rejoined eagerly. "I'd find them

always waiting for me at home, and how can any one escape their own thinking? I can't, for I've tried many times. Why, I've played every one of the music-rolls of my organette more than a thousand times to keep from thinking."

And so it happened that this timid girl, thus drawn out by Vance Winship, and touched by the occult wand of sympathy, lost her fear, and quite unconsciously began to confide all her girlish troubles, wants, and privations to him. Her early school life, with Mandy Oaks for teacher; the loss of her mother, the desolation of her home, with only an ancient grandmother to make it one; the weekly prayer-meetings and semi-monthly Sunday services at the Cape church; the long, cold, stormy winters endured somehow; the utter lack of young companions and social life; and finally the strange, shiftless conduct of her father for many years—these were now all confided to Vance.

"I can't understand what is the matter with father," she declared. "He used to tend to his lobster-pots and fishing with the rest of the men, but for several years now he has acted queer. He began to go night fishing for hake at first, but never seemed to catch any. Then he'd go off for a week at a time, nobody knew where, and he never seemed to care how we got along. There's many a time grandma 'n' I'd 'a' starved if it hadn't been for Uncle Terry."

And then this quaint old light-keeper, he of droll humor and keen philosophy, came in for description and eulogy—how kind-hearted he was, what funny things he said, his opinions upon all matters, including her father, and what a good Samaritan he had been to her.

"Why, Mr. Oaks—Deacon Oaks they call him," she said—"declares Uncle Terry is the salt of the earth, and helping somebody all the time. And then he is so funny, besides. I wish you could see him!" And Vance, watching her eager, flushed face, concluded this Uncle Terry was a character worth seeking.

"I'd like to meet this light-keeper very much," he declared; "from your description he must be a character worth knowing."

For two hours this simple, unaffected, confiding young girl, with big blue eyes, kept Vance keenly interested with her little tale of woe and her revelation of a life quite new to him, while the sunlit sea sparkled all around them, and the waves beat against the rocks at their feet. It was almost noon before either thought of the lapse of time; then Lora, espying two of the Cape lobster-catchers returning, sprang to her feet and led a hurried return to the store.

"Good-by, Lora," Vance said at parting, and in an unusually tender tone for him, as he extended his hand. "I thank you for a charming visit with you. I shall hope for another while here, and when I get back to the city I am going to send you some books to while away winter evenings."

Little did he realize how many seeds of heartache for Lora his careless smiles and sympathetic words had sown during that three-hour visit; how many times she would live them over; how many tears she would shed in desolate solitude to pay for them, or how, like an insidious, incoming sea-fog, the miasma of love would from now on shadow her innocent existence. For of such is the vale of life and the warp and woof of emotion.

### CHAPTER III.

#### VANCE WINSHIP.

Vance, skeptical by nature yet generous to a fault, was also indolent in his emotions, and so far in his life they had never been seriously disturbed. He had drifted along, so to speak, accepting the cakes and ale the gods had provided in a serene spirit and as a part of his good luck. He had wondered how and why it was that certain chums of his had lost their peace of mind over this woman or that. To him they seemed much alike, only differing in



degrees of beauty, talent, tact, and taste. A few in his set had much beauty and little brains; these he had noticed were most sought after. Others were minus the fatal gift, but plus tact and talent, and bored him less by reason of it. All he found collectively charming, and yet he had so far met no one sufficiently charming to cause him the loss of one moment's peace of mind.

But following that two hours' confidence from Lora came the first ripple over the surface of his serenity. He had, at the outset, been amused by her almost childish enjoyment of a musical toy, then touched by her simple confidence in him, a total stranger. The sight of her wretched home and evident poverty had augmented his interest, and then the utter ingenuousness of her young life history, coming when, where, and how it did, had carried a touch of pathos. How much or how little of this budding interest was due to her appealing pansy-blue eyes, sweet face, and alluring form, may be safely left to any student of ethics. Suffice it to say that on that afternoon, or soon after dinner, while Vance sat on the after-deck of his yacht, blowing smoke-rings aloft, he saw this girl leave her wretched home and hurry back to the store, and at that precise moment a new-born, philanthropic, quite indiscreet, and yet generous, impulse came to him.

And that impulse was to, in some way, exempt her from the poverty-enviored life she now led. But how?

He was practically a stranger to her and all these people here. He had only seen the old crone she said was her grandmother, and had had this light-keeper, Uncle Terry, described, also her father—the latter to his discredit, in a way—and just how to carry out this new-born impulse was no easy matter. Of course she must not know it, for that would spoil it all, and make her feel herself a pauper. To propose it to the most reliable male resident here and make such a one trustee, as it were, would smirch the girl's name, most likely; that must not occur. So Vance, wishing well, and meaning well,

saw no way of doing well, or as he desired.

A half-hour's cogitation over this peculiar problem ended in an inspiration that this light-keeper, Uncle Terry, might prove a means to carry out his Platonic scheme.

"I'll see him and size him up," Vance muttered to himself; "the girl seemed to think he was 'it' in all respects, and he may be. He will be if he has sense enough to keep a secret." And, having made so much progress toward his philanthropic intention, Vance turned to the professor.

And now came another diversion, for Cap'n Sam, the skipper, whose interest in marine vegetation was growing apace, proposed a trip to a near-by island, in an inlet of which he asserted was to be seen a most marvelous growth of kelp and ribbon-weed.

This island, some six miles from the Cape harbor, and midway between Damiscove and Fisherman's Islands, and known as Cut-in-Two, forms part of the barrier protecting Boothbay from the ocean, and is so unique in many ways it needs description.

It is of a V-shape, or like a spear-head pointing northeast, of high cliff formation, and covered, as all Maine coast islands originally were, with a tangle of scrub spruce. An inlet, perhaps two hundred rods deep and maybe ten across its entrance, partially divides this island, thus naming it, and the two sides of this open triangle are split by deep fissures. In these, ferns grow in rank profusion; the sides are moss-coated, cool, and damp on hot summer days; red bunch-berries add bits of color to the bare cliff tops, or peep out beneath the spruce growth; and, opening southwest, this inlet is seldom ruffled by the sea-winds.

Few of human kind ever come here. Gulls by hundreds frequent its rock-ribbed shore, fish-hawks nest in its stunted spruce-trees, or even in its low scrub growth, and against its seaward sides the waves beat and boom in solemn monotone seldom heard by man. To the westward of Cut-in-Two lies another low and smaller island, some fifty

rods away; a mere oval ridge of sand, sedge-covered, and utilized for nest-building by gulls, who swarm over it from spring until fall with discordant protest when disturbed.

Midway of this otherwise useless expanse of sand stands the bleached stump of what had once been a sizable tree. A lone sentinel, as it were, ever watching the wind-swept tufts of sedge, the small sand-dunes forming around them, and the countless, restless, squawking flocks of gulls that make this barren isle their summer home.

When Cap'n Sam proposed a visit to these islands, Vance, of course, assented. He would have much preferred another afternoon ashore and tête-à-tête with Lora, but the professor must be amused, girl or no girl, and Vance, indolent in love-affairs as in all others, obeyed the call of friendship, and, while that said girl's matchless blue eyes and appealing glances were more potent than rock-weed botanically described, she must needs wait.

Cut-in-Two Island, however, proved of more interest than Vance expected, for, when the *Mermiad* had dropped anchor in its unruffled inlet, and he and the professor, with Cap'n Sam to pull the boat, left her lowered steps, Vance, peering over into the translucent seawater, saw a mimic forest of vegetation below—a new and marvelous wonder-world of marine-plants of all shapes and kinds, with stems, branches, and broad leaves waving slowly in the incoming pulse of the ocean.

Some were wide-leaved, like giant cacti; others a single round stem, with open, flowerlike top. Here and there a wide, flat ribbon swung to and fro, or grew twisted, like a corkscrew; and, moving on and inward slowly, another type of sea-grass, like a field of grain, was crossed. Beyond this stood a group of plants much akin to cornstalks, and amid these, as the yawl became inert and its ripples died out, Vance saw dozens of fish swimming about, and anxiously watching the boat above them. Two or three lobsters crept around on long, spider-legs; an eel was squirming along on the bottom;

and so unique was this new field of life below him, Vance forgot all else but what he saw, while the professor steadily emitted words of ecstasy and delight. A half-hour of this and they landed, crossed the ridge of jagged rock to the ocean side, and followed this seldom-visited shore half-around the island.

In so doing, Sandbar Island, with its more numerous complement of gulls, caught their attention, and, signaling the boat in waiting, they boarded it, and were rowed around to this less picturesque isle.

The gulls, of course, resented this intrusion; they cawed and piped their anger in lifelike notes as they circled around; and Vance, first to land and walk inshore, soon saw the cause in countless, shallow nests, each holding from one to six brown-mottled eggs. The nests were everywhere among the rank-growing sedge, even out to where the bordering line of dry seaweed, shells, and driftwood outlined high-water mark.

For perhaps ten rods the two visitors, avoiding the nests, strolled inward until they came to where some one had dug a pit of about twenty feet in diameter, and half that in depth. Another of less size was found farther on, then two more close together; and, reaching the middle of the island, where the bleached tree-stump stood, mound after mound and pits by the dozen faced them.

"Somebody's done some digging on this island," Vance ejaculated, looking around; "but what for I can't see. Can you, professor?"

"No," returned that more observant man, peering first into one pit and then another; "it is most certainly remarkable, and I see years must have elapsed between the excavations of these pits. The first one we came upon had sedge-grass growing at the bottom, the next two none, and the fourth was by far the oldest, judging by the sedge-growth on its mound; while some of the pits must have been dug within a year or less."

And then, their curiosity aroused, these two began a more careful exam-

ination of this strange handiwork of man.

Sand is peculiar, and a ten-foot pit means many hours of hard shoveling. There were other signs of human visitation, thousands of footprints crossing and recrossing one another in every direction. In one pit was a bed of sedge-grass half-hidden under inblown sand, and over it lay sticks of drift-wood, as if some one had thus constructed a rude shelter. A few crossed embers lay in a near-by hollow, flanked by two piles of blackened stones; and hanging in the limbs of a scrub spruce not ten feet away was the whitened backbone and head of a fish.

"Curious, curious," murmured Vance, as one after another of these suggestive signs were found. "But what puzzles me is what all these pits were dug for? Some man has camped on this island, that's plain; and time and again has dug and dug holes enough to bury an army. Come, professor, you know the name of every seaweed growing on the ocean bed; now solve this riddle, will you?"

The two looked at one another long and intently, as two men will who are perplexed. Then the professor glanced at the bare stump a few rods away—a whitened, warning finger ten feet tall—and then at the array of pits and mounds grouped about.

"I think I see the answer," he admitted, after a long pause. "Some one has been here digging for buried treasure. Who or why or what the treasure was is beyond me, but dig for it some one did. He also came and dug alone. He even camped and cooked here, passed nights here; and his dig, dig mania extended over many years. It might have been some bank-robbers' loot hidden here, and disclosed to a pal. Murder may have been at the bottom of it, but stolen money it certainly was. If the days of piracy were not so long gone by, I'd think it was the outcome of one of those gruesome, black-flag episodes, but they are ancient history now."

And then Vance and his friend, only able to guess at this riddle, looked all

around once more, peeped into many pits again, and then left the island.

It was almost sundown when the *Mermaid* once more dropped anchor in the Cape harbor. Soon the bright flash of Uncle Terry's light shone atop its tall white tower; a few tiny lights gleamed later along the row of brown dwellings; one peeped out from the rear door of the store, and just as Hans announced, "Supper ish ready, sir," to Vance, a belated fisherman, pulling into the harbor, let his oars trail as he drew alongside the *Mermaid*, scanned that handsome craft, and muttered: "It's durned nice to be rich 'n' own sich a boat."

But a tempest in a teapot had been stirred up by Vance and his two shore visits. The *Mermaid's* arrival had brought every matron to the window of her domicile, and when Vance rowed shoreward and then to the store the women were still agog with curiosity. Two hours later, when he and Lora had walked up to her garden and back to the store, his hands full of garden greens, these good housewives began to wonder what it all meant; and so excited were they, that no time was lost in getting together and discussing this surprising episode.

Lora's return to the store next morning, "dressed fer meetin'," as one matron put it, added to the excitement. Vance's still more astounding visit to her home later, leaving two bottles of (supposed) rare wine, and five dollars to pay for another bunch of onions and lettuce, made these matrons gasp; and after it became known that Vance and Lora had passed three hours together on the point, if Lora had got into the boat with him, boarded the *Mermaid*, and steamed away, it would not have occasioned more astonishment.

All that afternoon while Vance was away Lora was besieged, first by one and then another of those women calling at the store to quiz her. Most of them warned her of the impropriety of her conduct; one more jealous than the rest assured her the money left at her home was an open insult; and all in all, and thus harried, questioned, criticized,





*Most of them warned her of the impropriety of her conduct.*

and adjured, poor, timid, innocent, and guileless Lora was almost brought to tears.

"I don't think it's any of your business," she said finally, half-angered at this last and more sharp-tongued caller. "I wasn't to blame for his leaving the money; and if he wanted to pay what he did for a handful of green stuff, it's his lookout, not mine. I don't recollect you ever gave us a penny, and I wouldn't take one now from you, anyway."

"But your going off with him for three hours, and him a stranger, was scandalous," responded this Mrs. Darby. "You hain't a mite o' shame. And if I had a darter I'd never let her be seen with you, I kin tell ye." And, having thus relieved her mind and crushed poor Lora, Mrs. Captain Darby, as she was fond of calling herself, stalked out of the store.

And that evening, while Vance was enjoying his after-supper cigar and discussing the mysterious treasure-hunter of Sandbar Island with the professor, Lora, sore at heart, left her home, passed the store, where a group of men were also talking about her escapade, and hurried down to the point to confide her troubles to her best and only friend, Uncle Terry.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### UNCLE TERRY.

Silas Terry, or "Uncle Terry," as young and old on Southport Island called him, was, and had been for thirty years, the keeper of the Cape light. To that vocation was added the lesser one of mail-carrier and stage-driver to the head of the island, eight miles distant; and "to sorter piece out on," as he phrased it, he kept a few lobster-pots set in season.

A genial optimist and facetious humorist, who declared Aunt Lissy (his good wife and sole companion) "ruled the roost," while he was law and gospel instead, Uncle Terry was a keen philosopher, who saw through human

foibles and vanities, and glimpsed the silver lining back of all clouds as well. He "tried to take some comfort livin', an' pass it along," as he often asserted, and did so year in and year out. He was a friend to everybody at the Cape, trusted with all their secrets, usually followed in any advice he gave, accorded the floor without question on any public or private occasion, and commanding of aspect, with snow-white hair and beard. When he occasionally "dropped in" to the semi-monthly Sunday services, all there felt he ought to be occupying the pulpit.

As his adopted daughter Telly, a waif of the sea, had secured a husband and home of her own, Lora Bascom had, in a way, been taken charge of by Uncle Terry; not to the extent of becoming an inmate of his home, but turning to him for much-needed sympathy and some assistance—both always readily given. There was ample cause for it, also, for, since Lem, her father, had "gone shiftless" and her grandma was almost in her dotage, poor Lora found life and its many wants a hard problem. It was also known at the Cape that, with the decease of this grandmother, Lora's poor home would be closed, and she would take up her abode with Uncle Terry. For these reasons, and because she loved and trusted this sage man like a father, Lora now hastened to him with her new vexation.

She found him, as usual, on this warm summer evening, out on his tiny piazza without coat or collar, his vest unbuttoned, his stockingless feet incased in a pair of carpet slippers, and smoking a long-stemmed pipe, while he watched the wide ocean faintly visible in the light of a new moon. He was alone, also, since Aunt Lissy had not finished her evening duties; and, as Lora gave him good evening and drew a chair near, he seemed to read her errand in the tone of her voice.

"Wal, girlie," he greeted her, laying a hand on her head, and beginning to stroke it, "what's the trouble now? Suthin' is, I'm sartin, fer ye walk that way."

"I am worried a little," Lora answered, in her direct way, "an' I come to tell you all about it, 'n' do as you say." And then, sure of his interest and sympathy, she told her little story from the moment Vance first surprised her in the store. Not once did Uncle Terry interrupt her while she, even more confiding than most daughters, not only related all the incidents of her two meetings with Vance, but admitted she liked his appearance very much, and saw no harm in her walking down to the point and visiting with him an hour or two as she had.

"An' thar wa'n't a mite o' harm," Uncle Terry assured her at the conclusion of her story; "not even a *lectle* bit on your part; 'n' I know ye well enough to know that if he'd said one word off color, or tried to make free in any way, ye'd 'a' left him quicker'n scat. But 'tain't that, girly, that's raised all this hubbub—an' I know all about it 'fore ye come, an' 'spected ye to come—but it's this: Now, you're ez nice an' sweet a gal as ever trod shoe-leather, ez all on us know. You've got hoss-sense, too, for one o' your few years, an' no young man kin fool ye a mite. But you're poor, not overwell eddicated, don't know no more o' the ways o' city folks 'n' ye do o' the Chinese language—I'm talkin' like a father to ye now—an' this young man we cal'late must be rich an' well-bred, an' ain't likely to be jest the mate for ye. He's all right, no doubt. He's sartinly generous by natur', an' that counts fer him. He might even want ye honestly, an' ax ye to marry him, but goin' into his crowd, ez ye'd hev to, 'd be most ez bad ez jumpin' into a cage o' tigers. An' Mrs. Darby, spite o' her sassy tongue, figgered you ought to know it, and meant fer your good. Now, the time to stop a leak is when it starts, an' the time to warn a gal 'bout love-matters is jist the same. I'd like to see ye well fixed in life, an' mean to steer ye that way. Ef it hadn't been ye war needed by that old grandma o' your'n, I'd 'a' sent ye 'way to school three years ago, an' opened yer eyes to the ways o' city folks, ez it war. But ye couldn't be

spared, 'n' my advice now is, be a little shy o' this young man if he comes to see ye ag'in, an' don't let your feelin's go out to him a mite. My notion is he jist found you pretty an' amusin', an' that's all 'twill amount to. Don't pay no 'tention to what the wimmen say, go about your business ez though you'd never seen this feller, an' if he calls ag'in, treat him ez if you, too, found him amusin', an' didn't care a rap fer him."

But Uncle Terry, wise in all ways, scarce realized the spell three short hours of wave-washed shore and a handsome young man had wrought upon Lora, or how impossible, despite his sage advice, she would find it to keep her heart from extra motion, even when she thought of this caller.

And in this connection an earlier episode in Uncle Terry's life must be related, for it had a bearing not only on Lora's feelings, but also on the opinions and interest in her taken by others at the Cape.

A few years before Lora was born, and during a winter night's storm, a Swedish bark had met disaster on White Horse Ledge, just off the point. The only survivor of that tragic wreck had been a year-old girl baby, whom a quick-witted mother had bethought to save by enclosing in a box, and this between two feather beds, which, light as thistle-down, had at once been blown ashore, and the child saved by Uncle Terry. He naturally adopted this ocean waif, whose name, Elelka Peterson, written on a slip of paper, together with a locket and other trinkets, also came ashore with her; and those served not only to identify the child, but, in time, to obtain for her a comfortable heritage.

This girl, adopted, reared, and called Telly for brevity by Uncle Terry, also became the central figure in a later romance, meeting fate and a husband by way of another visiting yacht bearing a good-looking young man and embryo lawyer. He first won her heart, and then, taking up the hazy matter of her heritage later on, won that for her as well. It was all so fortuitous, so quite charming and romantic an episode, and

one turning out so happily for all concerned, that ever after no Cape girl could or should be blamed if she felt that the next visiting yacht might bear to her feet the Prince Perfect of her dreams, and she be invited to exchange a lowly, monotonous, hard-worked, and much-denied life here for one more to her taste.

So pronounced had this illusion become, that even the men folks, who plied their unpoetic calling of lobster-catching, clam-digging, and fishing, had caught it, and that evening when poor Lora hurried by the store to confide in Uncle Terry, John Oaks, its owner, Jethro Green, Cap'n Darby, and the Perry brothers, all the principal Cape residents, were grouped there not only discussing this yacht's arrival, but Lora's visitor, his probable intentions, and possible action as well. It was all well meant, in no wise sneering, but quite kindly, for, since Lem Bascom had "sorter slushed off 'n' gone sour," as Jethro Green put it, everybody felt that if ever a lovable maid needed a husband, Lora was that one.

After she had left the person and spot most dear to her, and walked home, feeling her life was akin to the moaning, sobbing ocean all about, Uncle Terry, knowing full well who would be at the store, and what the subject of discussion, betook himself to that news agency. He was, as always, received cordially, and had scarce seated himself on a convenient barrel ere Cap'n Darby began a recital of Vance's shore visits, his donation to old Grandma Bascom, his attentions to Lora, and her possible good fortune if these continued.

"I've heard all about it," Uncle Terry ejaculated, cutting him short. "The Widder Leach watched 'n' waited to tell me soon ez I got in with the mail yesterday, an' ag'in to-day. Your wife took a hand in the game, likewise, with her own opinions added, 'n' ez if that wa'n't enuff, I've heard it all fust-hand. I cal'late by now I could sing the hull lingo to the tune of 'Pull fer the Shore,' it's that familiar."

"But don't ye s'pose this feller kinder got stuck on Lora at sight?" put in

Jethro Green, who, like Uncle Terry, was optimistic. "My old woman says it looks that way, an' three hours' sparkin' fust go off is consid'able, she thinks."

"My notion is his leavin' five dollars on the old lady's table looks serious," asserted Jim Perry. "A feller who throws money round that way is either a fool or stuck on a gal."

"I think ye all mean well by Lora," Uncle Terry responded, after each of the group had made some comment, and addressing them collectively; "but it's all like weighin' a fish on the end o' a line. And then, ag'in, it's her kittle o' taters, anyhow, 'n' we'd all best keep whist 'n' let her 'tend the fire. I ain't sartin, either, sich a nettin'll be a wise move fer Lora. City folks ain't our folks, 'n' till I kin see this feller 'n' size him up I ain't doin' any advisin'."

And now a word pertinent to the characteristics of these Cape people may be of interest. They were hard-working, frugal, honest, kindly disposed, and ready to help one another in trouble. But dollars wrung from the oftentimes angry and always treacherous sea meant risk of life, and were therefore valued. In late fall and winter even worse conditions were met, and it is small wonder the "Capeites" felt keen interest in a visitor from the city, who they assumed might be enormously rich. There was still another factor of selfish interest in this connection. Grandma Bascom was nearing her end, and Lem seemed to have lost all interest in his home, his mother, in Lora, or his duty as a provider. He fished a little in a perfunctory way, often set lobster-pots, and never pulled them for a week after; his boat and roof both leaked, and he had grown both shiftless and lazy. Worse than that, he avoided everybody, was surly and misanthropic, "goin' bug-house, all sail set," as Jethro Green asserted; and it was only a question of time when his mother would become a town pauper, unless Lora could shoulder the burden on an earning capacity of fifty cents a day tending store.

Hence the entire Cape's hope she

might land a well-to-do husband as soon as possible.

## CHAPTER V.

### AN ODD PROPOSITION.

Vance, anxious to meet this wonderful Uncle Terry Lora had praised so feelingly, was up early the next morning. She had described his daily occupation—how he set a small net for bait just at night in a cove back of the point, attended to it the next morning, then went out to pull and rebait his lobster-pots; home by mid-afternoon, and in the afternoon drove away on his mail-carrying trip. Vance had another object in mind as well, and that to obtain a basketful of chicken or "short" lobsters. He knew the law was stringent on that point, and yet evaded by most of these Maine coast lobster catchers, to whom money was a potent argument. He also loved the little "lobs," as most of us do, and was therefore willing to share the law's infringement, and forget the partaker's position in so doing.

Nor did he have long to wait this cool, salty-flavored summer morn, for soon he espied a tall, white-bearded man appear over the hillock separating the lighthouse point and harbor; and hastily entering the yawl he pulled around to a small cove to meet him. And none too soon, for Uncle Terry, having drawn his bait-net at daylight, was in his dory and ready to start when Vance entered this tiny cove.

A yachtman's salute and a "Good morning, Captain Terry," from Vance, and an equally civil "Good morning, sir," from Uncle Terry, were exchanged as the two boats touched gun-wales; and then with keen, comprehensive glance, the two men measured each other.

"I want a few short lobsters," Vance asserted at once, "and thought perhaps you could give me a tip how to get them. I know the law," he added, smiling into the keen gray eyes now fixed on him, "but I never tell tales, and am safe. I'm also willing to pay full price for them."

"Wal," drawled Uncle Terry, his eyes roving over the natty yawl alongside his brown dory, and then back to the youthful face of Vance, "that'll go a good ways down here, 'n' mebbe I kin fix ye. I don't save shorts myself, but thar's them that do, 'n' I don't blame 'em. Jest you foller me." And without further parley he pushed away from Vance and rowed out of the cove.

Turning to the left, he gave a few short pulls to his oars, eying the shore meanwhile, until just off the harbor's outer point he slowed down, squinted across a jagged rock, headed his dory seaward and half-around, and then grasping a long boat-hook, thrust it full length into the water beneath. He evidently knew his exact location, for soon he drew it up, and on its hook was a stout cod-line. A few pulls on this, and a long slat cage emerged two-thirds full of the coveted "shorts." The cage was grasped and drawn inboard by Uncle Terry. Vance, much astonished at this strange performance, now pulled alongside. Uncle Terry opened a slat door in the car, and, seizing the greenish, snappy, vicious little fellows one by one as if they were harmless as kittens, began tossing them into Vance's yawl, and counting.

"How many?" he questioned, when fifty were so counted out.

"Oh, keep on," returned Vance. "I'll take 'em all. My crew have the same hankering for 'shorts' as myself." And Uncle Terry kept on until the car was emptied, and the tally stood at two hundred and ten. Then Vance drew forth a roll of bills. "How much?" he queried.

"Wal, they git five cents apiece fer 'em," Uncle Terry rejoined, sliding the empty car overboard; "'n' I'll throw in the ten fer good measure. That'll make it a sawbuck."

"They're worth twice that to me," Vance responded airily, and peeling two ten-dollar bills from his roll; "and my crew will stow half of them away at one sitting."

Then Uncle Terry hesitated.

"I'd ruther not take it," he said slowly, his face lighting up.



"Oh, but you must," urged Vance. "I insist." And he thrust the crumpled bills into Uncle Terry's hand.

"I want as many more to-morrow or next day," he continued nonchalantly; "and you will please tell the lobster man it's the same price for 'em."

Uncle Terry looked at him, and smiled.

"You're middlin' free with your money, young man," he said, "'n' I guess you never had to 'arn it, either."

"That's true," admitted Vance candidly; "and all the more reason why this poor lobster catcher should be paid extra. And now tell me how you found the sunken car?"

"Oh, that's part o' the business," chuckled Uncle Terry, picking up his oars. "I s'pose ye know that's sich a thing ez fish-wardens on the coast?"

"Why, I do," answered Vance slowly, "but how did you know I wasn't one?"

"Oh, that's easy," laughed Uncle Terry. "You hain't got the earmarks o' one o' them sort, 'n' they don't throw money the way you do. I ain't sayin' anything agin' the law or wardens," he added more soberly. "Only lobsterin' any sort o' weather ain't jist the easiest way o' 'arnin' a livin', an' these folks ain't goin' to starve, law or no law. I must be goin'," he continued, thrusting an oar into the water; "'n' now tell me what might your name be?"

"Winship," answered Vance—"Vance Winship, from Boston, and glad to know you, Uncle Terry. I've heard your praises sung already."

"Wal, I'm glad ye hev," Uncle Terry returned, smiling, "fer I'm a believer in the old saw, 'Never blow yer own horn;' though if ye ketch anybody else doin' it don't stop 'em. Howsomever, I never try to borrow any money on them kind o' songs. I'd ruther 'arn it. I'd also like to know you better, Mr. Winship, so come over 'n' see me 'fore ye go. My latch-string's allus out."

Vance returned to the *Mermaid* much pleased at the progress he had made in Uncle Terry's acquaintance.

"I can trust that man with anything," he said to himself. "And I will, too, and make Lora glad she was nice to me." All of which goes to show that Vance, while indolent, was not all selfishness.

"Nice open face," was Uncle Terry's mental comment when well away from Vance. "Honest brown eyes, 'n' slick all over. Just the sort o' chap a gal o' Lora's age'll fall in love with on sight. I'd hate to hev it happen, too, fer she ain't no mate fer him ez she is, 'n' it'd only give her heart trouble fer nuthin'. Must take her in hand; 'n' soon, too." And then this wiseacre and watchful guardian of a young girl's happiness bent to his oars again.

Vance Winship on board his luxurious craft and looking shoreward an hour later, recalled the few hints let fall by Uncle Terry regarding life and a livelihood here, and was more than ever determined to carry out his Platonic intentions toward this girl, for he now saw a way to do so.

That afternoon another link in this unfortunate chain was forged, for Vance, lounging on his canopied after-deck alone (the professor being off again with Cap'n Sam), saw Uncle Terry drive into the village from the point, halt at a house, and then go on and vanish over the hills beyond. No one else was visible in or about that cluster of houses; not a boat within sight or fisherman on shore. A cool breeze blew in from the pulsating ocean, the monotone of the waves all around the point added a certain allurements; incipient interest in this innocent girl still another, and Vance, feeling them all, bestirred himself for a purpose, donned a fresh suit of white flannel and rowed ashore, landing at the wreck-encumbered wharf back of the store. Lora, as he expected, was alone there. She greeted him with a shy smile; and, debonair in his gallantries as in all things, Vance soon persuaded her to once more desert her post for a stroll over to the point.

And she would have been a *rara avis* among girls had she refused.

"I've met and made friends with



Uncle Terry.

your wonderful Uncle Terry," Vance asserted, as they started, "and he is all right. You are lucky to have him for a friend."

"I think so, too," Lora rejoined simply, "and I feel I can tell him anything. There ain't many here I can."

Then Vance looked at the girl with a new interest, for in this direct admission was an exposé of her exact status here. No young girl companions of her own age. Doubtless no young fellows to dance attendance. No one to go to with any confidence except this unique old light-keeper; and for the rest, a miserable home, with service in this poor

little store for a livelihood. Added to that the burden of an old woman scarce able to walk.

And Vance, as it now flashed over him, had never been able to quite spend his annual income.

"I've learned one thing this morning," he said, feeling it a safe subject; "and that is your lobster catchers here hide the short ones so no warden can find them. I bought some of Uncle Terry—a crateful—and I wish your father had come. I'd like to buy them also."

But Lora made no response to this, an evidently tabooed subject, and the two walked on in silence.

"What do you folks do here winters?" Vance continued, after a long pause, and anxious to make the girl talk. "They can't fish then, can they? And you yourself, what do you do then?"

For an instant Lora turned and flashed a curious look at this young man, who seemed so anxious to know how she lived.

"Do?" she answered. "Why, just the same as now. The men folks fish or dig clams for cod-bait, unless it's too stormy, and I 'tend the store."

"And evenings, what do you then?"

"Oh, I sew if I can keep warm enough," she returned half-sadly, "but I dread the winters, and I am so lonesome then I get desperate." And once more the pitiful, cheerless life this girl lived recurred to Vance, and he again lapsed into silence.

When the point and the convenient seats they had occupied the day previous were reached, he lit a cigar, and looked out upon the wide ocean. Close by, and almost beneath these two, the slow, incoming ground-swell washed the long rock-weed back and forth, and broke against the rocks with incessant murmur. For five minutes Vance watched them, then glanced at the girl, to find her looking at him.

"Well, Miss Lora," he said, smiling, and in a paternal tone, "what are you thinking of now—those lonesome winters?"

"No," she answered bluntly. "I was thinking of what Mrs. Darby said to me yesterday."

"And that was—but you needn't tell me. I can guess."

"You can?" She colored a little. "Well, do it, then. But I know you can't."

For a moment Vance let his eyes rest full on the rosy face turned to him, while a smile spread over his own. "Oh, that's easy," he said slowly, taking a long pull at his cigar and puffing the smoke aloft. "Mrs. Darby, whoever she is, told you you were very indiscreet to come here with me yesterday; that I was most likely a bad, bad man, and if you ever spoke to me again you would be talked about. That's about the size of it, I guess?"

Two rose-leaves had tinted Lora's face, now it grew crimson, and she turned away.

"I see my guess was good," Vance asserted, noting this; "and now tell me, why did you come here again? Aren't you afraid of being talked about?"

"Why, yes; and I s'pose it was wrong," she admitted candidly. "I don't know you much. Was it wrong?" she added more courageously, and looking at him shyly again. "Tell me what you think."

"Well, little girl," responded Vance, "it wasn't just proper as the world goes, and Mrs. Darby was right. I also presume I did wrong in ever asking you to go walking with me. But—I—wanted to get acquainted with you, that's all, and I wouldn't wrong a hair of your

sunny head, Mrs. Darby to the contrary notwithstanding. I also forgot Mrs. Grundy lived here."

"Mrs. Grundy?" Lora interrupted. "There is no such woman here. Who is she?"

Vance laughed. "Oh, yes, there is, my dear," he said patronizingly; "she lives everywhere where fellows and girls meet. She is the croaking voice perpetually warning maidens to beware of male deceivers, and seeing evil always in their intent. Mrs. Darby was only Mrs. Grundy by another name, and that's how I knew. But you needn't mind. I sha'n't harm you, so forget it and her for the present, and enjoy this summer afternoon here."

The sweet, wistful face attracted him as few faces had ever done, and he looked at her with renewed interest. Anon he talked again, this time of himself; told stories of travel in distant lands, and described many things all new to his interested listener, and so the afternoon wore away. It was not until an incoming fisherman warned Lora that either became conscious of the lapse of time.

It was the old, old story over again of listening maid and charming man; only to Lora it was a most delightfully new story. She had but little to say. In fact, dare not in the presence of this polished and voluble young man so world-wise and apparently rich. All she could do was listen intently and eagerly, half-conscious that in so doing she was wrong, and would be sorry for it later.

With Vance it only strengthened his resolve to do what he planned, and when he said good-by at the store he also felt guilty.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A PIRATICAL LEGEND.

A few years previous to Vance Winship's arrival at the Cape harbor, or about the time Lora Bascom left Mandy Oaks' temple of learning and donned long dresses, a tall, lanky, ancient mariner, weedy of hair and raiment, with a



hitch to his trousers and a sea roll to his legs, paid that village a visit, and incidentally scraped acquaintance with Lem Bascom. Who he was or where he hailed from no one learned. He just "drapped in," as Uncle Terry would put it, and Lem happened to be the one to attract his attention, and, as it proved, to serve his purpose. And that purpose was to sell a most valuable secret. How it came about or was accomplished no one knew except Lem; and he, for obvious reasons, was the last one to tell, for that said secret was no less a one than the probable location of a long ago pirates' buried chest of gold.

All the "Capeites" saw or learned was that this strange sailor, who came from nowhere in particular, and Lem Bascom suddenly became almost bosom friends. They went off fishing together, kept close to one another ashore evening after evening, talking in low and mysterious tones, and then, after a few days of this intimacy, and after Lem had borrowed fifteen dollars from Uncle Terry through the plea of having to pay a pressing debt, this long and weedy sailor hied himself away.

The secret, however, which he had sold to the credulous Lem, first asking one hundred dollars, finally offering for fifty, and at last accepting twenty-five for, was as ancient as the mariner, and as threadbare. It was told with all the usual frills. A messmate lay dying in a foreign port. He confessed to having been a pirate in his youth, and told how he with his pirate captain and crew of two more had landed on a low, sandy island off the Maine coast, and at midnight on the full of the moon had buried this treasure-chest at the farthestmost point touched by the shadow of the only tree on that island, and measuring exactly one hundred feet from its base. Other and more gruesome details were added, of how this pirate chief had finally been captured and hung in chains; the two sailors assisting made to walk the plank; and finally how this dying (and repentant) one was the sole survivor who escaped to tell the tale.

It was a well-told tale, too, in its repetition, and Lem Bascom, never of strong mind, swallowed it whole without a shadow of doubt, and so accepting it paid the price, and became a changed man.

It did not occur to him that this sailor might be, and no doubt was, a lying fraud, or that so valuable a secret could just as well be utilized by himself, and the treasure found, if found it could be. All he did grasp was that kind fate had sent this aged and impecunious sailor to him; that he had bought his secret cheap; and that somewhere on this many-islanded coast was a low, sandy one upon which grew a sentinel tree; and that at just the spot described a chest of gold would be found.

And that mysterious, spookish, weird, and uncanny tale soon addled the few brains Lem Bascom ever possessed. To impart it to his fellow fishermen never occurred to him, or to doubt it, either. His one idea was to find this lone island as speedily as possible, and on the full of the moon locate and dig up the treasure.

Sandbar Island, close to Cut-in-Two, with its bleached stump of a tree, first occurred to him as the likely one, and to it on the next full-moon night he hastened, and, after carefully measuring the requisite distance, began to dig.

Night after night was this repeated, always secretly, and "Dig, dig!" became Lem's watchword until he had to stop from exhaustion. He neglected his fishing and family. He grew thin and haggard. He spent daytimes on Cut-in-Two, or anywhere out of sight of his fellow men. He dreamed of sentinel trees on low, sandy islands, and saw pirates landing there and lifting a heavy chest ashore. He ate when and where he could. His clothes merged into almost rags. His account at the Oaks store reached its limit, and, after three months of this insane sand-shoveling, he gave up Sandbar Island as the probable one, and started on a quest along the coast. How he lived or slept no one knew, or few cared. To the Cape folks he had become one who had "gone bug-house," as Abner Green put



• "I've heard all about it," Uncle Terry ejaculated, cutting him short.

it, and neglect of his family they knew must follow.

He had spells of recovery, however, when the insane lust for buried gold left him for a week or two, and he resumed his fishing once more. Winter also brought him back to duty, as it were, and he became something of his old self, and worked with the rest. Also he resolved to pay up a portion of his store debt. It was a transient or transitory fit of virtue, however, for when spring came again, Lem, always moody and uncommunicative, became more so, and the next anybody knew he had gone—somewhere.

One, two, and more often four and six weeks separated his home-comings. When he did return, vague, evasive, and always surly replies were all even Lora could obtain from him. Her tears

and pleadings availed not. His mother's no more so, and matters at the Bascom home grew from bad to worse. The roof began to leak, the larder to remain in a chronic condition of emptiness, and Lora's pittance, earned at the Oaks store, constituted about all she and her grandma lived on. And even that had to be helped out by Uncle Terry and one or two charitable neighbors.

Another and quite surprising feature of this delirious gold quest was the fact that no one at the Cape suspected Lem of it. They, or most of them, were firm in the belief that a certain species of insanity had overtaken Lem, while Abner Green ascribed it to pure laziness. Uncle Terry, however, had an entirely different theory.

"A woman's at the bottom on't," he

asserted time and again; "and a bad 'un, too, as is allus the case when a man goes wrong. Where she is, or who she is, we ain't like to find out, but my notion is some Jezebel has got Lem befuddled, and is a workin' him fer all he's wurth, which ain't much, I cal'late, jest now." Then he would add as a sort of soliloquy: "Women air the mainsprings o' most men's push; leastwise, all 'ceptin' hidebound misers, 'n' I've known some o' them to have thar puss-strings stretched by a woman—and consid'ble at that."

But discovery was near at hand for Lem Bascom, but how it came about and by whom must be related in order. Meantime, and as an example of how fate conspires to work out unseen ends, a few of Vance Winship's moods and actions must come first.

When another morning dawned and he saw Uncle Terry once more depart on his usual round of lobster-pot pulling, it occurred to Vance that to follow and watch that peculiar method of fishing would be of interest. Two sailors were called to man the yawls, the professor was invited to steer one, Vance held tiller-ropes in the other, and away they sped in pursuit of Uncle Terry. And in this connection a brief description of how lobsters are caught may be of interest.

Those crustaceans, so hideous that a starving savage must have been the first human being to learn their value as food, are the scavengers of the ocean's bed. They do not disdain live fish, either, and to hide in the rockweed growing upon some sunken reef, or the base of one, and seize an unsuspecting fish swimming near is a lobster's duty. A slat car about four feet long by two in diameter, weighted with stones, and with net funnels, is used to catch them; and the car, baited with one or more fish impaled on a hook in the center of the pot (so called), and attached to a suitable line, is then lowered near some sunken reef, if possible. A lobster, while cunning enough to hide in seaweed and seize a passing fish with its claws, is yet so stupid that once entering this slat car via the funnels,

it remains there until the hardy fisherman draws the pot, and Mr. Lobster is passed on to a broiled or salad bourne.

Neither Vance nor the professor had ever seen this pot-hauling operation, and once alongside Uncle Terry's brown dory, a mile from the nearest island, they watched him pull one up with keen interest. The sea was fairly smooth. A few of the inevitable ground-swells were white-crested, and so it was a deft operation for him to haul in from one to two hundred feet of buoy-line and the pot without allowing a wave to half-fill his dory. The first pot they saw him draw had captured five lobsters, three of them "shorts" (or less than ten inches long); these he tossed overboard, rebaited the pot, slid that over, and then on to pull another.

For two hours Vance and the professor followed him on his devious course over the heaving ocean, and asking many questions anent the operation. When the last one was duly attended they were within a half-mile of Cut-in-Two Island, and Vance made a suggestion.

"If you are not too tired, Uncle Terry," he said, "pull around with us to Sandbar Island. I want to show you a curious discovery we made yesterday."

Uncle Terry wiped the sweat from his brow with his gray shirt-sleeve, took a long pull from a brown water-jug, and assented. When Sandbar was reached and the party all ashore, Vance led the way inland beneath the circling and much-disturbed flock of gulls, and pointed to the first of the excavated pits. Another close by was also inspected, then a third and deeper one a few rods away, and then Uncle Terry looked at Vance.

"Wal!" he exclaimed, in an astonished drawl. "This beats all my reckonin' by a mile! Here I've been pullin' round this island most every day for years, 'n' others likewise, 'n' none on us discovered this! By Jingo, I believe it's Lem!" he continued, slapping his knee. "He's been diggin' fer pirates' gold here, sure's a gun! Wal, wal,

wal! The fool-killer's missed one more good chance." And then Uncle Terry began to laugh. "Poor Lora!" he muttered in an undertone when the laugh subsided. "This 'ere's how 'n' why you had to go hungry. And I thought it was a woman!"

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Winship," he added, addressing Vance, who stood near, "but every town in this world contains one durn' fool, 'n' the Cape ain't no exception. With us it's a rattle-pate by name o' Lem Bascom, an' this, I cal'late, is his doin's." Then like a hound on a fresh scent he started, and not until each of the many pits was looked into did he halt.

"Curi's, curi's," he said then; "but that fool must 'a' bin diggin' here fer months, 'n' nights at that, fer nobody ever see the goin's on."

And so one step in the discovery of Lem Bascom's mania was taken. It was a guess one so far, however, for, as Uncle Terry admitted on leaving the island: "Ye can't convict a man with holes in the sand, 'n' my notion may be wrong, arter all."

That evening also resulted in Vance adding another step toward the acquaintance and friendly interest of Uncle Terry, for soon after supper, and taking a box of choice cigars as gift-offering to propitiate that Mogul, as it were, he rowed ashore, and made his way to the house where Uncle Terry was enjoying the cool sea-breeze on his small porch. Aunt Lissy came out soon after Vance arrived, was introduced, and for an hour Vance made himself agreeable, and, better than that, disclosed his own identity and bits of his history in frank admissions. Then came a discussion of the pits found on Sandbar, and the possible reason for their digging. Fate also conspired to another end as well, for, in the midst of Uncle Terry's history of Lem Bascom, who should walk up to the group but Lora herself? She was, of course, introduced to Vance, and then he made another frank and quite wise admission.

"I am pleased to say I have made Miss Bascom's acquaintance already," he said, "and am proud of it. She also

extended the hospitalities of this village in top onions and lettuce that were much enjoyed."

"Yes, so I've heard," Uncle Terry rejoined, with a half-laugh; "'n' onions eaten raw are sociablelike, anyway. If young folks kin stand 'em, it's to the credit o' their 'fections, anyway."

But Lora was too bashful to respond to this joke. She also had heard so many criticisms of her indiscreet walks with Vance she was now half-afraid of him, and it showed in her few and faint observations. Neither did she linger long here, but soon rose to go. And then Vance, seeing his chance and not afraid to grasp it, also rose, bade Uncle Terry and Aunt Lissy good evening, and with a formal "I trust you will accept company home, Miss Bascom," followed her.

Fate was also kind to these two, for the moon, now up, shed spectral light along the quarter-mile, spruce-shaded roadway in patches. The many up-jutting stones must be avoided, and Vance of course must needs pilot his fair companion by grasping her rounded arm, as he did. Man and maid soon feel the witchery of such a time and place. Lora's bashfulness vanished under the spell of moonlight and half-whispered converse, and by the time the now deserted store was reached, she felt that a new and most entertaining friend was beside her.

Here also came another chance for love's young dream to widen, for across the rippled harbor lay a path of moonlight. Vance's yawl was beside the wharf, and, although Lora hesitated over the invitation, he soon persuaded her to enter it for a pull around his yacht and out upon the undulating ocean. Seldom also were two young people vouchsafed a more glorious summer night, for a faint, crisp sea-breeze added zest, the full moon smiled benignly, a flash of phosphorescent light followed every stroke of the oars, and to Vance the fair face of Lora, now smiling at him not six feet away in the boat's stern, seemed the greatest charm of all. Her jaunty sailor-hat (cost, fifty cents) lay in her lap. Her sunny

hair, coiled high, glistened in the moonlight, and with lips red and enticing, and eyes tender with unaccountable happiness, she was, despite her simple garb, undeniably handsome.

And Vance, lazily pulling the oars with short, wide-apart strokes, and chatting of the night and the weird mystery of the cliff shadows, watched Lora with two distinct emotions—one of gratitude that luck had brought him to this harbor, and, beneath that, a consciousness that he was wronging this innocent and confiding girl. He had no thought or wish to marry her, and most likely that outcome never occurred to her, either. It was just a summer-day meeting, as it were; in a little while he would be far away, and forget her, and that was all. The one thing that troubled his conscience was the knowledge that his attentions had undoubtedly caused her the annoyance of criticism.

It was late that evening when he once more pulled into the harbor. The lights along the row of houses were all out, and the moon was past its zenith. When Vance reached the shore, just below where Lora lived, he jumped out hastily, extending his hand to her for assistance, which she took, and leaped lightly out of the boat.

"I thank you for this charming evening," he said, retaining the hand she made no attempt to withdraw, "and I hope we may go boating again. I begin to feel we are friends."

"I have enjoyed it, too, and thank you, also," she responded. "Are you—going to—stay here long?" she added, with a shade of regret. "And shall I see you again?"

"Oh, surely," Vance answered, smiling into her upraised, serious face. "I'll see you more than Mrs. Darby will think proper, I guess." And then resisting what was now an insidious temptation to draw her to him and kiss her in spite of the struggle he knew would ensue, he dropped her hand, bade her good night, and turned away. Reaching his yacht, he tied his boat astern and climbed on board. But he was in no mood for sleep.

And now a mysterious thing happened, for an ebb-tide was running, the *Mermaid's* stern pointed seaward from the harbor; and Vance, seated there, found himself looking across to Cut-in-Two and Sandbar Islands faint in the moonlight. Five, ten, maybe fifteen minutes he sat looking that way, and thinking of Lora, and then suddenly he saw a light on Sandbar Island. First a mere spark, then a brighter glow, that increased to a small bonfire.

## CHAPTER VII.

### LOVE UPON A WAVE-WASHED SHORE.

While Vance was perfectly conscious that his calls upon and walks with Lora had caused comment, and would add more gossip among the Cape people if continued, her alluring eyes, or, rather, the winsome appeal that lurked in them, coupled with her evident enjoyment of his company, overcame his sense of prudence, and determined him to ignore all else. Perhaps that walk back from Uncle Terry's home in the moonlight, her half-bashful yet confiding way of accepting his assistance; the later boat-ride out upon the pulsing ocean, with its rippled path of silvery light following them, had done most. For Vance, despite his indolence, his half-cynicism, and lack of interest in love impulse, yet had a vein of romance, and his odd meeting with Lora, her sudden, almost childish confidence, her attempts to entertain him with the crude organette, her impulsive gift of green stuff from her garden, her keen interest in all he said, had one and all conspired to awaken that emotion in him.

He had not planned to remain in the Cape harbor more than one or two days. Two days had elapsed, and he was in no haste to continue his trip; more than that, some insidious feeling had determined him to make Uncle Terry the custodian of at least a thousand dollars to be used for the benefit of this girl. It wasn't love, of course. Vance would have scouted that suggestion. It was merely friendly interest in



and sympathy for a nice, sweet little girl, whose lot in life had been a poor, hard-worked, and lonesome one. At least, that is the way Vance excused himself for his interest in her. How Uncle Terry, Aunt Lissy, and practically all the Capeites viewed it may be gleaned from Uncle Terry's comment after Vance had started home with her that night.

"Wal," said Uncle Terry, who made a practise of getting Aunt Lissy's opinion ahead of his own, if possible, "what do ye think o' that young feller, Lissy?"

"Why, he's sartainly well-favored, Silas," she answered; "an' civil, too. He couldn't be politer 'n' he was to us, 'n' not stuck up in any way. He ain't a bit like my notions o' rich men's sons, I must say."

"Yaas, wimmen allus will like them slick sort o' fellers," Uncle Terry responded dryly; "an' so does Lora, I see, 'n' that's what I'm skeered on. I ain't agin' him, mind ye, Lissy. I like him, too. He's got a nice face, honest eyes, is free with his money, 'n' genteel in his manners, 'n' that's what ketches womekind. Lora likes him, too, more'n she 'lows, or she wouldn't take the chances o' makin' talk she does. Why, her leavin' the store twice 'n' sittin' on the rocks with him ez she did two hours at a clip hez sot all the tongues here a-waggin'. I'm glad on't if she stood any chance o' ketchin' him, but she don't; 'n' a case o' love 'n' gittin' left'll upshot her woful. She's got too much feelin' to stand that 'sperience." And Uncle Terry, having delivered his dictum, lit another of the excellent cigars Vance had left him, and puffed away vigorously.

"I think ye're shakin' hands with trouble 'fore ye meet it, Silas," Aunt Lissy declared; "an' you've allus talked agin' that. Lora's old enough to hev a beau 'n' not be fooled by him. When that young lawyer, Page, came courtin' Telly you didn't do no croakin', 'n' why you do now I can't see. My notion is to tell Mrs. Darby 'n' all the busybodies to mind their own business an' let Lora alone. I'd go further 'n' that. I'd show this young feller he was welcome

here, an' do all I could to help matters along."

Then Uncle Terry chuckled. "Bully fer you," he said; "'n' so would I. I'd gin five hundred dollars this minute to see Lora hitched up to the man she likes, 'n' call it well spent. But that ain't the trouble. The trouble is he's too rich, his folks is nat'lly stuck up, 'n' a poor gal like Lora, 'thout a decent dress to her name 'n' knowin' nothin' o' the world's ways—wal, I—I don't believe he means serious by her, that's all; an' she's goin' to get a sore heart to pay for his foolin'."

Much more of this exchange of opinion passed between these two, all of the same import, and then Uncle Terry, as was customary with him, ascended the lighthouse to see if everything was in order before he turned in.

And here on top of the tall tower, and glancing out over the broad ocean as he had done thousands of times, he saw the unmistakable yawl belonging to the yacht, with Lora in the stern, Vance rowing, and not a hundred rods away. They were headed toward the harbor, and Uncle Terry watched them until Lora was landed and Vance had returned to his yacht. Then he shook his head as he turned to descend the spiral stairs.

"I dunno 'bout it; I dunno," he muttered. "Mebbe it'll turn out all right fer Lora, 'n' mebbe 'twon't. I hope 'twill, anyway."

He was not at all surprised, but rather pleased the next morning when about to start on his pot-hauling round to see Vance once more pull into his little cove, and greeted him cordially.

"I saw a curious thing last night," Vance declared at once. "I took Miss Bascom out for a moonlight row, so didn't go aboard my boat till late, and then sat up for a smoke. It must have been nearly midnight, and then I saw a fire started on Sandbar Island, and it burned for nearly an hour. I thought I'd come and tell you at once."

"Wal, that's curi's," answered Uncle Terry, a little nonplused. "I'd figgered them pits was Lem Bascom's diggin', but he hain't bin seen 'round here now

fer 'most a month. You're sure the fire was on Sandbar?"

"It was, most assuredly, for the moon was bright, and I was looking at the island when the fire started."

Then Uncle Terry turned his eyes upon that island, and watched it for fully five minutes.

"It's curi's, curi's," he muttered at last, shaking his head; "'n' I guess 'twan't Lem. If he got as near as that he'd show up home fer sartin, an' he hain't, fer I was over to his house airly this mornin'."

"We'll jest keep whist, you 'n' I, Mr. Winship, 'n' watch out," he continued, now smiling confidentially at Vance. "'N' I'd ruther ye didn't mention it to Lora. Mebbe you 'n' I best go over to Sandbar to-night 'n' see what's doin'." We might rig up as pirates," he added, chuckling; "'n' if anybody's campin' thar we'd hev some fun." And then he laughed aloud at that possibility.

"There is also another matter I have on my mind," Vance said, after the laugh had subsided, and feeling himself on more intimate terms with Uncle Terry. "I have learned quite a little about this Lem Bascom's daughter Lora, and got fairly well acquainted with her as well. I feel very sorry for her besides, and now if you are willing to aid me in the matter I have a proposition to make to you. And that is to put a sum of money, say a thousand

dollars, in your hands to use as you see fit for her needs. Of course," he added more seriously, "you must promise me never to mention my name in the matter to a soul. That, you can see, is absolutely necessary for her sake. What do you say?"

For a moment Uncle Terry's eyes, fixed on Vance, opened wide with sudden surprise; then his hand shot out to him, and was grasped.

"Wal!" he exclaimed, in utter astonishment. "You took my breath away. But—but

—give me time to git my bearin's. Lora's clus to my heart, ez she may hev told ye, 'n' this is a serious matter." And once more his keen gray eyes seemed to Vance to be boring into his very soul.

"I dunno what to say," he added, a moment later, letting go Vance's hand,

but still eying him. "An' 'fore I do say anything, you must 'scuse me for axing ye one or two personal questions."

"Why, certainly," Vance responded, guessing one of them. "You are welcome to ask me anything."

"Wal, then," Uncle Terry rejoined, "that bein' the case, I will. In the fust place, I think ye 'said ye was a single man?"

"I am," answered Vance, smiling.

"And ye hain't no idee o' gittin married?"

"Not now."

"Wal, that bein' the case, I s'pose ye



*The full moon smiled benignly.*

know 'tain't jist the thing to be show-in' too much 'tention an' sayin' too many sweet things to a girl o' Lora's make-up?"

"Surely I do," returned Vance seriously, "and I am certain our brief acquaintance has not harmed her feelings yet."

"Not to any extent so far, I'll 'low," responded Uncle Terry slowly, "but mebbe 'twould if ye kept it up a week or two. Lora never had a real beau yit, 'n' gals o' her age hez tender feelin's."

Once more Uncle Terry paused, looked at Vance keenly, half-sadly, and then away out over the broad ocean, as if to read the future.

"Human feelin's air curi's tides," he resumed finally, looking at Vance again; "'n' when the ebb or flow starts no man kin tell. Now, I like ye fer the little I've seen o' ye fust rate, but Lora's jest ez dear to me ez if she was my own, 'n' I'd give what ye offer this minute to see her happy fer life, or in a fair way on't. I think ye hev sense enough to foller me 'thout my sayin' more. Ef it's ez ye say with yerself, ye know what it's right to do, 'n' ez fer the money part, I'll leave ye to do ez yer conscience says in that likewise. Ye kin trust me in anything, I guess." And so the matter ended.

But Vance was left just as much in the fog as before. He now knew that Uncle Terry would act as his friend in this delicate matter, and, beyond that, that he had no moral right to pursue this innocent, confiding young girl with flattering attentions and sweet words. She was not of the world worldly. The coin of social barter never had passed current here or with her, and once the mystic wand of love touched her heart and she was deserted, from that moment onward every moan and monotone of the ocean would become a dirge.

For hours after his heart-to-heart exchange with Uncle Terry Vance was ill at ease. The professor, assisted by Cap'n Sam, was now drying, pressing, and cataloguing his collection of marine vegetation, and paid no attention to him.

Every time he looked shoreward

from the deck of his yacht his eyes turned to the poor little brown hovel where Lora lived, or to the tiny, weather-beaten store where (as he now knew) she earned fifty cents per day. He saw her, too, as she now doubtless was in that store, a young goddess in form, an Evangeline in face and expression, and garbed in simple calico.

He began to wonder what she was thinking of, and if he was in her thoughts; whether she went home to dinner or not, and of what it consisted; whether she was at this moment finding consolation in turning that comical little music-box crank. And then he began to con over her future life here, the ending of these summer days, the coming of chilly autumn ones, the fierce November gales, the snow of winter; and how through them all she must go to and fro between the store and her wretched home, and endure the same lonesome life she had complained of. Her every admission and his insight into that now also came to him, and, following them, his own contrasting, luxurious way of living—his club, his gay dinners, the theater-parties, the flattering invitations on scented note-paper to all sorts of affairs that were showered upon him, his lady mother and her anxiety to protect him from impecunious match-making mamas, and impress him with the importance of an aristocratic alliance if he made any.

Never had the wide separation of riches and poverty so impressed him as now, and, be it said, never had he found himself in so perplexing a quandary. Lora was sweet, innocent, charming in simplicity, like a pansy peeping out of brown, withered foliage, with eyes dewy from tenderness, face like a Madonna's, and form a sculptor's dream. Not one among all his lady friends could match either, or enter the same class even, for feminine charm—and not one of them whose humblest servant wore so poor raiment or used much worse grammar. For that Lora was not to blame, however. No one here, not even Uncle Terry, used much better English; and once more Vance's



thoughts returned to that quaint man and his blunt speech.

And he had suggested that Vance's own conscience was to be, and was, a sufficient guide in this matter. And now that silent mentor was saying, "Keep away from this sweet, innocent girl. She is not of your class, and therefore all the more reason why you should not pay her false attention. Hoist your anchor now. Steam away, and leave her to peace of mind."

But turning one's back upon a charming young maid who has smiled the prelude to love's harmony is easier said than done by most young men, and Vance was no exception. Worse than that, the allurements of it all grew stronger the more he thought of Lora, and, besides, wasn't he going to make moneyed amends as he had planned, and now knew he could? Not in the ordinary vulgar sense, of course, or with that intent. Only as a secret balm or benefit he could recall later, when conscience nagged him.

And just then, or an hour before his dinner-time, he saw Lora leave her store and start for home. Just one moment's hesitation until more top onions and lettuce occurred to Vance as a plausible excuse, then he hastened to the gangway, untied his yawl, pulled ashore, and met Lora just as she reached her dwelling.

"The poor and hungry we have with us always," he said smilingly, after greeting her, "and I am of the hungry—for lettuce and onions. Can you spare us another quotation from your garden?"

"You can have all you want," she answered directly, as was her way, "only you—you—please don't leave any money for them this time."

"But I'd much rather," he answered. "Your grandma—I beg your pardon," he added, catching himself in time. "I mean I'd feel better if I did pay for them."

No answer to this from Lora, whose eyes were downcast now; and on the instant she wheeled from him, entered her garden, and left him feeling he had made a bad break.

"How is your grandma?" he queried five minutes later, when Lora returned and handed him a neatly tied bundle of the coveted green stuff. "I noticed she limped the other day."

"Grandma has rheumatics," she answered, without raising her eyes again. "She couldn't get up this morning, that's why I came home early to get dinner."

"But haven't you a doctor here?" Vance asked eagerly. "And can't she be helped? It's too bad to be crippled that way. Suppose I go and fetch one."

Then the girl raised her eyes with a glance of mingled fear and gratitude.

"I thank you," she said, "but there ain't no doctor on the island."

Vance looked at her astonished.

"No doctor!" he ejaculated. "Why, how do you get along without one?"

"We have to," Lora returned, smiling at his surprise; "that's how."

"Well, I mustn't keep you waiting," Vance rejoined, noticing her uneasiness and glancing down across the harbor. "You have a beautiful view from here. May I come up and call on you this evening, and bring your poor grandma some wine? I feel that 'Thank you' isn't half-pay enough for the green stuff, and then I want a chance to visit you again."

"Why, yes," she responded, coloring once more. "I am always here evenings or at Uncle Terry's." And again Vance saw in her eyes that which pricked his conscience later on; in fact, for many months.

"Well, good-by, Lora," he said nonchalantly, turning to depart, "and thank you for the lettuce. I shall anticipate calling this evening."

Reaching his boat, Vance turned to wave her an adieu, but Lora had entered the house.

She, too, was realizing the impossible gulf between them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### TWO GHOSTLY PIRATES.

Vance didn't call on Lora that night, and Cupid had to take a back seat, for just as Vance was ready to go ashore

he spied Uncle Terry pulling toward the yacht in his long, brown dory. Of course Vance had to receive him as a yachtsman should, introduce him to the professor and Cap'n Sam, show him over the *Mermaid*, and do the honors. The libation part, however, Uncle Terry refused.

"Licker an' I never hitched hosses," he said, when Vance produced a bottle of choice sherry, "an' you must excuse me, Mr. Winship."

"But it's 'only wine," Vance urged. "I never drink hard stuff or offer it to my friends."

"Wal, then, jist a swaller to be sociable," Uncle Terry answered, and Vance poured him a long-stemmed glassful.

A few minutes' chat ensued, and then Uncle Terry arose. "Put on your workin' togs," he said, addressing Vance, "an' come with me. I've got suthin' to do, 'n' want help. You'll 'scuse my short call," he added, addressing the professor after Vance left the cabin, "an' mebbe I'll make a longer one next time." And then much to the professor's disappointment, who wanted to see more of this unique man whom Vance had praised, when Vance returned in dark clothes, he and Uncle Terry boarded the long dory and rowed away toward Cut-in-Two Island.

"I've brought a rig up fer us both," Uncle Terry explained, when well away from the *Mermaid*, "'n' cal'lated we'd go over to Sandbar 'n' hev some fun. If 'twas Lem back thar diggin' fool holes ag'in, I want to cure him if I kin." And Uncle Terry laughed at the prospective lark. "We must keep whist," he added, "you 'n' I, 'n' never let on we played pirates to nobody, or it'll spile the moral effect."

And then to carry out his secretive intent, he headed his dory seaward, made a wide détour, and finally ran in behind Cut-in-Two. Once he had placed that between them and the Cape, he pulled directly to it, kept close to its outer shore, and around into its inlet. At the head of that he beached his dory, and both stepped ashore. It was quite dark by now. The moon, past its full,

was not yet up, and both these fun-plotters knew no one had observed them.

"I've got togs that'll skeer 'most anybody," Uncle Terry chuckled, as he and Vance drew their dory well out of water. "We'll put 'em on, lay low, 'n' watch out from top o' the island here, an' see what we'll see."

And a fierce pair of make-believe pirates they made when Uncle Terry's "togs" were put on, for they were black, shiny oilskin suits, with sou'-westers of the same, and thick, black beards and green goggles. Two wooden swords painted a glazed white completed the outfit. When Vance was dressed in this rig, Uncle Terry shook with suppressed laughter.

"I'd run if I met ye arter dark, sure's a gun," he said; "an' so would anybody. If we kin ketch Lem diggin', he'll git a start he'll never fergit." And then Uncle Terry laughed again.

But the auspicious moment for their ghost-playing prank was not yet at hand, for the moon had not risen; and so the two plotters made their way up to the top of Cut-in-Two and watched out over Sandbar. An hour later the night orb rose slowly out of the placid ocean, and the watchers saw a man moving about on the sedge-grown island below them.

"It may be Lem, 'n' it may not be," Uncle Terry whispered, "but whoever 'tis we'll joggle him once fer luck, anyhow." And then the two make-believe pirates crept down from their vantage-point, embarked, and pulled around to the low cliff-head of Sandbar, landed, and skulked along, crouching, until opposite where the sentinel stump stood.

Uncle Terry's surmises were true. It was Lem Bascom whom they had seen here. In fact, he had, after a month's absence and with insane persistency, returned to camp and dig on Sandbar once more. The poor fool was a ragged, worn-out wreck of his former self by now, his clothing in tatters, his beard and hair a gray, shaggy tangle; eyes sunken, hands filthy. He had once more measured the stated distance from the warning stump, and be-

gan a more systematic shoveling of the sand around it in a circle. He was now waist-deep in this trench when Uncle Terry and Vance crept up to him. For fully ten minutes they stood there above him, motionless. Two tall, awesome, spectral figures, with whitened swords held at carry, their black, glazed oil-skin suits and sou'westers reflecting the sheen of the rising moon.

And then Lem looked up.

For two years almost he had thought only of pirates and dreamed of pirates. He had seen their low, long, black, rakish craft creeping in among these seldom-visited islands scores of times; had seen their black flag, with its gruesome emblem, their ominous cannon pointed from port-holes; seen these fierce men, clad as pirates are always pictured, with long mustaches and longer beards, and always carrying swords, knives, or pistols, or all of them at once. He had seen them lowering a boat by night, landing on an island, measuring and digging a deep hole, even as he was now doing, and thrusting a chest into it. A chest that held millions in gold and jewels! All this disease of the mind, this delirium of oft-told tales and many pictures had been his for months. And then, raising his head to rest his tired back and aching muscles, he saw two ghostly pirates towering above him not ten feet away.

One instant of awful terror, and with a shriek of deathly fear he leaped from the pit and ran.

Then the conspirators collapsed in a shout of laughter.

"I feel sorter sorry fer Lem," Uncle Terry ejaculated, after it was all over, and they saw him pulling away from the island and tossing water with every stroke. "But he hain't had any sorer fer his mother 'n' Lora, so I don't care much, anyway. He won't dig no more holes on this island, I'm sartin."

Neither did he, and what was just as fortunate for Lora, perhaps, never did he again show himself at the Cape.

Years after, Uncle Terry heard of him as an inmate of an insane asylum, and always talking about some low, sandy island upon which stood a senti-

nel tree, and where buried treasure could be found.

This episode also served to bring Uncle Terry and Vance into more friendly relations, and when they parted later it was agreed that Uncle Terry and Aunt Lissy should visit the yacht the next afternoon, and that Lora should be one of the party.

"Things are workin' all right," Uncle Terry said to himself that night when he once more paid his usual visit to the lighthouse top and glanced across to the *Mermaid's* twinkling cabin windows. "An' that feller is a good feller, too."

But he saw fit to warn Lora in his peculiar way the next day.

"Mr. Winship has invited you 'n' Aunt Lissy 'n' me to supper aboard his boat to-night," he said to her at the store; "'n' I think we'd best do it to be sociable. Don't feel your togs ain't fit. Jist go 'long with us 'n' eat his good things like ye was doin' him a favor, ez ye be; 'n' if he wants to say sweet things to ye on the sly, let him. They won't hurt you, 'n' they'll 'muse him. But don't ye believe 'em, not fer a minute. It's only the way o' the world—his world, I mean—whar all the men folks hev to do is flatter women. We ain't his sort, but if he wants to show off 'n' feed us, it's hoss sense to let him. We won't git pickin' such as he'll spread before us every day."

But the entertainment was to Lora like a step into fairy-land, and Vance a gallant courtier, doing homage to her as queen of that realm. The *Mermaid* also was a dream of luxurious elegance and beauty. At first Lora was half-scared at finding herself amid so much cushioned and carved beauty and comfort, but Uncle Terry's presence and droll comments on everything soon made her feel at ease, and even the supper-table, with its array of silver and cut glass that came last, did not awe her overmuch. And all this self-possession, this to-the-manner-born acceptance of attention came like an inspiration to Lora, and was due to Uncle Terry's advice.

Vance also had his eyes opened to what he had not expected that evening

—that this simple fisher-girl was, after all, no silly miss, agape to all his flatteries, but a girl who could be self-reliant, gracious, and quite the lady, if need be. She did not say much. She let him and the serious professor do most of the talking, with Uncle Terry as interlocutor, while she listened, looked wise, and—as she was—alluringly beautiful.

And when it was all over and Vance—to have a few moments' privacy with her—insisted on taking her ashore, then did she score another point with him.

"I have enjoyed this visit to your yacht very much," she said, with quiet dignity, after he had assisted her out of the yawl, "and thank you, besides. You have the handsomest boat I ever saw."

"I am glad you like it," Vance returned, a little piqued at her coolness, "and also glad you honored me with your company. I felt myself your debtor, and had no way to pay the score except to entertain you, if possible."

"Do you remain much longer at the Cape?" she rejoined, taking one step toward her home. "If you do, I hope you will come to my garden any time when you want green stuff." Then she thanked him again, bade him good night, and left him.

And Vance felt that a new page in this summer-day idyl had been turned, or that a shift in the wind had been made from south to "nor'-nor'east," as his skipper would say. So piqued was he that he adjured both garden and store the next morning, and went off with the professor to gather more seaweed instead. He came to his senses later in the day, however.

"She's all right," he said to himself when this mental illumination came, "and if given half a show with the proper gowns, she'd hold her own in any crowd."

Another dawning of discernment also came with this self-analysis—that he had carried his attentions far enough, unless he wished to do the girl an injustice; also that his stay at the Cape had continued long enough.

But he felt he must see her once more and square himself, as it were;

and that evening, garbed faultlessly, he once more rowed ashore, and landed on the beach below her dwelling.

It was a call that worked more woe to her feelings and caused more gossip than all the rest combined, for, being Thursday night, he met her just starting for the usual prayer-meeting, held that evening, and, as fate conspired, he practically invited himself to join her.

"Why, yes, of course," she said hesitatingly, and coloring a little when he proposed this bold step. "I shall be glad of your company; only you must expect to be stared at." And so it came to pass that the three dozen prayer-inclined Capeites, who for four days now had done little else besides watch proceedings and gossip about Lora and this young, debonair yachtsman, now saw them walk into the little brown church together like two accepted lovers.

And a handsome pair they made! Vance, cool, self-possessed, jaunty of attire, and smiling, and Lora in the simplest of white muslin with intermittent blushes flaming on her rounded cheeks or spreading even to her ears when she detected some one looking at them.

The services were, as usual, led by Deacon Oaks. His daughter, the rotund Mandy, presided at the droning harmonium, and a prayer by Oaks, the giving of testimony by the Widow Leach and a few other devout souls among the elder ladies, interspersed by the singing of time-worn hymns, and Moody and Sankey melodies, constituted the religious offering. "Hold the Fort" and "Pull for the Shore" were among these latter, and recalled to Vance his first meeting with Lora. The low, incessant monotone of the ocean and its crisp, salty odor entered the open windows. The rising moon turned the light of the four wall-lamps and the one on Mandy's harmonium into a sickly yellow glow. A timid solemnity hushed and faltered the voices of all who spoke, and a brief prayer uttered by Mrs. Leach of attenuated frame and bony hands clasped and raised aloft as she



*The poor fool was also a ragged, worn-out wreck.*

thus thanked God for His many mercies, seemed to Vance the most pathetic and pitiful of all he ever heard. A benediction by Oaks closed this unique and quite Capelike service, during which all rose and stood with bowed heads. A battery of eyes focused on Vance and Lora a moment later, and those who moved out ahead of them formed a double line flanking the porch entrance to see them emerge.

Truly as Lora predicted, Vance found himself stared at as never before.

"I shall never forget this evening's experience," he said to her later when out of hearing by the scattering group; "and the utter simplicity and perfect faith and trust of that old lady's prayer were a revelation to me. Why, she thanked God for being permitted to live

even in the way she does, and I hear her life is one of abject poverty. Will you," he added a moment later, and handing Lora a ten-dollar bill, "give her this after I am gone, and tell her it came from the Lord in answer to her faith?"

"Why, yes," returned Lora, conscious of a wee little throb of heartache, "and she will be so thankful for it."

"I shall leave here in the morning," Vance continued hurriedly, to forestall any reference to the Widow Leach, "and I want to thank you now for the many pleasant hours you have given me. I shall recall them all many times. I

hope also they have not caused you any annoyance by reason of gossiping tongues. I shall plan for another visit to this quaint fishing-village next summer," he added, after a pause, and no response from Lora. "I hope also you won't forget me meantime. You won't, will you, little girl?"

"I—I guess not," she half-stammered in response. "Such a boat as yours don't often come in here."

And Vance wished she had omitted the reference to his boat.

But Lora was having a hard time keeping her feelings under control just now. She also dreaded to have him ask her any more questions. And Vance was feeling guilty, as well. And so silence fell between them.

At the gate to her little garden, and where the path to the shore also be-



gan, they halted. There was no light inside the house. The moon's path of silver crossed the small harbor below and broadened out upon the wide ocean beyond. And amid this pale, ethereal light glowed the brighter one from the lighthouse.

For one moment the eyes of Vance were turned to this exquisite, half-spectral, and quite peaceful picture, and then to the girl waiting beside him. And just at that moment and mood of sentiment, her eyes met his. What he saw in those blue, half-pathetic, and quite appealing orbs he never afterward forgot.

"Well, good-by, little girl," he said quite tenderly now, and offering his hand. "May health and happiness always be yours. Good-by."

And so they parted.

"I hated to take the money," Uncle Terry muttered to himself the next morning, after Vance had placed a roll of one thousand dollars in his hands, with many suggestions as to how it should be spent for Lora. "But it was the only trawl-line likely to fetch him back here, an' Lora never'll know it. 'N' not one cent on't'll be spent fer her, either. I'll jist lock it up an' see what follers out o' this curi's proceedin'."

And when Vance sailed away, two pitiful, tear-dimmed eyes watched him depart.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE REALITY OF LONELINESS.

For a week after the departure of Vance the Cape matrons had ample food for gossip, and his coming, who he was, his lavish use of money, his pointed attentions to Lora, and, to cap the climax, his unheard-of boldness in escorting her to church were all discussed, criticized, sneered at, or praised, according to the critic's personal opinion of such conduct. Lora came in for most of the blame, however, for Mrs. Captain Darby's verdict that she had shown herself lacking in maidenly reserve carried weight. Uncle Terry, however, was her champion, as he had

always been, and one afternoon on his return from up the island he read Mrs. Darby a lesson she remembered the rest of her life.

"I've heard a few o' the sneers you mostly hev set a-goin' here 'bout Lora," he said to her, "an' I think you women folks, 'n' you 'speshly, hed better be mindin' your own affairs 'n' 'tendin' to your own knittin'-work. This young man's comin' here ain't none o' your darn' business, in the fust place; an' his seein' Lora had a purty face an' shinin' up to her ain't, either. What do ye 'spect she was goin' to do, anyway? Throw a brick at him the fust time he smiled at her? How's a gal ever goin' to ketch a feller 'thout she kinder tolls him along 'n' sorter acts ez though Barkis was willin', tell me? I think Lora was doin' jest ez natur' meant she should, 'n' you women folks are all a passel o' jealous, backbitin' gossipers, you are." Then, lest he should say worse things, Uncle Terry strode away.

Meantime, and through all this teapot-tempest, poor Lora, sad at heart, attended to her own business, weeded her small garden, nursed her aged grandma, tried to earn her pittance at the store, and lived over every hour with Vance time and again. The squeaky, squawking, doleful little organette was brought forth many a time during her solitary hours, and the tunes he had listened to were repeated to recall his face and words. Often during the remaining summer days she visited the rocky cleft or the point where he and she had sat to watch the wide ocean, and his jests, his cynicisms, his description of life and journeys to foreign lands, her visit to his boat, and everything pertaining to those four days of a new wonder world were recalled again and again.

But oftenest and returning with a sweet, insidious thrill was the moment when, after the evening boat-sail out on the moonlit ocean he stood beside her on the shore, clasping her hand, and she almost knew he wanted to enclose her in his arms and kiss her!

It was only guessed at, of course—an

intuition descending from Mother Eve, yet one that comes to all maidens alike when time, place, and male interest warrant it.

But a heartache and loneliness were not all the burdens Lora now had thrust upon her, for with the coming of cold and stormy autumn days, her grandma grew more helpless, and finally was unable to leave her bed, and Lora perforce had everything to do and attend the store as well. Neighbors coming in and helping some made this possible. Food was contributed by others; Aunt Lissy became the mainstay for assistance, Uncle Terry for financial aid; and between them all, everything was managed.

Lora's father—or, rather, his apparently final absence—also became a part of her burden. For five months now he had never shown himself at the Cape, and while Lora had long before lost all filial respect for him, he was yet her father, and such a heartless desertion was galling.

"Ferget him, I tell ye, ferget him," Uncle Terry advised, when she voiced this feeling during one of her blue spells and had sought consolation from him. "He war your father, I know, but he ain't worth rememberin' much longer, anyhow." Then he paused and looked at Lora. "Come, cheer up, girlie," he added, smiling benignly at her, "'n' count yer blessin's. You're young 'n' purty 'n' healthy. You've got the best o' life ahead o' ye, 'n' me 'n' Aunt Lissy fer a spell. Summer's comin' 'fore long, 'n' who knows but somebody'll be slidin' in here ag'in on a slick yacht an' wantin' some more top onions? I tell ye, ye might be a hull lot wuss off."

It was the first reference to the main cause of her despondence he had made since Vance departed. And well Uncle Terry knew how she felt and why, for her lone visits to the point had been observed by him and told the tale.

But December brought an end to another cause for Lora's sorrow and desolation, and when the group of friends and neighbors who had assisted in this sad finale to her grandmother's life returned from the wind-swept, snow-

covered God's Acre above the village, Uncle Terry at once assumed charge of Lora's future.

"We'll go back to the house now, girlie," he said cheerfully, "an' pack your things up right away. You're goin' to live with us now an' git chirked up. You've done your duty—all on't—the book's closed, a new life's ahead o' ye, an' to-morrer I'll fetch everything away from the old shell ye've shivered in so long."

But when this—one of the sad parts of a funeral—was accomplished, Lora's few belongings gathered together, and Uncle Terry and Aunt Lissy, their hands and arms full, led the way away from this to-be-deserted abode, Lora paused a moment at the garden-gate and glanced into it with brimming eyes.

And how typical of her life it now seemed, for its walls were whitened with snow, the jagged stone below was sheathed in ice, a cluster of brown and withered corn-stalks rustled in the chilly wind, and sloping against the garden wall lay a broad board, snow-covered and much resembling a tombstone.

And right here, on this very spot, Vance had left her four months ago, not even permitted to guess one hint of the tumult he had stirred in her heart.

But Uncle Terry had.

"Come, Lora," he now asserted, turning about, "let go o' yer grievin' an' ferget this spot from now on. It's fetched ye trouble 'n' sorrier 'n' heartache enough, I tell ye, so come on. The best o' an unhappy home is gittin' shut on't, an' you've got a warmer one waitin' fer ye."

And a warmer one it proved in more ways than one, for Uncle Terry was no half-measure man. What he set about to do was done wholeheartedly, and Lora was now his own to care for and love.

"I've got a job for ye, girlie," he said to her that night, "'n' I've bin waitin' till this happened to tell ye what 'tis. Aunt Lissy's gittin' old. I'm 'way most o' the day, an' she needs some one to help out 'n' keep her company. I want ye to quit the store now 'n' work

fer us ez sorter companion, 'n' I'll pay ye double what ye've been gittin'."

That this was only his way of removing her sense of obligation Lora realized at once, and thankful for it she was. There were none she could turn to but these two. They already seemed like father and mother to her, and, penniless as she was, with no open doors awaiting her, it all seemed a blessing beyond her hopes. So began a new life for poor Lora.

Christmas Day also added a totally unexpected surprise to all of the Terry household in the shape of a box whose contents opened everybody's eyes with utter astonishment. The first item was a handsome sealskin jacket tagged "For Miss Lora Bascom, to pay for top onions and lettuce." An exquisitely woven cashmere shawl "For Aunt Lissy" came next. Then, too, were four boxes of choice cigars for Uncle Terry, with books to fill up the rest of the space, most of them also addressed to "Miss Bascom."

"Wal, he ain't fergot us, anyhow," Uncle Terry chuckled as he piled the gifts upon the sitting-room table, "an' that's the best on't. It's sartin when he comes ag'in next summer, ez I cal'-late he will, I'll see he gits all the shorts he kin eat, anyhow. You kin come in on garden-sass, Lora," he continued, turning to her, and then paused, for she was biting her lips to keep back the tears.

"Tut, tut, girlie," he added, "don't ye mind. This ain't no more to him than buyin' peanuts to us, an' the one thing that feller kin do easily is spend money. Why, he kin fairly throw it away."

But poor Lora would have prized a few written words of cheer far more than this expensive gift. To her it seemed like a dismissal. A sort of largess thrown at her in lieu of what else he could not give, and on par with his double payment for lobsters and the money he had left under the bottle of wine. Had he sent a greeting with the gift, that would have spared her some, but not a word, not even his card, that she might return her thanks!

Only a bare, bald, costly gift she would never dare wear or let it be known she had received.

And that was what made her bite her lips.

"I think he meant well," Uncle Terry ejaculated, after sober second thoughts and divining the cause of Lora's emotion, "but he didn't think how 'twas goin' to strike us. We must take the will fer the deed, 'n' the deed is—*is*—wal, uncommon. We'll keep it to ourselves, your jacket, Lora, I mean, an' jest say books was what ye got."

And deep in his heart he thanked his stars he had so far kept that thousand-dollar, unwise proposition an absolute secret, not even telling Aunt Lissy. "Why, the gal 'u'd go crazy with shame if she knew on't," he now thought, "an' I wouldn't blame her. But it'll fetch him back sure's a gun, or I don't know human natur'."

But the books proved a wonderful solace to Lora, and for them she was more than grateful. Books were not a part of the Cape outfit. Few outside of ordinary school-books were owned there. Uncle Terry possessed a few. Well-worn, yellow-leaved, calf-bound volumes on various sciences, works on history, travel, geology, the glacial period, and the like, with Fox's "Book of Martyrs," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" about comprised the list. Lora had read the last two over and over again, and those of travel and history, as well. But now these up-to-date novels, so like stepping into the world where Vance came from, and meeting the people he must know—well, they became a perfect godsend to her. With them or from their perusal, came a reflex comparison to Lora of how wide apart she and the ladies of his world were in speech, dress, ways, and manners. How differently they believed, felt, and acted in daily life.

Another conclusion was also forced upon her, and that was how failing in proper reserve and self-respect Vance must have considered her. She had had no thought of the impropriety of going off with him to a lonely nook on the shore before she had known him



over an hour, or out for a moonlit sail, or confiding her personal history as she had. Guileless herself, she, a girl of over eighteen, had conducted herself like a child of six, and now she saw it all, and how foolishly she had deported herself by so doing. Then another moment, bringing blushes at its recollection, now came to her—that moment when, returning from the boating trip, she had stood beside him, her hand in his, her face upraised as if—and then she grew rose-red from shame at what he must have imagined she expected.

And so through weeks of the long monotonous winter evenings, while Uncle Terry read his weekly paper or some well-thumbed volume on philosophy; while Aunt Lissy knitted or dozed contentedly by the fire, and the booming billows beat upon the near-by point, Lora “worked out her bearings,” as Uncle Terry would have put it, and saw herself as Vance had seen her.

“I don’t wonder he hurried away,” she said to herself finally in half-disgust at the mental picture. “He must have thought I was a little fool, and I was; worse than that, a stupid one.”

And then, once more, back came the memory of all the prattling confidences she had given so unreservedly, and the cool, smiling, cynical way he had listened to them. And, following that, a heartache, small, subtle, insidious, ever present, that could not be put away.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BIRTH OF A WOMAN.

Lora’s life at the Cape had so far been a child’s life coupled with that of a half-nurse and the necessity for earning a pittance. Now relieved of the two latter obligations, with books that were a revelation, and Uncle Terry’s keen analysis of and comment on human nature and human foibles, she began not only to see herself as she was, but to think for herself as well. That illumined self-consciousness brought her to her duty not only to herself, but toward the two who now represented all

that life held for her. Beyond that also came the complete understanding of one of Uncle Terry’s favorite axioms—“the only way to git happiness is by tryin’ to pass it along.” And what better method than to seek it close at hand and in the lives of these two?

With the return of spring came a relaxation and a new order of affairs.

The sun grew warmer, the sea less ominous, the snow vanished, green grass came, bluebirds and robins followed, and Lora once more bethought herself of her garden and the raising of top onions and lettuce.

Uncle Terry calked and painted his dories, mended his pots, and set them. And, much to his surprise and pleasure, Lora now began to assist him in this, and, more than that, to persist in now and then going out with him to pull them. She was reducing her self-analysis and new mission in life to a practical daily basis either in the garden, about housework with Aunt Lissy, or in joining and assisting Uncle Terry in his each day’s duties. A month of this new doing for others, this thinking of others and forgetting herself day by day with all the peace of mind following, and Lora became a changed girl. Once more the rose-tints came to her sun-kissed cheeks, the sparkle to her eyes, the lightness to her heart. She was fast forgetting the past eight months of self-contempt and heartache, and, like the spectral tents of the Arabs, so were those bitter-sweet memories disappearing.

Not all at once, of course. The handsome, debonair face, form, and smile of Vance would now and then intrude. Never could she pass or enter the store without recalling him. The sight of that pitiful little organette always brought a wee pang, the long box that contained the seal jacket—never once worn—a blush of shame. Her weekly attendance at the prayer-meeting also held the same pain, but she was slowly but surely recovering from her first fond and foolish illusion.

And then one day there arrived at the Cape harbor, brought by a passing coaster, a new small cedar yawl, with

brass rails, red cushions, rudder, and tiny flagstaff and flag. A dainty, saucy little craft, just suitable for a lady's use, and tagged "For Uncle Terry."

That it was intended for her, Lora knew at once. That it came from Vance, or that a letter to Uncle Terry had preceded it from Vance, begging him to see that Lora used it, she did not know. More than that, this unexpected present and request now gave Uncle Terry serious concern. He knew how Lora had felt about this money-spending yachtsman at first. He knew, too, that she was gradually forgetting him now as well, and that to tell her whom it came from would absolutely prevent all use of it by her.

He was not used to deception, nor was he willing to become a party to any form of it whatever. And yet now he must, or the dainty yawl would remain unused.

Worse than that, all the Cape would know why, and comment accordingly. On the other hand, deep down in his heart he believed this young fellow would some day follow the "trawl-line" of his feelings, and all in good time come a-wooing of Lora.

"I thought ye'd injie havin' a cute little boat to row round in," he said to her, "'n' I want ye to use this, 'n' call it your own. I don't want no thanks, either," he added hurriedly, "'tain't my way. Jest take what comes to yer an' say nothin'." And Lora was duly and thus adroitly deceived.

Her life was broadening, too, and with time for reading, for thought and more association with the Cape people, so, also, was her circle of friends broadening. The poor abode where she had been born and reared still remained closed, however, the garden weed-grown, and to add pathos, creeping vines had climbed over and practically locked the gate; the door-step was hid beneath them, a flock of barn-swallows were now utilizing the empty rooms for nest-building and flitting in and out through vacant window-panes.

Lora came to visit this deserted dwelling now and then. In spite of all its unhappy associations, it had been

her childhood home, and her heart turned to it.

And so it chanced one July afternoon at almost sunset Lora came here once again to live over her girlhood days; and also that very afternoon the *Mermaid*, with Vance Winship, his mother, sister, and a few friends on board, had sailed past the Cape harbor and up to a landlocked cove a mile beyond, and anchored there.

Vance, with the intent of surprising Lora, had, at just about the time she reached her deserted home, boarded his yawl and pulled away on that well-meant errand.

For a half-hour Lora, as often before, peeped into the house to watch the swallows, looked at the old wooden cradle, knelt in front of her little play-house, glanced into the weed-grown garden, and then, saddened as always, seated herself on the convenient stone to scan the wide ocean below.

Only a few moments of this retrospective mood and watching, then a step caught her attention, and, rising quickly, she saw Vance striding toward her from around the house.

"Why, Lora, my dear girl!" he exclaimed, advancing and extending both hands. "I am so glad to see you once more. How are you?"

For an instant poor Lora felt like sinking from shock, surprise, and the sudden bump her heart gave. Then she recovered herself.

"I am quite well, Mr. Winship, thank you," she answered, with a tremor of voice, and extending her hand. "But—but—you surprised me some."

"I meant to, my—my dear girl," he responded eagerly, seizing her hand, "and I—I—oh, Lora, I've grown so hungry for you. I want you now for my very own; and to-morrow will take you on board my boat to tell my mother you have said yes to me. Will you?"

It had come as most proposals do, in an incoherent rush of words. They staggered Lora for a moment, she drew her hand away, covered her face, and turned from him.

Then she faced about with brave yet tear-wet eyes.

"No," she faltered; "no, I cannot. I—I—have Uncle Terry now."

"Uncle Terry! What do you mean?"

Vance nearly gasped, for he had expected her to almost rush into his arms. "What has he to do with it?" he almost demanded.

The tone, the action, and question all served their purpose.

"I mean," she answered more firmly, "that my life is his now, or for him. One year ago you found me a silly girl, and I was. You bade me good-by right here as if I was of no account to you, and I wasn't. I cared a little, though, the more fool I; but I've outgrown it now. I've had trouble, too. Death has been here, and I have been left quite alone, but for him; and in all the year of loneliness you never sent me one word of—of sympathy or care." The tears were coming now, and her voice trembled, but she kept bravely on. "I had—had no one to turn to but him. He gave me home and love and—now I won't leave him for anybody. I might have then, when—you left me, but now, no, no, I can't."

Brave words, true words, noble words, words fairly wrung from heart-throbs; and yet, facing Vance Winship there beside the gate of her weed-grown garden where first love had been born and strangled, she uttered them, and meant what she said.

And Vance, humbled, hurt, astonished, and hungering for this brave girl as never before, turned, took two steps away, faced about, and extended his hand.

"Well, little girl, it's all over, and God bless you for caring for me once," he said, quite humbly now. "I am to blame, I know, and I deserve this. But I shall keep on loving you just the same. You can't stop me in that."

Then he raised her hand to his lips, dropped it, turned again, and strode away.

When Lora reached home she found Uncle Terry alone on the porch.

"Mr. Winship has come," she said directly, "and he found me up at the old house."

"N' said suthin' sweet to ye, I cal'-

late," Uncle Terry replied promptly, tilting forward in his chair. "I'm sartin' he would, so tell what 'twas, ye needn't be afraid."

"He wanted me to marry him, but I said no," she answered firmly.

"Said no! What do ye mean?" he rejoined, in utter astonishment.

"I said no," she repeated, "and I meant no, too. I shall never leave you so long as you live."

Then she stooped and kissed him.

One year has rolled its season's changes over the Cape; one year of ebbing and flowing tides in its wind-loved harbor; one year of rippling waves and booming billows around its point, of summer suns and winter storms and the incessant monotone of the sad, sad sea. The twoscore of pious ones have gathered fifty-two times more to give the same Thursday evening testimony, offer the same prayers, sing the same hymns. The same group of men have breasted the defiant ocean on all possible days, and gathered in the Oaks store each evening. Uncle Terry has grown a trifle more withered and a shade more whitened. But Lora has changed most of all.

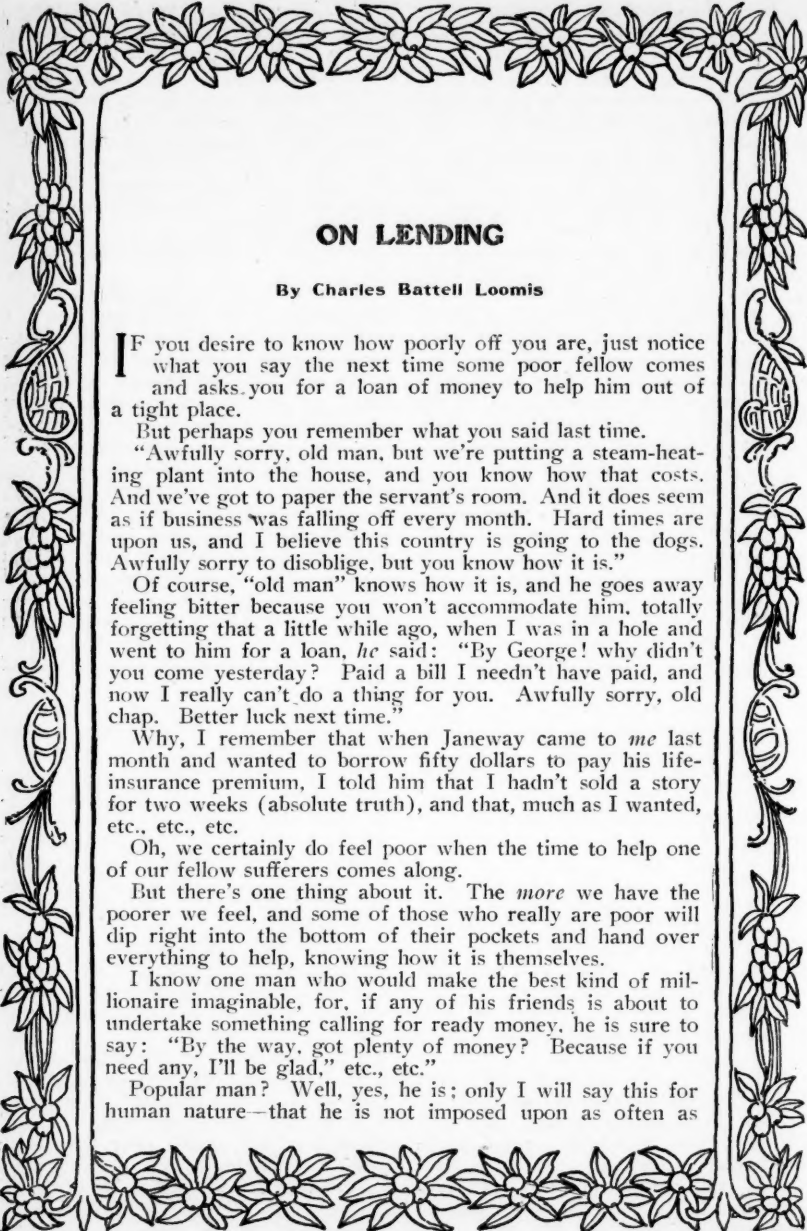
Her form is as rounded, her eyes as tender, face as pure and sweet as the moment she tore a "No" to Vance from her heart-throbs and chose duty rather than love. But she is a wiser, stronger, braver girl. Often has she felt moments of piteous heart-hunger to pay for it all, but not one of regret.

Often, too, she visits the little, brown, weather-beaten, and deserted abode once called home.

And here, at the twilight hour one summer eve, while she saw her future even as the incoming shadows over the wide, wide sea, Vance once more found her.

"I cannot live my life without you, little girl," he pleaded now very tenderly. "I have tried, but it's no use. I won't ask you to go away. I will come here and share your duty with you—and for you."

And then she yielded to his arms.



## ON LENDING

By Charles Battell Loomis

**I**F you desire to know how poorly off you are, just notice what you say the next time some poor fellow comes and asks you for a loan of money to help him out of a tight place.

But perhaps you remember what you said last time.

"Awfully sorry, old man, but we're putting a steam-heating plant into the house, and you know how that costs. And we've got to paper the servant's room. And it does seem as if business was falling off every month. Hard times are upon us, and I believe this country is going to the dogs. Awfully sorry to disoblige, but you know how it is."

Of course, "old man" knows how it is, and he goes away feeling bitter because you won't accommodate him, totally forgetting that a little while ago, when I was in a hole and went to him for a loan, *he* said: "By George! why didn't you come yesterday? Paid a bill I needn't have paid, and now I really can't do a thing for you. Awfully sorry, old chap. Better luck next time."

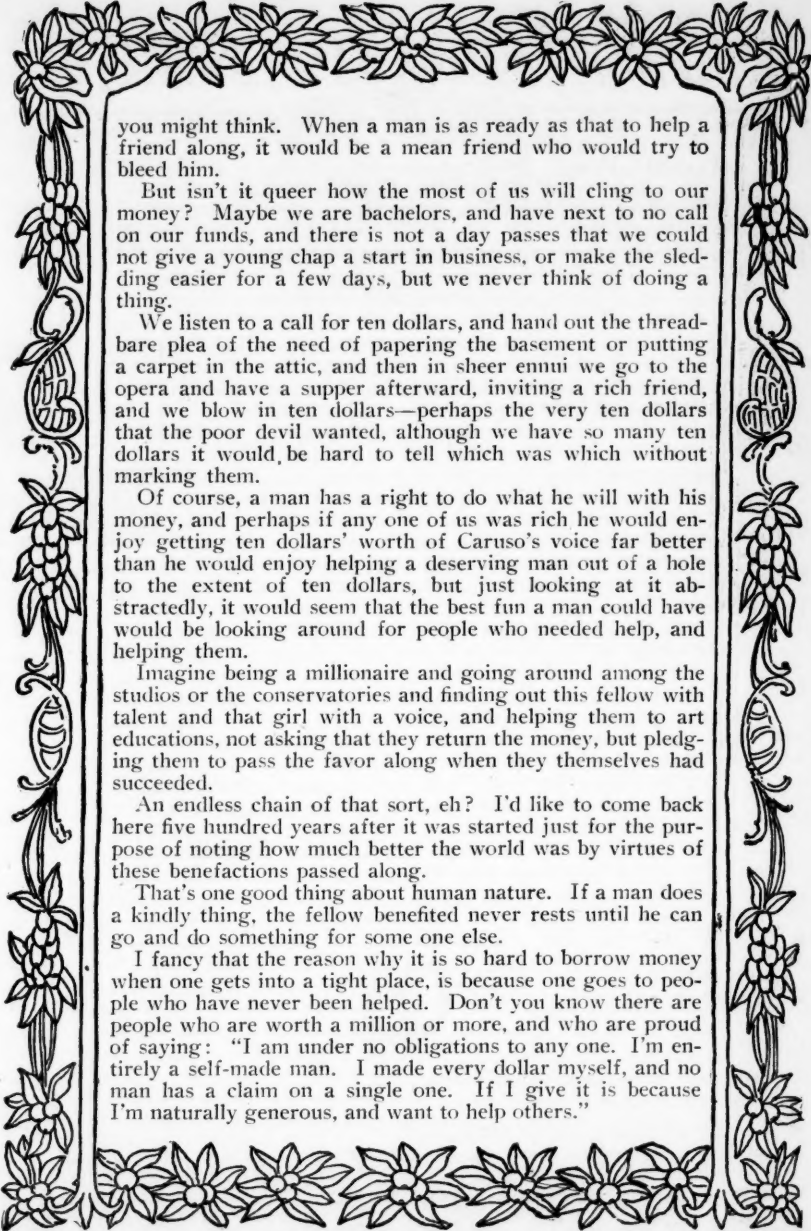
Why, I remember that when Janeway came to *me* last month and wanted to borrow fifty dollars to pay his life-insurance premium, I told him that I hadn't sold a story for two weeks (absolute truth), and that, much as I wanted, etc., etc., etc.

Oh, we certainly do feel poor when the time to help one of our fellow sufferers comes along.

But there's one thing about it. The *more* we have the poorer we feel, and some of those who really are poor will dip right into the bottom of their pockets and hand over everything to help, knowing how it is themselves.

I know one man who would make the best kind of millionaire imaginable, for, if any of his friends is about to undertake something calling for ready money, he is sure to say: "By the way, got plenty of money? Because if you need any, I'll be glad," etc., etc."

Popular man? Well, yes, he is; only I will say this for human nature—that he is not imposed upon as often as



you might think. When a man is as ready as that to help a friend along, it would be a mean friend who would try to bleed him.

But isn't it queer how the most of us will cling to our money? Maybe we are bachelors, and have next to no call on our funds, and there is not a day passes that we could not give a young chap a start in business, or make the sledging easier for a few days, but we never think of doing a thing.

We listen to a call for ten dollars, and hand out the threadbare plea of the need of papering the basement or putting a carpet in the attic, and then in sheer ennui we go to the opera and have a supper afterward, inviting a rich friend, and we blow in ten dollars—perhaps the very ten dollars that the poor devil wanted, although we have so many ten dollars it would be hard to tell which was which without marking them.

Of course, a man has a right to do what he will with his money, and perhaps if any one of us was rich he would enjoy getting ten dollars' worth of Caruso's voice far better than he would enjoy helping a deserving man out of a hole to the extent of ten dollars, but just looking at it abstractedly, it would seem that the best fun a man could have would be looking around for people who needed help, and helping them.

Imagine being a millionaire and going around among the studios or the conservatories and finding out this fellow with talent and that girl with a voice, and helping them to art educations, not asking that they return the money, but pledging them to pass the favor along when they themselves had succeeded.

An endless chain of that sort, eh? I'd like to come back here five hundred years after it was started just for the purpose of noting how much better the world was by virtues of these benefactions passed along.

That's one good thing about human nature. If a man does a kindly thing, the fellow benefited never rests until he can go and do something for some one else.

I fancy that the reason why it is so hard to borrow money when one gets into a tight place, is because one goes to people who have never been helped. Don't you know there are people who are worth a million or more, and who are proud of saying: "I am under no obligations to any one. I'm entirely a self-made man. I made every dollar myself, and no man has a claim on a single one. If I give it is because I'm naturally generous, and want to help others."



But if he never would accept help, why should he insult others by helping them?

It is to laugh. Fancy a man in this America of ours being independent. Independence may be our boast, but even your plutocrat depends upon the often underpaid efforts of the man below.

But if you go to the right man when you are in a hole—if you use good judgment and go to the poor man, and tell him what your prospects are, and how a little tiding over at the present time will enable you to succeed later on, he won't have a word to say about papering his cellar or buying a new automobile for his invalid son. He will say: "Sit right where you are, old man, and I'll raise it inside of half an hour. I know a place where money grows."

And he'll be back with it in the half-hour. I don't know where he gets it—whether he has a fat stocking that he takes good care of, or knows a lot of easy marks who are glad to unload when he gives them the password. One thing I do know, he is the boy that you hurry to pay back when success perches on your banner once more, and nothing would make you happier than to hear that he was in a bad hole—just so that you could run in and offer him all you had.

When the clerk who gets fifteen dollars a week and has no other income lends you twenty-five dollars, he has all the millionaires beaten to a pulp—even if we read the next day that John Q. Goldfeller has given ten million dollars to provide educations for indigent Baptists.

By the way, I've ordered the paper-hangers to come tomorrow and put on some much-needed paper in my wine-cellar. Only for that I'd be most happy to lend a helping hand to any who might come to me for assistance. If you need money go to—

But it wouldn't be a square deal to give his address, as I haven't paid him the last hundred I borrowed.



# IS THERE A LUMBER TRUST?

By S. C.

Hutchins



**I**S there a Lumber Trust? The Senate, shortly before the close of the last session of Congress, resolved to put this question to the executive, and the President promptly referred it to the Department of Commerce and Labor, with instructions to probe relentlessly and without delay. The inquisitorial machinery of that department, aided by the investigations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, is rapidly bringing to light a condition of affairs which will be a revelation to the country.

Men who are in a position to speak by the book, and who have made a study of the situation for years, declare that a Lumber Trust exists, and that it dwarfs in magnitude and avarice all other similar combinations. They assert, with some show of contempt for the obtuseness of the public, that during the past twenty-five years the lumber business of America, from the forest to the factory, has been under the control of a central organization, and in proof of both points demonstrate that, in the course of five years, the prices of a material which to a much greater degree than any other enters into our domestic economy have been enormously increased without the average man becoming aware of the fact.

A Lumber Trust must necessarily be a serious menace to the prosperity of our country. At a time when the future

welfare of this nation depends largely upon the development of the Western States, it must retard such a movement, for cheap lumber is as essential to the settler as bread. But the whole people are affected by the cost of lumber to an extent which they do not dream. There is no substance upon which civilized man is so largely dependent for his subsistence and comfort as upon wood. From the cradle to the coffin we are in constant touch with it. Look round the room in which you sit. Wood meets your eye at every turn, but, aside from the palpable evidences of it, wood or its fiber is present in a hundred forms. Your wall-paper, your books, the carpet and upholsterings of your room, are largely composed of this material. Nor can you divorce it entirely from any article you possess, for it is an auxiliary in every manufacturing process connected with commerce. And the consumption of wood in the industries is increasing at a much more rapid rate than the population, despite the fact that in many articles metals are being substituted, and although there is a steady diminution of waste in cutting timber and lumber is employed with increasing economy in the manufactures.

FORTY-FIVE SQUARE MILES OF FORESTS  
FALL EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR.

Lumber is the fourth in magnitude among our industries, being outclassed only by the steel and iron, the textile, and the slaughtering and meat-packing



businesses. In order to supply the enormous demand of the lumber industry for raw material, our forests are falling at the rate of forty-five square miles for each day of the year. We are cutting down annually more than one hundred million trees, exceeding a foot in diameter. The amount of capital engaged in the lumber industry exceeds \$600,000,000, and the annual value of the product is nearly as great, while more than 300,000 wage-earners are employed in the work. In the past half-century the value of the product has increased tenfold, the number of establishments has less than doubled, while the capital has multiplied fifteen times. These figures point strongly to a combination in restraint of trade, and the lumber interests have not advanced any arguments that would modify their significance.

Fifty years ago the Northeastern States supplied more than half the total lumber of the country; now their contribution to the supply is less than fifteen per cent. In New England the timber is practically exhausted, and the same may be said of New Jersey, New York, and Delaware. The condition of the six Southern Atlantic coast States is somewhat better, but ten years, at the present rate of output, will see them denuded. The middle South, including West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, have timber enough to run their present mills for about twenty years, but with a prospect in the near future of great enhancement in the local demand. Ohio, Illinois, and Iowa have been well-nigh cleared. The lake States, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, in 1890, accounted for thirty-six per cent. of the entire cut, and in 1900 for twenty-seven per cent. In late years the drain upon the extensive forest areas of this section has been tremendous, and if sustained at the present rate will exhaust them in ten years.

We are now looking toward the Pacific coast—the States of Washington, Oregon, and California—as the future source of our lumber supplies. At present this region is contributing no

more than ten per cent. of the annual production, but its forests, which are the heaviest and densest in the world; probably contain more than one-third of all the standing timber in the United States, and would be capable of supplying the country's demand for twenty-five years.

#### WITH AN EYE UPON THE VAST FORESTS OF CANADA.

Our present stock of standing timber is 2,156,000,000,000 feet, and we are cutting out of it 36,000,000,000 feet per year. At this rate the present supply would be exhausted at the end of sixty years. There is, however, a continual process of replenishment going on, and substitutes for wood are constantly coming into use. The annual increment from new growth is about 30,000,000,000 feet of merchantable timber, which is not far short of the demands of our sawmills; and a measurable reduction in waste and loss by fire would bring our consumption—for some time, at least—within the bounds of our annual increment. It is more probable, however, that we shall continue, not only to use up the interest of our forest wealth, but also to make heavy annual inroads upon the capital. Indeed, the time is not far distant when we shall make drafts upon the vast forest resources of Canada. This may come about almost immediately, for the government has, somewhat tardily, reached a determination to husband the reserves, and at the next session of Congress a powerful effort will be made for the removal of the tariff on lumber.

Fifty years ago no thought of possible stringency in the lumber supply could have entered the head of the most far-sighted. On the contrary, the country appeared to contain a stock of timber far beyond its utmost needs within any calculable period. With this view, the government made lavish donations of forest areas to States, railroads, and other corporations. At the same time its supervision of the public lands was so lax that fraud and pecula-

tion were positively invited. That this condition has come down to the present time is evidenced by the recent trials and convictions for land frauds, and from a late message of the President devoted to the inadequacy of the laws on the subject.

Long before the government awoke to the significance of the rapid growth of our industries in its relation to our forest resources, private interests had become fully alive to the importance of the matter. As long as fifty years ago, a few far-seeing men anticipated the future enormous consumption of lumber, and realized that at the end of a decade the Northwestern States must become the chief source of the country's supply. In 1850 the lumber product was valued at little over \$60,000,000; last year it was in excess of \$600,000,000. At the former period, the bulk of the cut was secured in the Eastern States; now Pennsylvania is the only one of that group that figures in the ranks of the eight principal productive States. Then New York was at the head of the list; now Washington leads the country.

#### THE CIRCUMVENTING OF THE HOMESTEAD ACT.

This movement of the lumber industry was foreseen by a group of associated Westerners, at whose head was Frederick Weyerheuser, of St. Paul. Before the industrial demand had begun to make drafts upon that section, they secured, at small cost, and to a considerable extent for nothing, thousands of square miles of timber-lands in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Mississippi River section. Ten years ago the vast holdings of this syndicate were practically exhausted. They had made many millions out of almost nothing. The demand for lumber was on the increase, and the available sources of supply were still farther to the west, in the States of Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. Here were millions of acres of the finest timber in the world, but it belonged to the people, and the government had by this

time awakened to the value of it. There was only one way of legitimately acquiring any of this land, and that was through the Homestead law, which restricted the applicant, who must be a bona-fide settler, to one quarter-section.

Lying, bribery, theft, perjury—every crime in the calendar—has been committed by the Western land-grabbers for the purpose of circumventing the Homestead Act. Hundreds of thousands of square miles of public domain have thus passed out of the hands of the government in the last decade. A great deal of this ill-gotten property was transferred to the Weyerheuser syndicate, but that group of master manipulators did not descend to the methods of the ordinary land-thief. Such methods were not only risky—several State officials and members of Congress have been sent to prison within the year for practising them—but also slow. Thousands of acres, even though they should run into hundreds of thousands, could not satisfy Weyerheuser and his associates. Their plans involved millions to be acquired by legalized robbery.

The Lieu Selection Act enabled the Weyerheuser syndicate, employing Congress and the Northern Pacific Railroad as tools, to acquire several millions of acres of the most valuable timber-land in the country at a nominal cost. This iniquitous measure passed in 1897, during the closing days of the session, when Congress habitually endeavors, by slipshod legislation, to make up for time senselessly wasted. An insignificant appropriation bill for forest preservation was introduced and passed with the following apparently innocent rider attached to it:

In cases in which a tract covered by an unperfected patent or unperfected bona-fide claim is included within the limits of a public forest reserve, the settler or owner thereof may, if he desires to do so, relinquish the tract to the government, and in lieu thereof select a tract of vacant land open to settlement, not exceeding in area the tract covered by the claim or patent; and no charge shall be made in these cases for the making of the entry or issuing the patent to cover the tract selected.

#### HOW THE INOFFENSIVE RIDER WAS TURNED TO GOLD.

The members of Congress who paid any attention to the proposition doubtless saw in it nothing more than a means of enabling settlers who had got upon poor land to better their condition, and supposed that a few hundreds, at most, would take advantage of the privilege. What actually happened was this: The Northern Pacific Railroad promptly exchanged over three millions of acres of worthless land for an equal area of the best timber tracts in the possession of the government. The land surrendered by the road had been originally donated by the people, and it was returned to them after being denuded of timber and rendered valueless. But Weyerheuser, who had been the timber-agent of the Northern Pacific for many years, did not engineer this scheme for the benefit of his employers. They were merely a necessary medium for the consummation of the project. The syndicate which had secured an option on the railroad's holdings promptly closed after the passage of the act at an average price of six dollars per acre. That is to say, the syndicate paid less than one thousand dollars per quarter-section for land which contained timber worth from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars.

For many years this syndicate of timber-land owners had exerted a strong influence over the lumber business. The coup of 1897, followed as it was by another large deal in 1900, put it in possession of billions of acres of the finest forest-lands in fee simple, and enabled it to extend an absolute control over every branch of the lumber industry—wholesale, manufacturing, and retail. This fact is beyond controversy. It is admitted by lumbermen who are giving evidence perforce to the government officials, and it is corroborated by many victims of this combination, who have striven, without its authority, to engage in the business.

Few trusts have been able to exercise such complete and drastic control as this, and yet none has contrived so

effectually to conceal its existence from the public. There is no organization of record—no company or association to which one can point and declare: "That is it." There are a number of lumbermen's associations, each of which claims to be concerned only with its local affairs, and to be entirely independent of all outside influence, but there is ample evidence that every one of these associations is connected by a string to some unseen hand, and answers with invariable promptness to the pull. The would-be dealer who finds himself blocked in the effort to set up in business in the territory of one of them, and goes into that of another, with the hope of immunity, finds the same mysterious influences operating against him. The man who fails to get an order filled in St. Louis soon learns that it is utterly useless to try in Chicago or anywhere else.

#### REALIZING A PROFIT OF TWO HUNDRED PER CENT.

Coincident with the introduction of economical methods and labor-saving machinery, there has been a steady rise in the price of lumber. Prices have been consistently maintained throughout the country by what could hardly be anything but concerted action. Exceptionally high figures might prevail in a certain territory, but nowhere could lumber be bought at *less* than the prescribed rates. In recent years prices have gone up by arbitrary leaps and bounds without any regard to cost of production, or any other legitimate, economical factor. Take the case of pine—the poor man's friend—which represents fifty per cent. of the entire cut. The highest government stumpage price last year for yellow pine was \$4 per thousand. The average cost of cutting and hauling to the mill in the principal lumber sections is less than \$3.50 per thousand, and the mill work should not exceed \$1 per thousand. Add to this \$1.50 for incidental charges, and you have a very liberal cost price of \$10 per thousand feet. But if you built a house last

year—and it matters not how or where you bought your lumber—the pine used cost you \$45 per thousand, and perhaps more. You were mulcted to enable some one to realize a profit of 200 per cent.—and the value of the lumber consumed last year amounted to well-nigh \$600,000,000!

#### THE FREEZING-OUT PROCESS.

A peculiar and significant thing about the prices of lumber is that they are regulated by printed schedules purporting to originate in one or another lumbermen's association, but not only is there a perfect agreement in the figures, but each of these price-lists resembles the others in the matter of type and make-up, and the schedules of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association of St. Louis, Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association, Trinity River Lumber Company of Texas, Northwestern Lumbermen's Association of Minnesota, and the rest, bear strong evidence of having emanated from a common source. No dealer may sell below the prices thus fixed. A violation of this rule subjects the offender to a heavy fine, and a second offense is followed by blacklisting and virtual expulsion from the business.

By arrangement competition is eliminated. The retailers located within each of certain prescribed territory are supplied from time to time with a "directory" of "regular retail lumber dealers" with whom only they are authorized to do business or to recognize as legitimate traders. They may not cut prices in competition with any of these, but if an outsider attempts to establish himself as a lumber-dealer, it is the duty of every "regular" in the territory to do his best to freeze him out. If he orders a bill of lumber, the yard always happens to be short of the dimensions needed, or there are vexatious but unavoidable delays in making the shipment. Whenever opportunity occurs, prices will be recklessly cut to kill his sales. He will find that his customers can buy lumber cheaper than he can buy it himself. Difficulties will con-

front him at every turn, and sooner or later—sooner if he is wise—he will abandon his project, and turn to some business less strictly regulated.

The influence of the mysterious central authority extends to all branches of the business. The wholesaler is no less subject to domination than the retail dealer. At different times one and another firm of wholesale lumbermen has become possessed of the idea that it could combat this control. In every such instance the rebellious concern has been promptly brought to book, and in short order reduced to submission or broken. The wholesaler who attempts to shake off the shackles finds himself crippled by a most effective boycott. His supplies are cut off and his customers forsake him. His credit is impaired by insidious rumors, and a hundred petty devices are employed to vex his soul. He soon sues for peace, and never again attempts to secure independence.

A like condition prevails among the millmen. One and all bow to the will of the trust. They were the last to come under its control, but they are now as completely dominated by it as any of the other branches. There is now no competition among them. They have, like the lumbermen, various associations which claim to fix prices and prescribe territories, but each and all of these plan and act in response to the invisible hand that operates the puppet-strings. The "regular" millmen are protected, and aided in eliminating the smaller concerns from the business. The "regular" mill is always too busy to accept an order from any other than a "regular" dealer, and it receives reciprocal treatment from him. Two years ago an enterprising but unsophisticated builder in one of our Eastern cities conceived the idea of doing his own mill work, which was quite extensive, and so saving a considerable profit. He set up a small mill and got to work, but he soon found that the price of material was raised to a point that made its use prohibitive. The trust is jealous of even the smallest competition.

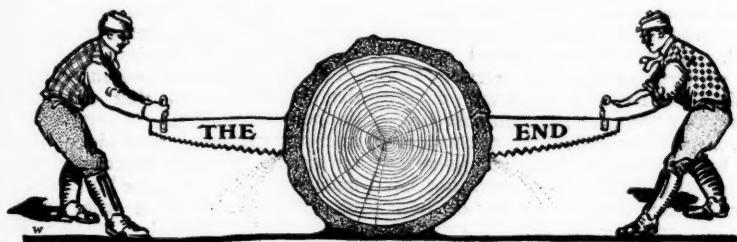
# SATISFIED TO BEAR THE YOKE OF THE TRUST.

Although a lumberman or millman occasionally becomes restive under the restraint exercised by the trust, as a whole they are quite satisfied with the condition of affairs—and why should they be otherwise? The lion's share of the inordinate profits goes into the treasury of the clique that owns the forests, but 200 per cent. allows of a very liberal distribution to the rank and file. It is only by upholding the hand of the trust that these have been able to bleed the public with such ease and without let or hindrance. How else could they raise and maintain the price of lumber in violation of all the laws of economics?

Before we revert to the question with which this article opened, let us look at some figures. We will take the prices for the commonest stuff, the material that every man uses constantly, so that an inequable profit on it is an iniquitous tax upon him. What is called "dimension" stuff—that is, the ordinary sizes of cheap wood used in building—sold in 1902 at \$20 per thousand feet;

in 1903 it was \$21, in 1904 it was \$23, in 1905 it was \$27, in 1906 it was \$30, and during the present year it will go up to \$35, unless the present investigation prompts a halt. Last year the price of yellow pine went from \$40 to \$48 per thousand. At the same time ordinary flooring increased \$10 a thousand in price, and during two years oak flooring has gone from \$40 to \$100 a thousand feet. Common lathing has risen in price from \$1.50 to \$6 per thousand since 1902.

Is there a Lumber Trust? Perhaps not in the sense of a corporate organization, but that the lumber business is controlled by a combination in restraint of trade would appear to be beyond dispute. Whether it is held together by "mutual interest" or by "a gentlemen's agreement" is a matter of little consequence, and no comfort to the public, which suffers no less from its exactions than if it were a corporation with a sonorous title. Indeed, if one is to be robbed and may have a voice in the method, he would rather be confronted by the pistol of the visible highwayman than slugged with an unseen sand-bag.



## THE STANDARDS OF ANIMALS.

THE dog killed half a dozen sheep," said he. "That is quite natural, I am only doing what any dog would do."

The street-car company systematically ran only half enough cars. Said the director: "The dividends are in the straps; all the lines do that."

The merchant arranged for a rebate on freight. "That is good business; I am only doing what every merchant does who can."

The dog was condemned as a public nuisance and shot.

# A Day in the Park

*DRAWN EXPRESSLY FOR SMITH'S MAGAZINE*

BY CHAS. HOPE PROVOST



SMITH'S MAGAZINE ART SECTION,  
Thirteenth Series

CROWNING THE QUEEN





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SMITH'S MAGAZINE ART SECTION,  
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IN THE MENAGERIE



SMITH'S MAGAZINE ART SECTION,  
Thirteenth Series

THE HAPPIEST TIME OF THE DAY





NOT AFRAID OF EACH OTHER

SMITH'S MAGAZINE ART SECTION,  
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# THE BEDEVILMENT OF "CHEERFUL CHARLES"

BY HOLMAN F. DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD



MR. GAMMON'S entrance into the office of the first selectman of Scotaze was unobtrusive. In fact, to employ a paradox, it was so unobtrusive as to be almost spectacular.

The door opened just about wide enough to admit a cat, were that cat sufficiently slab-sided, and Mr. Gammon slid his lathlike form in edgewise. He stood beside the door after he had shut it softly behind him. He gazed forlornly at Cap'n Aaron Sproul, first selectman. Outside sounded a plaintive "*Squawnk!*"

Cap'n Sproul at that moment had his fist up ready to spack it down into his palm to add emphasis to some particularly violent observation he was just then making to Mr. Tate, highway "surveyor" in Tumble-dick District. Cap'n Sproul jerked his chin around over his shoulder so as to stare at Mr. Gammon, and held his fist poised in air.

"*Squawnk!*" repeated the plaintive voice outside.

Mr. Gammon had a head narrowed in the shape of an old-fashioned coffin, and the impression it produced was fully as doleful. His neighbors in that remote section of Scotaze known as "Purgatory," having the saving grace of humor, called him "Cheerful Charles."

The glare in the cap'n's eyes failed to dislodge him, and the cap'n's mind was just then too intent on a certain topic to admit even the digression of ordering Mr. Gammon out.

"What in the name of Josephus Priest do I care what the public demands?" he continued, shoving his face

toward the lowering countenance of Mr. Tate. "I've built our end of the road to the town-line accordin' to the line of survey that's best for this town, and now if Vienny ain't got a mind to finish their road to strike the end of our'n, then let the both of 'em yaw apart and end in the sheep-pastur'. The public ain't runnin' this. It's *me*—the first selectman. You are takin' orders from *me*—and you want to understand it. Don't you nor any one else move a shovelful of dirt till I tell you to."

Hiram Look, retired showman and steady loafer in the selectman's office, rolled his long cigar across his lips and grunted indorsement.

"*Squawk!*" The appeal outside was a bit more insistent.

Mr. Gammon sighed. Hiram glanced his way and noted that he had a noose of clothes-line tied so tightly about his neck that his flabby dewlap was pinched. He carried the rest of the line in a coil on his arm.

"Public says——" Mr. Tate began to growl.

"Well, what does public say?"

"Public that has to go around six miles by crossro'ds to git into Vienny says that you wa'n't elected to be no crowned head nor no Seizer of Rooshy!" Mr. Tate, stung by memories of the taunts flung at him as surveyor, grew angry in his turn. "I live out there, and I have to take the brunt of it. They think you and that old fool of a Vienny selectman that's lettin' a personal row ball up the bus'ness of two towns are both bedeviled."

"She's prob'ly got it over them, too," enigmatically observed Mr. Gammon in a voice as hollow as wind in a knot-hole.

This time the outside "*Squawk*" was so imperious that Mr. Gammon opened the door. In waddled the one who had been demanding admittance.

"It's my tame garnder," said Mr. Gammon apologetically. "He was lonesome to be left outside."

A fuzzy little cur that had been sitting between Mr. Tate's earth-stained boots ran at the gander and yapped

shrilly. The big bird curved his neck, bristled his feathers, and hissed.

"Kick 'em out of here!" snapped the cap'n indignantly.

"Any man that's soft-headed enough to have a gander followin' him round everywhere he goes cught to have a guardeen appointed," suggested Mr. Tate acidulously, after he had recovered his dog and had cuffed his ears.

"My garnder is a gent side of any low-lived dog that ever gnawed carrion," retorted Mr. Gammon, his funereal gloom lifting to show one flash of resentment.

"Look here!" sputtered the cap'n, "this ain't any Nat'ral History Convention. Shut up, I tell ye, the two of you! Now, Tate, you can up killick and set sail for home. I've given you your course, and don't you let her off one point. You tell the public of this town, and you can stand on the town-line and holler it acrost into Vienny, that the end of that road stays right there."

Mr. Tate, his dog under his arm, paused at the door to fling over his shoulder another muttered taunt about "bedevilment," and disappeared.

"Now, old button on a graveyard gate, what do you want?" demanded Cap'n Sproul, running eye of great disfavor over Mr. Gammon and his faithful attendant. He had heard various reports concerning this widower reclusive of Purgatory, and was prepared to dislike him.

"I reckoned she'd prob'ly have it over you, too," said Mr. Gammon drearily. "It's like her to aim for shinin' marks."

Cap'n Sproul blinked at him, and then turned dubious gaze on Hiram, who leaned back against the white-washed wall, nesting his head comfortably in his locked fingers.

"If she's bedeviled me and bedeviled you, there ain't no tellin' where she'll stop," Mr. Gammon went on. "And you bein' more of a shinin' mark, it will be worse for you."

"Look here," said the first selectman, squaring his elbows on the table and scowling on "Cheerful Charles," "if you've come to me to get papers to

commit you to the insane horsepittle you've proved your case. You needn't say another word. If it's any other business, get it out of you, and then go off and take a swim with your old web-foot—there!"

Mr. Gammon concealed any emotion that the slur provoked. He came along to the table and tucked a paper under the cap'n's nose.

"There's what Squire Alcander Reeves wrote off for me, and told me to hand it to you. He said it would show you your duty."

The selectman stared up at Mr. Gammon when he uttered the hateful name of Reeves. Mr. Gammon twisted the noose on his neck so that the knot would come under his ear, and endured the stare with equanimity.

With spectacles settled on a nose that wrinkled irefully, the cap'n perused the paper, his eyes growing bigger. Then he looked at the blank back of the sheet, stared wildly at Mr. Gammon, and whirled to face his friend Look.

"Hiram," he blurted, "you listen to this: 'Pers'nally appeared before me this fifteenth day of September Charles Gammon, of Scotaze, and deposes and declares that by divers arts, charms, spells, and magic, incantations, and evil hocus-pocus, one—one —'"

"Arizima," prompted Mr. Gammon mournfully. The cap'n gazed on him balefully and resumed:

"'One Arizima Orff has bewitched and bedeviled him, his cattle, his chattels, his belongings, including one calf, one churn, and various ox-chains. It is therefore the opinion of the court that the first selectman of Scotaze, as chief municipal officer, should investigate this case under the law made and provided for the detection of witches, and for that purpose I have put this writing in the hands of Mr. Gammon that he may summon the proper authority, same being first selectman aforesaid.'"

"That is just how he said it to me," confirmed "Cheerful Charles." "He said that it was a thing for the selectman to take hold of without a minute's delay. I wish you'd get your hat and start for my place now and forthwith."

Cap'n Sproul paid no attention to the request. He was searching the face of Hiram with eyes in which the light was growing lurid.

"I'm goin' over to his office and hoss-whip him, and I want you to come along and see me do it." He crumpled the paper into a ball, threw it into a corner, and stumped to the window.

"It's just as I reckoned," he raged. "He was lookin' out to see how the joke worked. I see him dodge back. He's behind the curtain in his office." Again he whirled on Hiram. "After what the Reeves family has tried to do to us," he declared, with a flourish of his arm designed to call up in Mr. Look's soul all the sour memories of things past, "he's takin' his life in his hands when he starts in to make fun of me with a lunatic and a witch-story."

Mr. Gammon had recovered the dishonored document, and was smoothing it on the table.

"That's twice you've called me a lunatic," he remonstrated. "You call me that again and you'll settle for slander! Now, I've come here with order from the court, and your duty is laid before you. When a town officer has sworn to do his duty and don't do it, a citizen can make it hot for him." Mr. Gammon, his bony hands caressing his legal document, was no longer apologetic. "Be you goin' to do your duty—yes or no?"

"If—if—you ain't a—say, what have you got that rope around your neck for?" demanded the first selectman.

"To show to the people that if I ain't protected from persecution and relieved of my misery by them that's in duty bound to do the same, I'll go out and hang myself—and the blame will then be placed where it ought to be placed," declared Mr. Gammon, shaking a gaunt finger at the cap'n.

As a man of hard common sense the cap'n wanted to pounce on the paper, tear it up, announce his practical ideas on the witchcraft question, and then kick Mr. Gammon and his gander into the middle of the street. But as town officer he gazed at the end of that monitory finger and took second thought.

And as he pondered, Hiram Look broke in with a word.

"I know it looks suspicious, comin' from a Reeves," said he, "but I hardly see anything about it to start your temper so, cap."

"Why, he might just as well have sent me a writin' to go out and take a census of the hossflies between here and the Vienny town-line," sputtered the first selectman; "or catch the mosquitoes in Snell's bog and paint 'em red, white, and blue. I tell you, it's a dirty, sneakin', underhand way of gettin' me laughed at."

"I ain't a humorous man myself, and there ain't no——" began Mr. Gammon.

"Shut up!" bellowed the cap'n. "It was only last week, Hiram, that that old gob of catmeat over there that calls himself a lawyer said I'd taken this job of selectman as a license to stick my nose into everybody's business in town. Now, here he is, rigging me out with balloon-jib and stays'ls"—he pointed a quivering finger at the paper that Mr. Gammon was nursing—"and sendin' me off on a tack that will pile me up on Fool Rocks. Everybody can say it of me, then—that I'm stickin' my nose in. Because there ain't an' witches, and never was any witches."

"Ain't witches?" squealed Mr. Gammon. "Why, you——"

But Hiram checked the outburst with flapping palm.

"Here!" he cried. "The two of you wait just a minute. Keep right still until I come back. Don't say a word to each other. It will only be wasting breath."

He went out, and they heard him clumping up the stairs into the upper part of the town-house.

He came back with several books in the hook of his arm and found the two mute and not amiable. He surveyed them patronizingly, after he had placed the books on the table.

"Gents, once when I was considerably younger and consequently reckoned that I knew about all there was to know, not only all the main points, but

all the foot-notes, I didn't allow<sup>a</sup> anybody else to know anything. And I used to lose more or less money betting that this and that wasn't so. Then up would come the fellow with the cyclopedy and his facts and his figgers. At last I was so sure of one thing that I bet a thousand on it, and a fellow hit me over the head with every cyclopedy printed since the time Noah waited for the mud to dry. I got my lesson! After that I took my tip from the men that have spent time findin' out. I'm more or less of a fool now, but before that I was such a fool that I didn't know that I didn't know enough to know that I didn't know."

"What did you bet on?" inquired the cap'n, with a gleam of interest.

"None of your business!" snapped Hiram, a red flush on his cheek. "But if I'd paid more attention to geography in my school than I did to tamin' toads and playin' circus I wouldn't have bet."

He opened one of the books that he had secured in his trip to the town library.

"Now, you say offhand, cap, that there never was such a thing as a witch. Well, right here are the figgers to show that between 1482 and 1784 more than three hundred thousand wimmen were put to death in Europe for bein' witches. There's the facts under 'Witches' in your own town cyclopedy."

Cap'n Sproul did not appear to be convinced.

"There it is, down in black and white," persisted Hiram. "Now, how about there never bein' any witches?" He tapped his finger on the open page.

"If the book says that, witches must be extinker than dodos. Your cyclopedy don't say anything about any of 'em gettin' away and comin' over to this country, does it?"

"Of course we've had 'em in this country," said Hiram, opening another book. "Caught 'em by the dozen in Salem! Cotton Mather made a business of it. You don't think a man like Cotton Mather is lettin' himself be fooled on the witch question, do you? Here's the book he wrote. A man that's as pious as Cotton Mather ain't makin'

up lies and writin' 'em down, and puttin' himself on record."

"There's just as many witches to-day as there ever was," cried the corroborative Mr. Gammon. "The trouble is they ain't hunted out and brought to book for their infernal actions. There's hundreds and hundreds of folks goin'

my barn chamber, and there she was, turned into a cat most as big as a ca'f, and I throwed an iron kittle at her and she come right through the bottom of it like it was a paper hoop. There, now! What have you got to say to that?"

"That you are about as handy a liar



*He sat with elbows on his knees, gloomily surveying a dim reflection of himself in the dasher.*

through this life pestered all the time with trouble that's made for 'em by a witch, and they don't know what's the matter with 'em. But they can't fool me. I know witches when I see 'em. And when she turns herself into a cat and——"

"Does *what*?" demanded the cap'n testily.

"Why, it wa'n't more'n three nights ago that I heard her yowlin' away in

as I ever had stand up in front of me," returned the cap'n with animation. He whirled on Hiram and gesticulated at the books. "Do you mean to tell me that you're standin' in with him on any such jing-bedoozled, blame' foolishness as this? I took you to be man-grown."

"It's always easy enough to r'ar up in this world and blart that things ain't so," snapped Hiram, with some heat. "Fools do that thing right along. I



don't want you to be that kind. Live and learn."

"Witches or no witches, cyclopedy or no cyclopedy, what I want to know is, do you want to have it passed round this community that the two of us set here—men that have been round this world as much as we have—and heard a man tell a cat-and-kittle story like that, and lapped it down? They'll be here sellin' us counterfeit money and gold bricks next."

Hiram blinked a little doubtfully at Mr. Gammon, and his rope and gander, and probably, under ordinary circumstances, would have flouted that gentleman. But the authority of the encyclopedia gave his naturally disputatious nature a stimulus not to be resisted. Beating the page with the back of his hand, he assembled his proof that there had been witches, that there are witches, and that there will be more witches in the future. And he wound up by declaring that Mr. Gammon probably knew what he was talking about—a statement that Mr. Gammon indorsed with a spirited tale of how his ox-chains had been turned into mighty serpents in his dooryard, and had thrashed around there all night to his unutterable distress and alarm. Again he demanded investigation of his case, and protection by the authorities.

In this appeal he was backed by Hiram, who volunteered his assistance in making the investigation. And in the end, Cap'n Sproul, as first selectman of Scotaze, consented to visit the scene of alleged enchantment in "Purgatory," though as private citizen he criticized profanely the state of mind that allowed him to go on such an errand. He gnawed his beard, and a flush of something like shame settled on his cheek. It seemed to him that he was allowing himself to be cajoled into a mild spree of lunacy.

"And there bein' no time like the present, and my horse bein' hitched out there in the shed," advised Hiram briskly, "why not go now? Did you ride out from your place or walk?" he inquired of "Cheerful Charles."

"Walked," replied Mr. Gammon de-

jectedly. "My hoss is bewitched, too. Can't get him out of the stable."

"We'll take you along with us," was Hiram's kindly proffer.

"Him and that gander?" protested the cap'n.

"I can set in behind with the garnder under my arm," urged Mr. Gammon meekly.

The cap'n came around the table and angrily twitched the rope off Mr. Gammon's neck. That much concession to the conveniences he demanded with a vigor that his doleful constituent did not gainsay.

When they drove away the baleful eye of the first selectman spied Squire Alcander Reeves furtively regarding them through the dingy glass of his office window.

"Me off witch-chasin' and him standin' there grinnin' at it like a jezeboo!" he gritted. And he surveyed, with no very gracious regard, his companions in this unspeakable quest.

When they were well out of the village Mr. Gammon twisted his neck and sought to impart more information over the back of the seat.

"I tell you, she's a cooler when it comes to bedevilin'. She had an old Leghorn hen that a mink killed just after hen had brought out a brood of chickens. And what do you s'pose she done? Why, she went right to work and put a cluck onto the cat, and the cat has brooded 'em ever since."

The cap'n emitted a snort of disgust.

"And here we are, two sensible men, ridin' around over this town an' tryin' to make head and tail out of such guff as that! Do you pretend to tell me for one minute, Hiram Look, that you take any kind of stock in this sort of thing? Now, just forget that cyclopedy business and your ancient history for a few minutes and be honest. Own up that you were arguin' to hear yourself talk, and that you're dragging me out here to pass away the time."

Hiram scratched his nose and admitted that now the cap'n had asked for friendly candor, he really didn't take much stock in witches.

"There! I knew it!" cried the select-

man, with unction and relief. "And now that you've had your joke and done with it, let's dump out old coffin-mug and his gander and turn round and go back about our business."

But Hiram promptly whipped along.

"Oh, thunder!" he ejaculated. "While we're about it, we might as well see it through. My curiosity is sort of stirred up."

The cap'n was angry in good earnest again.

"Curiosity!" he snarled. "Now you've named it. I wouldn't own up to bein' such a pickid-nosed old maid as that, not for a thousand dollars!"

Hiram was wholly unruffled.

"How do you suppose any one ever knew enough to write a cyclopedy," said he, "if they didn't go investigate and find out? They went official, just as we are goin' now."

Hiram seemed to take much content in that phase of the situation, feeling that mere personal inquisitiveness was dignified in this case under the ægis of law and authority. It was exactly this view of the matter that most disturbed Cap'n Aaron Sproul, for that hateful Pharisee, Squire Reeves, had supplied the law to compel his own authority as selectman.

He sat with elbows on his knees, gloomily surveying a dim reflection of himself in the dasher of Hiram's wagon. In pondering on the trammels of responsibility the sour thought occurred to him, as it had many times in the past year, that commanding a town was a different proposition from being



"She shooed me off'n her front steps like she would a yaller cat."

ruler of the *Jefferson P. Benn* on the high seas—with the odds in favor of the *Benn*.

The cap'n had never visited that retired part of the town called "Purgatory." He found Mr. Gammon's homestead to be a gray and unkempt farmhouse from which the weather had scrubbed the paint. The front yard was bare of every vestige of grass and contained a clutter that seemed to embrace everything namable, including a gravestone.

"What, be ye gettin' ready for an auction?" growled the cap'n groutily, his seaman's sense of tidiness offended. "Who do you expect will bid in a second-hand gravestone?"

"It ain't second-hand," replied the owner reprovingly, as he eased himself out of the wagon. "Mis' Gammon, my first wife, is buried there. 'Twas by

her request. She made her own layin'-out clothes, picked her bearers and music, and selected the casket. She was a capable woman."

"It's most a wonder to me that he ever took the crape off'n the door-knob," remarked Hiram, in a husky aside to the cap'n, not intending to be overheard and somewhat crestfallen to find that he had been.

"I didn't for some time, till it got faded," explained Mr. Gammon, without display of resentment. "I had the casket-plate mounted on black velvet and framed. It's in the settin'-room. I'll show it to you before you leave."

Hiram pulled his mouth to one side and hissed under shelter of his big mustache: "Well, just what a witch would want of *that* feller unless 'twas to make cracked ice of him, blame me if I know!"

Mr. Gammon began apprehensive survey of his domains.

"Let's go home," muttered the cap'n, his one idea of retreat still with him. "What do you and I know about witches, anyway, even if there are such things? We've done our duty! We've been here. If he gets us to investigatin' it will be just like him to want us to dig that woman up."

His appeal was suddenly interrupted. Mr. Gammon, peering about his premises for fresh evidences of witchcraft accomplished during his absence, belowered frantic request to "Come, see!" He was behind the barn, and they hastened thither.

"My Gawd, gents, they've witched the ca'f!" Their eyes followed the direction of his quivering finger.

A calf was placidly surveying them from among the branches of a "Sopsyvine" apple-tree, munching an apple that he had been able to reach. Whatever agency had boosted him there had left him wedged into the crotch of the limbs so that he could not move, though he appeared to be comfortable.

"It jest takes all the buckram out of me—them sights do," wailed Mr. Gammon. "I can't climb up there and do it. One of you will have to." He

pulled out a big jack-knife, opened it with his yellow teeth, and extended it.

"Have to do what?" demanded Hiram.

"Cut off his ears and tail. That's the only way to get him out from under the charm."

But Hiram, squinting up to assure himself that the calf was comfortable, pushed Mr. Gammon back and made him sit down on a pile of bean-poles.

"Better put your hat between your knees," he suggested, noting the way Mr. Gammon's thin knees were jiggling. "You might knock a sliver off the bones, rappin' them together that way."

He lighted one of his long cigars, his shrewd eyes searching Mr. Gammon all the time.

"Now," said he, tipping down a battered wheelbarrow and sitting on it, "there's nothin' like gettin' down to cases. We're here official. The first selectman of this town is here. Go ahead, Cap'n Sproul, and put your questions."

"Ask 'em yourself," snorted the cap'n, with just a flicker of resentful malice; "you're the witch expert. I ain't."

"Well," retorted Hiram with an alacrity that showed considerable zest for the business in hand, "I never shirked duty. First, what's her name again—the woman that's doin' it all?"

"I want you to come and see——" began Mr. Gammon, apparently having his own ideas as to a witch-hunt, but Hiram shook the big cigar at him fiercely.

"We ain't got time nor inclination for inspectin' coffin-plates, wax-flowers, bewitched iron kittles, balky hosses, and old ganders. Who is this woman and where does she live, and what's the matter with her?"

"She's Arizima Orff, and that's her house over the rise of that land where you can see the chimbls." Mr. Gammon was perfunctory in that reply, but immediately his little blue eyes began to sparkle and he launched out into his troubles. "There's them that don't believe in witches. I know that! And they slur me and slander me. I know it. I don't get no sympathy. I——"

"Shut up!" commanded the chief of the inquisition.

"They say I'm crazy. But I know better. Here I am with rheumaticks! Don't you s'pose I know where I got 'em? It was by standin' out all het up where she had hitched me after she'd rid' me to one of the witch conventions. She——"

"Say, you look here!" roared the old showman; "you stay on earth. Don't you try to fly and take us with you. There's the principal trouble in gettin' at facts," he explained, whirling on the cap'n. "Investigators don't get down to cases. Talk with a stuttester, and if you don't look sharp you'll get to stutтерin' yourself. Now, if we don't look out, Gammon here will have us believin' in witches before we've investigated."

"You been sayin' right along that you did believe in 'em," grunted the first selectman.

"Nothin' of the sort!" declared Hiram. "I was only showin' you that when you rose up and hollered that there never was any witches you didn't know what you were talkin' about."

While Cap'n Sproul was still blinking at him, trying to comprehend the exact status of Hiram's belief, that forceful inquisitor, who had been holding his victim in check with upraised and admonitory digit, resumed:

"Old maid or widder?"

"Widder."

"Did deceased leave her that farm, title clear, and well-fixed financially?"

"Yes," acknowledged Mr. Gammon.

"Now," Hiram leaned forward and wagged that authoritative finger directly under the other's case-knife nose, "what was it she done to you to make you get up this witch-story business about her? Here! Hold on!" he shouted, detecting further inclination on the part of Mr. Gammon to rail about his bedevilment. "You talk good Yankee common sense! Down to cases! What started this? You can't fool me, not for a minute! I've been round the world too much. I know every fake from a Patagonian cockatoo up to and including the ghost of Bill Beeswax.

She done something to you. Now, what was it?"

Mr. Gammon was cowed. He fingered his dewlap and closed and unclosed his lips.

"Out with it!" insisted Hiram. "If you don't, me and the selectman will have you sued for slander."

"Up to a week ago," confessed Mr. Gammon, gazing away from the blazing eyes of Hiram into the placid orbs of the calf in the tree, "we was goin' to git married. Farms adjoined. She knowed me and I knowed her. I've been solemn since Mis' Gammon died, but I've been gittin' over it. We was goin' to jine farms and I was goin' to live over to her place, because it wouldn't be so pleasant here with Mis' Gammon——"

He hesitated and ducked despondent head in the direction of the front yard.

"Well, seconds don't usually want to set in the front parlor window and read firsts' epitaphs for amusement," remarked Hiram grimly. "What then?"

"Well, then all at once she wouldn't let me into the house, and shooed me off'n her front steps like she would a yaller cat, and when I tried to find out about it that young Haskell feller that she's hired to do her chores come over here and told me that he wasn't goin' to stay there much longer, 'cause she had turned witch, and had put a cluck onto the cat when the old hen——"

"Tend to cases! Tend to cases!" broke in Hiram impatiently.

"And about that time the things began to act out round my place, and the Haskell boy told me that she was braggin' how she had me bewitched."

"And you believed that kind of infernal tomrot?" inquired the showman wrathfully. Somewhat to the cap'n's astonishment, Hiram seemed to be taking only a sane and normal view of the thing.

"I did, after I went over and taxed her with it, and she stood off and pointed her shotgun at me and said that yes, she was a witch, and if I didn't get away and keep away she would turn me into a caterpillar and kill me with a



*He grabbed him by the back of the neck with one huge hand.*

fly-sparker. There! When a woman says that about herself what be ye goin' to do—tell her she's a liar, or be a gent and believe her?" Mr. Gammon was bridling a little.

Hiram looked at "Cheerful Charles" and jerked his head around and stared at the cap'n as though hoping for some suggestion. But the selectman merely shook his head with a pregnant expression of "I told you so!"

Hiram got up and stamped around the tree to cover what was evidently momentary embarrassment. All at once he kicked at something in the grass, bent over and peered at it, looked up at the calf, then picked up the object on the

ground and stuffed it deep into his trousers' pocket.

"You said that a chore feller's name was Haskell, hey?" he demanded, returning and standing over Mr. Gammon.

"Simmy Haskell," said the other.

"Well, now, what have you done to him?"

"Nothin'—n e v e r —no, sir—never nothin'!" insisted Mr. Gammon, with such utter conviction that Hiram forebore to question further. He whirled on his heel and started away toward the chimney that poked above the rise of land.

"Come along!" he called gruffly, over his shoulder, and the two followed.

It was a trim little place that was revealed to them. A woman in a sunbonnet was on her knees near some plants in the cozy front yard, and a youth was wheeling apples up out of the orchard.

The youth set down his barrow and surveyed them with some curiosity as they came up to him, Hiram well ahead, looming with all his six feet two, his plug hat flashing in the sun. Hiram did not pause to palter with the youth. He grabbed him by the back of the neck with one huge hand and with the other tapped against the Haskell boy's nose the object he had picked up from the grass.

"Next time you put a man's calf up a tree look out that you don't drop your knife in the wrassle."

"Tain't my knife!" gasped the accused.



"Lie to me, will ye? Lie to me—a man that's associated with liars all my life? Not your knife, when your name is scratched on the handle? And don't you know that two officers stood right over behind the stone wall and saw you do it? Because you wasn't caught in your cat-yowlin' round and your ox-chain foolishness and your other didoes, do you think you can fool a detective like me? You come along to State prison! I was intendin' to let you off if you owned up and told all you know—but now that you've lied to me, come along to State prison!"

There was such vengefulness and authority in the big man's visage that the Haskell boy wilted in unconditional surrender.

"He got me into the scrape. I'll tell on him. I don't want to go to State prison," he wailed, and then confession flowed from him with the steady gurgle of water from a jug. "He come to me and he says, says he, 'He won't ever be no kind of a boss for you. If he marries her you'll get fed on bannock and salt pork. He's sourer'n bonnyclabber and meaner'n pig-swill. Like enough he won't keep help, anyway, and will let everything go to rack and ruin, the same as he has on his own place. I'm the one to stick to,' says he. 'I've got a way planned, and all I need is your help and we'll stand together,' he says, 'and here's ten dollars in advance.' And I took it and done what he planned. I needed the money, and I done it. He says to me that we'll do things to him to make him act crazy, and we'll tell her that he's dangerous, and then you can tell him, says he, that she's turned witch, and is doin' them things to him; 'cause a man that has got his first wife buried in front of his door-step is fool enough to believe most anything,' says he."

"Well," remarked Hiram, after a long breath, "this 'sezzer,' whoever he may be, when he got to sezzin', seems to have made up his mind that there was one grand, sweet song of love in this locality that was goin' to be sung by a steam-calliope, and wind up with boiler bustin'."

"Why in devilnation don't you ask him who 'twas that engineered it?" demanded Cap'n Sproul, his eyes blazing with curiosity.

"An official investigation," declared Hiram, with a relish he could not conceal, as he returned the cap'n's earlier taunt upon that gentleman himself, "is not an old maids' quiltin'-bee, where they throw out the main point as soon's they get their hoods off, and then spend the rest of the afternoon talkin' it over. Things has to take their right and proper course in an official investigation. I'm the official investigator."

He turned on Mr. Gammon.

"What do you think now, old hearse-hoss? Have you heard enough to let you in on this? Or do you want to be proved out as the original old Mister Easymark, in a full, illustrated edition, bound in calf? So fur's I'm concerned, I've heard enough on that line to make me sick."

This amazing demolition of his superstition left Mr. Gammon gasping. Only one pillar of that mental structure was standing. He grabbed at it.

"I didn't believe she was the witch till she told me so herself," he stammered. "She never lied to me. I believed what she told me with her own mouth."

The Haskell boy, still in the clutch of Hiram, evidently believed that the kind of confession that was good for the soul was full confession.

"I told her that the time you was dangerous was when any one disputed with you about your not havin' the witches. I told her that if you ever said anything she'd better join in and agree with you, and humor you, 'cause that's the only way to git along with crazy folks."

For the first time in many years color showed in the drab cheeks of the melancholy Mr. Gammon. Two vivid red spots showed that, after all, it was blood, not water, that flowed in his veins.

"Dod lather you to a fritter, you little freckle-faced, snub-nosed son of a seco!" he yelped shrilly. "I've been a mild and peaceable man all my life, but I'm a good mind to—I'm a good mind



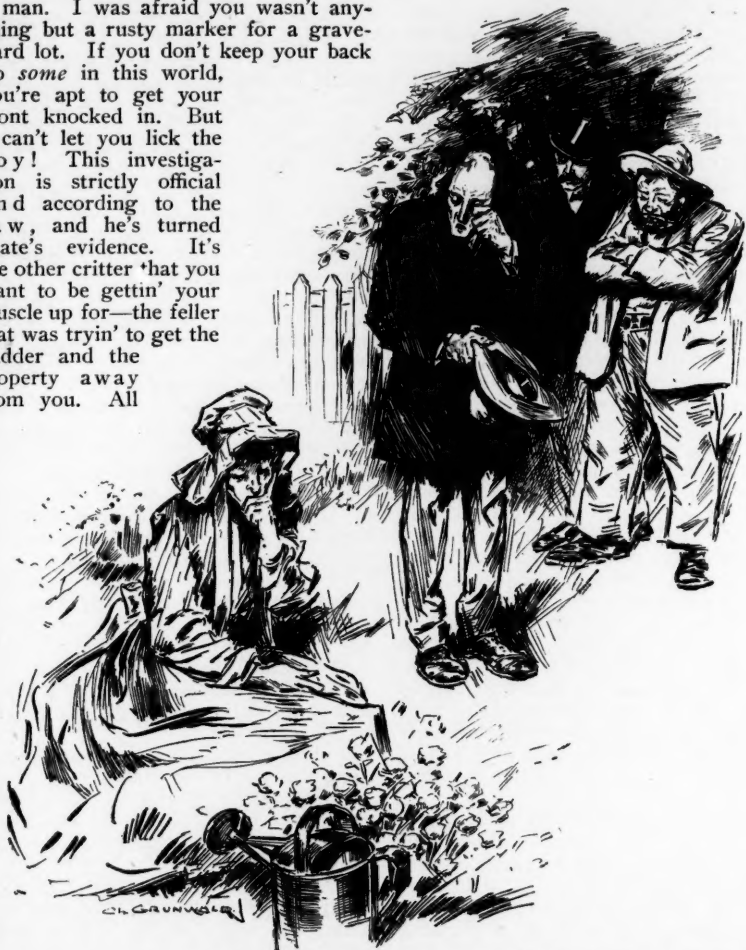
to——” He searched his meek soul for enormities of retribution, and declared: “I’m a good mind to skin you, hide, pelt, and hair. I’ll cuff your ears up to a pick, anyway!” But Hiram pushed him away when he advanced.

“There! That’s the way to talk up, Gammon,” he said encouragingly. “You are showin’ improvement. Keep on that way and you’ll get to be quite a man. I was afraid you wasn’t anything but a rusty marker for a graveyard lot. If you don’t keep your back up *some* in this world, you’re apt to get your front knocked in. But I can’t let you lick the boy! This investigation is strictly official and according to the law, and he’s turned State’s evidence. It’s the other critter ‘hat you want to be gettin’ your muscle up for—the feller that was tryin’ to get the widder and the property away from you. All

the other evidence now bein’ in, you may tell the court, my son, who was that ‘sezzer.’ You sha’n’t be hurt!”

“It was Mister Batson Reeves, the second selectman,” blurted the youth.

There are moments in life when language fails, when words are vain; when even a whisper would take the edge from a situation. Such a moment



Mr. Gammon wiped tears from his cheeks and gazed down at her.

seemed that one when Hiram Look and Cap'n Sproul gazed at each other after the Haskell boy had uttered that name.

After a time Hiram turned, seized the boy by the scruff of his coat, and dragged him up to the front-yard fence, where the widow was gazing at them with increasing curiosity.

"Haskell boy," commanded Hiram, "tell her—tell her straight, and do it quick."

And when the confession, which went more glibly the second time, was concluded, the investigator gave the culprit a toss in the direction of the Gammon farm, and shouted after him: "Go get that calf down out of that apple-tree, and set down with him and trace out your family relationship. You'll probably find you're first cousins."

Mrs. Orff had sunk down weakly on a bed of asters, and was staring from face to face.

"Marm," said Hiram, taking off his plug hat and advancing close to the fence, "Cap'n Sproul and myself don't make it our business to pry into private affairs, or to go around this town saving decent wimmen from Batson Reeves. But we seem to have more or less of it shoved onto us as a side-line. You listen to me! Batson Reeves was the man that lied to the girl I was engaged to thirty years ago, and broke us up and kept us apart till I came back here and licked him, and saved her just in the nick of time. What do you think of a man of that stamp?"

"I didn't reelly like him as well—as well as——" quavered the widow, her eyes on the appealing orbs of Mr. Gammon; "but I was told I was in danger, and he wanted to be my protector."

"Protector!" sneered Hiram. "Since he's been a widderer he's been tryin' to court and marry every woman in the town of Scotaze that's got a farm and property. We know it. We can prove it. All he wants is money! You've just escaped by luck, chance, and the skin of your teeth from a cuss that nothin' is too low for him to lay his hand to. What do you think of a man that, in order to make trouble and dis-

grace for his neighbors, will dress up in his dead wife's clothes and snoop around back doors and write anonymous letters to confidin' wimmen?"

"My Lawd!" gasped the widow.

"We caught him at it! So, as I say, you've escaped from a hyena. Now, Mr. Gammon only needs a wife like you to get him out of the dumps."

Mr. Gammon wiped tears from his cheeks and gazed down on her.

"Charles," she said gently, "won't you come into the house for a few minutes? I want to talk to you!"

But as Mr. Gammon was about to obey joyously, Hiram seized his arm.

"Just a moment," he objected. "We'll send him right in to you, marm, but we've got just a little matter of business to talk over with him."

And when they were behind the barn he took Mr. Gammon by his coat-collar with the air of a friend.

"Gammon," said he, "what are you goin' to do to him? Me and the cap'n are interested. He'll be comin' here this evenin'. He'll be comin' to court. Now, what are you goin' to do?"

There was an expression on Mr. Gammon's face that no one had ever seen there before. His eyes were narrowed. His pointed tongue licked his lips. His thin hair bristled.

"What are you goin' to do to him?"

"Lick him!" replied Mr. Gammon. It was laconic, but it sounded like a rat-tail file on steel.

"You can do it!" said Hiram cheerfully. "The cap'n and I both have done it, and it's no trouble at all. I was in hopes you'd say that!"

"Lick him till his tongue hangs out!" said Mr. Gammon, with bitterer venom.

"That will be a good place to lay for him; right down there by the alders," suggested the cap'n, pointing his finger.

"Yes, sir, lick him till his own brother won't know him." And Mr. Gammon clicked together his bony fists, as hard as flints.

"And that's another point!" said Hiram hastily. "You've seen to-day that I'm a pretty shrewd chap to guess. I've been round the world enough to put two and two together. Makin' man

my study is how I've got my property. Now, Gammon, you've got that writin' by Squire Alcander Reeves. When you said 'brother' it reminded me of what I've been ponderin'. Bat Reeves has been making the Widder Orff matter a still hunt. His brother wasn't on. When you went to the squire to complain, squire saw a chance to get the cap'n into a law scrape—slander, trespass, malicious mischief—something! Them lawyers are ready for anything!"

"Reg'lar sharks!" snapped the selectman.

"Now," continued Hiram, "after you've got Bat Reeves licked to an extent that will satisfy inquiren' friends and all parties interested, you hand that writin' to him! It will show him that his blasted fool of a lawyer brother, by tryin' to feather his own nest, has lost him the widder and her property, got

him his lickin', and put him into a hole gen'rally. Tell him that if it hadn't been for that paper drivin' us out here nothin' would have been known."

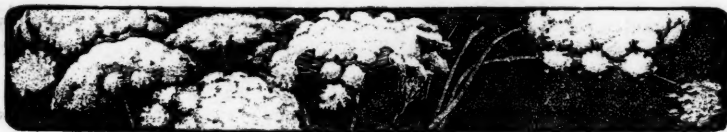
Hiram put up his nose and drew in a long breath of prophetic satisfaction.

"And if I'm any judge of what'll be the state of Bat Reeves' feelin's in general when he gets back to the village, the Reeves family will finish up by lickin' each other—and when they make a lawsuit out of that it will be worth while wastin' a few hours in court to listen to. How do you figger it, cap?"

"It's a stem-windin', self-actin' proposition that's wound up, and is now tickin' smooth and reg'lar," said the cap'n, with deep conviction. "They'll both get it!"

And they did.

Cap'n Aaron Sproul and Hiram Look shook hands on the news before nine o'clock the next morning.



### A Purple Dusk

A SKY o'erhung with purple cloud,  
A night all mystery,  
And you and I alone, adrift  
Upon a purple sea.

As if a flower enfolded us—  
Fragrant and warm with musk—  
Shut in we seemed from all the world  
Within that purple dusk.

So still it was, a little word  
Trembled across the dark.  
I heard—and yet you did not speak—  
For heart to heart must hark,

The colors died in storm, I lost  
That fragrance of the musk,  
But safe I hold the word that fell  
Across the purple dusk.

ALICE E. ALLEN.

# The Artistic Temperament

By Anne O'Hagan

ILLUSTRATED  
BY C. H. PROVOST



A GENIUS," said an observing old lady to that humorist of a more primitive day, the Danbury Newsman, "is a man that knows more than he can tell, and spills victuals on his clothes."

If the old lady had lived until this year of grace, she would have been perplexed by the number of those whose claims to the title of genius rest, figuratively speaking, upon the second characteristic. The sum of the spilt food, to adopt her vivid phraseology, is so painfully disproportionate to the sum of the knowledge. The artistic temperament struts so big before the pygmy of artistic achievement—a pompous drum-major gyrating grotesquely in front of such a pitifully thin, battered regiment. Many persons are so busily engaged in displaying the spots upon their coats as the indisputable badges of their greatness, that they have no time to achieve the thing itself; and an over-civil community refrains from pointing out to them the advantages to be derived from the free use of benzin.

Next to the Bohemia myth, there is no other so prevalent and so persistent among those who are young either in their years or in their capacities as the Artistic Temperament myth. Indeed, the non-existent region is a favorite haunt of the Order of the Temperamental. If the ladies and gentlemen who swear by the unrealities should all happen to recant and to turn from their profitless cultivation of an unsown soil,

Bohemia, the crowning unreality, would soon cease to be mentioned except as legend.

In the ignorance of immaturity—"sweet time of youthful folly"—one may be forgiven for bowing a reverential head at the mention of the Artistic Temperament. To be told before twenty, say, that one possesses it is to receive a compliment thrilling and inspiring. Many a plain girl, having heard the magic words, has gone about for a few blissful days pitying and despising mere beauty. But to attempt to live up to the flattery after one is twenty-two is to enroll one's self among the dupes of words.

In youth, the Artistic Temperament seems synonym for the penetrating ability to look below the surface, the tender intuition, the large delight in little things, which the great masters in the arts must have had. But with experience of the artistically temperamental as they are met in their prowling places, this view is rapidly corrected.

Their boast is not that they see more and deeper than the ordinary man, but that they see differently. So a cross-eyed man might triumph over the straight-sighted. If, as has been so re-

proachfully urged against him, the inartistic person sees in a primrose by the river's brim merely a yellow primrose, the Artistic Temperament, in a frenzied effort to avoid such commonplaceness, is likely to convert it into a crape paper sunflower, and simperingly to congratulate itself upon its superior vision.

When Clorinda came up to the center, which she thought best suited to the development of her talents, she had an untested veneration for the Artistic Temperament. She would have liked to meet Socrates or Ben Jonson or Thackeray, had it been chronologically and geographically possible. But failing these, she was prepared to receive with almost as great joy and respect those who her friends assured her had "so much temperament," or who were "artistic to their finger-tips."

She was soon surprised at the large

counted for on the hypothesis of boundless genius.

They showed their temperament variously, though their fundamental principle was the same. This principle was that the orderly, the usual, the expected, were banal, Philistine. And she soon understood that where the Artistic Temperament rules, Philistinism is a crime more black than any set down in the old-fashioned Decalogue, with its outworn sense of values. A true "sense of values," by the way, she discovered to be exclusively the property of the Artistic.

It was usual, the season when Clorinda sojourned among the Temperamental, for men to wear their hair cut short. Consequently her fingers did not suffice to count the long-haired gentlemen of the set in which she found herself. But as soon as all varieties of untrimmed tresses became common, from the chrysanthemum mop of the sweet singer, to whose voice so few listened, to the flopping forelock of the fledging editor of an anemic "occasional," there was a sudden reversal in style. The barbers did an unprecedented business, and the tonsured monk fashion of masculine coiffure threatened to prevail.

Sometimes Clorinda met the Temperamental with their ties flowing like sashes of inky hue. Sometimes she beheld them reveling in the freedom of negligée shirts and loose collars, where the stiffened and whitened linen armors of ordinary man were to be expected.

Occasionally one of them, wearing knickerbockers and muddy boots, would join a room full of people clad in the garb which civilization has somewhat generally adopted for evening. If he thought any explanation worth while, he mentioned that brick walls had been unbearable that day, and that he had fled the habitations of men to patronize nature, and had just returned. But it was considered more truly unphilistine to offer no explanation or excuses.

The knickerbocker evening attire received a sudden blow among the Temperamental lists that season by reason of the action of a visiting nobleman.



*"A genius is a man that knows more than he can tell, and spills victuals on his clothes."*

number of these contained in a comparatively limited circle; and she was generally pained to learn that they had not yet "arrived." But it was a comfort to her kind heart to be told that the arrival was certain. So many spots upon their coats, such a lavishness of "Temperament," could only be ac-



He was not of them, but he had seen fit to go in a shooting-jacket or a yachting-cap, or something of the sort, to a marriage party to which he was bidden. The fame of his action spread abroad, and the Temperamentalists unanimously abandoned use of sporting attire for formal indoor wear. They despised the nobility as the chief of the Philistines, and made the cleverest of epigrams upon the order—until, as sometimes chanced, they succeeded in becoming acquainted with some member of it.

An invitation to a "good house" was known to work miracles in their opinions, sometimes.

Chairs were in common use among the Philistines at this period. When one entered an ordinary drawing-room—if one could ever subject one's self to such stupidity and ennui—one sat upon these ordinary things. When Clorinda was asked to a certain studio, she supposed, in her besotted ignorance, that the same custom would prevail. She harbored the delusion, poor child, that the difference between this studio gathering and the ordinary ones to which she had been used would be merely in the greater brilliancy of thought here, the fine fluency of speech, the more lively play of fancy. A little light-hearted scorn of foolish convention she thought might also be expected.

She entered a room bare of chairs and settees. A large, languid lady, squatted on the floor where the light from an old brass lantern would fall upon her, waved a welcoming arm to Clorinda's party. There were other guests, masculine and feminine; some

upon the floor, some grouped gracefully against the wall, wherever the tapestry hangings made a good background.

"Oh, you dears," called the fat lady. "Get up, Bobby and Douglas, and give these girls your cushions. There, sit down and be comfortable."

Clorinda tried to obey the injunction. She had not, however, been trained in Japan, and she found the position painful. She squirmed from time to time, and furtively stuck one leg out beneath

her skirts, to restore its circulation and to ease the fearful pin-cushiony sensation that pervaded it.

She dared not move, for shortly after she had been assigned to the floor a lantern-jawed man began to tell what he thought of the modern drama. He thought very harsh things of it; and he had a good sonorous voice for proclaiming his views. Whenever there was a prospect of his pausing, and hope began to send Clorinda's blood more freely to her cramped members, a little man, who had taken up his stand near the door, per-

haps to bar the flight of his guests—would shout: "Go on, Bradley; you're talking well to-night."

And Bradley went on. After that evening, Clorinda always asked suspiciously, whenever she was bidden to a studio, whether she should carry a camp-stool, and whether Bradley was likely to be there. Whereupon her friends would say to her, patronizingly: "You funny little bundle of conventionality!" Or more sternly: "Don't be so narrow-minded, Clorinda."

But these were, after all, the more insignificant of the marks by which



*The chrysanthemum mop of the sweet singer.*



the Temperamentalists displayed their temperament. A little scorn for the ordinary habiliments and the ordinary furniture is not in itself the mark of a deep-seated malady. It was in their manners more than in their garments that they revealed themselves.

To despise reserve as the hall-mark of the convention-bound; to express their enthusiasms and their dislikes with all the superlatives at their command; to claim a fineness of appreciation denied to common humanity, and, conversely, a surety of criticism—these were the mental attributes of the Temperamental.

Now, to do these things with anything approaching piquancy and originality requires penetration and a vocabulary. The Temperamental sometimes tried to do without the penetration, but their efforts, after an unhackneyed supply of words, were unrelenting, and led them into the mazes of verbal preciosity with great rapidity.

Whenever one of them, by diligent delving among old writers, or by any other effort or chance, stumbled upon an odd word or a strange phrase, the whole group forthwith seized upon it. It was tossed about in season and out of season until a society for the prevention of cruelty to words, were there such a benevolent organization, would have ordered it chloroformed, to put an end to its miserable existence.

The fear of the professional Temperamentalist did not seem to be that he should be esteemed gushing, but that he should not deserve to be so esteemed. He did not blush, like the outsiders of his day and generation, to be suspected

of sensibilities. He might deny the soul as a religious dogma, but he held to it firmly as a possession of his own for feeling more than the rest of the world felt.

If one of the Temperamental saw a lilac in the spring, was it a mere lilac to him? Temperament forbid! It was something to gaze upon with a dreamy smile—if one happened to be observed. (Clorinda sometimes saw a Temperamentalist ignoring the beauty of nature

when he was alone; she ascribed that to the depressing effect of a lack of congenial companionship.) A lilac was a thing to sigh over, to call a "dream in lavender," or "the fading of the day," or "youth" or "spring epitomized," or "perfume made manifest." Of course, terms being difficult to invent, those which served for the lilac in May had to do dusty duty for the clover in June, and the wild clematis in September.

Clorinda also noticed that the Temperamentalists never observed the glories of the sunset silently—unless other persons wanted to talk,

when they were apt to go off into a sort of rebuking trance of speechless admiration. Generally they proclaimed with many words that they saw it; and with breathlessness they exhorted others to gaze. It was one of their favorite tenets that a western wall of scarlet or purple was more clearly visible to them than to others.

These people embarrassed Clorinda, who was accustomed to take her sunsets without hysterics. But they were mild and inoffensive, in her opinion, when she compared them with the persons who had recently heard of "the joy



*A lantern-jawed man began to tell what he thought of the modern drama.*

of life." She met young women who gazed at her with humid eyes, and asked—apropos of the weather, presumably—if this was not a day when life was a poem, a blossom, a ripple of silver, or what not. And when she replied with discretion that it *was* a pleasant day, they sometimes squeezed her hand, and told her they had felt from the beginning that she was one of themselves. Sometimes they plunged into autobiography at once, saying that though they were particularly joyous on such a day, yet by nature they were always glad; they felt themselves daughters of the sunshine; they had a "pagan joy of life." The "pagan joy" was one of the most popular things in Temperamental circles that season. "Life work" had gone over into a more provincial class, though the Temperamental still talked of their Art when they meant their occupation.

A man who was well advertised to have a temperament, had an ever-ready excuse for rudeness, or what was so denominated in Philistine circles. If such a one came to call on a young woman, and found there another person whom he disliked, he sat apart and uttered occasional sarcasms, played with the curtain-cord, or the cat, or the piano; and snorted now and then when he condescended to overhear any of the other man's remarks. But often he did not overhear. It was more crushing, when the unfortunate hostess appealed to him with a "You don't think that, do you, Mr. X?" to reply: "I beg your pardon! I really had not heard what Y was saying."

In matters of more serious obligation—speaking according to the Philistine standard—than even one's courtesy to one's hostess, in the payment of landladies, fidelity to promises, in the bourgeois Christian virtues of unselfish thoughtfulness and kindness—there the Temperamentalist made poor showing. Did Mrs. A harbor in her respectable



*Many a plain girl, having heard the magic words, has gone about for a few days pitying and despising mere beauty.*

lodgings a little group of the "unarrived"? Mrs. A was very unlikely ever to receive their rent in full. The washerwoman was put off with a jest—sometimes a good one, to be sure. Did X change his mind about going to dine with his father's connections in Brooklyn on the night when he had promised to do so, who would lend X enough to pay for a telegram to the old fogies?—who, meantime, have spread their table with their fairest and finest, and have invited in their friends to meet their remarkable relative. In the realm of the responsibilities—and perish the Philistine idea off the face of the earth!—Mr. Horace Skimpole was the favorite model of the Temperamentalists.

A man whose reputation as a Temperamentalist was widespread arrogated to himself all the privileges of genius in respect to women. Goethe's catholicity of taste, Byron's swift changes of sentiment, were his. If he haunted a girl's door-step every day and gazed into her eyes every night for a six-month, and told her that she could never know what she meant to him, he did not feel that he had thereby given her the slightest claim upon his time, sympathy, or attention. As for his affections—their fetterless quality was his proudest boast. When he

made love—as he did whenever opportunity offered—he did not wish to be misunderstood to incur any more lasting obligation than if he ate an ice or drank a cocktail. A pleasurable sensation, so long as the Fates permitted it—who but a stupidly, unappreciative woman could fail to understand a code so simple? And a stupidly unappreciative woman puts herself outside the category of those whose rights the Temperamentalist feels bound to respect.

If one were a young woman doomed to live at home, and yet aspired to be enrolled among those who “felt things,” one’s first duty was to recognize the claims of temperament as paramount to those of—housewifery, let us say. Dusting or the “joy of life” as expressed in the contemplation of a blaze of spring tulips—who that understood the compelling demands of the Artistic Nature could hesitate? Let us toss away the duster. Let us act upon our impulses! If we haven’t any, let us assume some as quickly as we can. Let us do more, dare more, leave undone more, love more, hate more—and, above all, let us pretend more, talk more!

When Clorinda reached the conclusion that this was, indeed, the working motto of the Artistic Temperament, she may have been dyspeptic. At any rate, she then and there abjured the cult, and swore solemnly, though silently, never, never again to gasp with irrepressible delight at sight of the foam-fretted sea or the red buds on the maples; never to talk about her Art and its exactions when she meant her daily stint of work; and never to have “an affinity” of either

sex. She also abandoned all attempts to prove the depth of her own insight by finding wonderful beauties in all sources that were sufficiently obscure, and to show the superiority of her critical faculties by sneering at the popular taste. For a time she may have gone to an anti-Temperamental extreme, and may have placed mere non-eccentricity upon too high a pedestal.

Yet they were not conscious hypocrites, the eccentrics whom she disavowed. To their own artificial standards they were painstakingly true. Their sin lay not so much in bearing false witness to what they saw as in wearing blinders, in looking through inverted opera-glasses, in setting fire to continual pans of red-and-green fire, and in proclaiming that they thus obtained the only true and valuable vision.

Once in a year of Sundays or thereabouts, a man or woman atones for the ludicrous affectation and the selfishness which are the most noticeable ingredients of “Temperament,” by a piece of work meriting the epithet “artistic,” so long abused. For genius often has great peculiarities and strange posturings; and talent, perhaps, minor ones. But in a more humane age there will be a law against the display of the eccentricity until the genius has been proved to the satisfaction of a competent board of judges.

And in those days, the “plain person” astray in artistic circles will not long so ardently as he does now for ear-tippets to deafen himself to the conversation about him, or for a shotgun to end it.





# PETERS: DETECTIVE.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY  
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Then the doctor went off to have some final jaw with the mother of Peters; and Peters came down the room, and said: "Good evening," in a very civil and quiet tone of voice.

He was thin and dark, and when he warmed his hands at the fire it was easy to see the light through

them. He also had a pin in his tie in the shape of a human skull, about as big as a filbert-nut, with imitation ruby eyes.

We asked him who he was, and he said he came from Surrey, and that his father had been a soldier, but was unfortunately dead. His name was Vincent Peters.

Then Westcliffe, who is a silly ass, and only in the lower class, though quite old, and, in fact, his voice has broken down, asked Peters the footling question he always asks every new boy.

He said: "Would you rather be a greater fool than you look, or look a greater fool than you are?"

Of course, whatever you answer, you must be scored off. But young Peters seemed to know it. Anyway, instead of answering the question, he asked another. He said:

"Would you rather be uglier than you look, or look uglier than you are?"

Gideon was interested at this, because it showed at once Peters must be a cool hand.

"What are you going to be?" Gid-

BEING from the first the chum and friend of Peters, I can tell about his curious ways and hopes better than anybody. In fact, we shared our pocket-money, which is always a great sign of friendship; and it was therefore understood that if ever I get into trouble when I grow up, and am accused of murder or forgery, or anything like that, which does often happen to the most innocent people, Peters is going to give up anything he may be doing at the time, and devote his life to proving me not guilty.

I remember well the day he came. I was in the big schoolroom, at the fire, roasting chestnuts, and talking to Gideon; and Westcliffe and Fowle were also there. The doctor came in with a new boy, and said:

"Ah! There are some of the fellows by the fire, Peters."

Then he called out to Westcliffe and me, and said:

"Westcliffe, and you, Maydew, this is Peters. Make him welcome, and if there are chestnuts going, as I shrewdly suspect, share them with him."

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eon asked; and then came out the startling fact that Peters hoped to be a detective of crime.

"If you go detecting anything here, you'll get your head punched," said Westcliffe.

"I may, or I may not," answered Peters. "But it's rather useful sometimes to have a chap in a school who has made a study of detecting things."

"You can begin to-night if you like," I said, "because Johnson's bat was found to have seven tin-tacks hammered into it last week; and if you find out who did that, I've no doubt that Johnson will be a good friend to you."

"I don't know enough about things yet," answered Peters. "Besides, you have to be sure of your ground. In detecting you may make friends, or you may not; but you make enemies to a dead certainty. In fact, that's the drawback to detecting. Look at Sherlock Holmes."

"That's only a yarn," said Gideon.

But Peters wouldn't allow this. He evidently felt very deeply about Sherlock Holmes.

"He is founded on fact—in fact, founded on thousands of solemn facts," said Peters. "The things he does are all founded on real crimes, and if anybody is going to be a detective, he can't do better than try to be like Sherlock Holmes in every way."

The tea-bell rang about this time, and Peters sat next to me, and told me a good deal more. He said he was very thankful that he was thin, like Holmes, and wiry, and had a beaklike nose. He asked me if he had piercing

eyes, and I could honestly say that they were pretty piercing. Then he brought out a picture of Sherlock Holmes, which he always carried, and showed me, that, with luck, when he grew up he ought really to be very much indeed like the great Holmes.

He was learning to play the violin, also—not because he liked it, but because of the importance of doing it in moments of great critical difficulty. He said that it soothes the brain, and helps it to do its work; but not so much while you're learning. He said that after he had thoroughly mastered one of the favorite pieces of Holmes,

he should be satisfied, as there would never be any occasion for him to play more than one piece.

Chaps liked Peters very fairly well. He was a good sprinter, and told me that speed often made all the difference to the success of a criminal case.

Pure sprinting had many a time made all the difference to Holmes. Peters didn't know much in the way of learning, but he dearly liked to get hold of a newspaper and read the crimes. He never found out about Johnson's bat,

however; but he said it wasn't a fair test, because he never heard clearly all that went before the crime. A few small detections he made with great ease, and found the money that Mathers had lost in the playground. This he did by cross-questioning Mathers, and making him bring back to his mind the smallest details; and then Mathers remembered turning head over heels while only touching the ground with one hand, to show how it could be done.



*Peters didn't know much in the way of learning, but he dearly liked to get hold of a newspaper and read the crimes.*



And on the exact spot, in some long grass at the top of the playground, where he had performed this feat, there were the three coins Mathers had lost.

He generally knew by the mud on your boots which of the walks you had been, and he always could tell which of the masters was coming by his step. He also had a very curious way of prophesying by certain signs if Doctor Dunstan was in a good temper or a bad one. He always knew this long before anybody else; and it was a very useful thing to know, naturally.

But Peters did not really do much till his own guinea-pig was found dead in its lair about half-way through his second term at Merivale. He did not care for animals in a general way, excepting as helping to throw light on crime; which, it seems, they are very much in the habit of doing, though not intentionally. But this particular guinea-pig was far from a common creature, being a prize Angora pig, and having been given to Peters during the Christmas holidays by a friend of his dead father. It had long hair, and looked far more like one of those whacking chrysanthemums you see than a guinea-pig. It was black and yellow, and had a round nose like a rabbit, and was so friendly that everybody liked it.

One other boy, namely James, had a guinea-pig also, because these were the days before we took to keeping lizards and other things in our desks; which was discovered by a dormouse of mine coming up through the ink-pot hole in my desk under the doctor's nose, and so giving itself away. And, though the pig of James was a good white pig, with a black patch on his right side and one little dab of yellow fur where his tail would have been if he had had one, yet compared to the pig of Peters he was nothing.

James, however, didn't mind the loss of admiration for his pig, and he offered Peters to let the pigs live together, which would be better for both of them, because a guinea-pig is the most sociable thing in nature, and is known well to pine, and even die, if kept in single captivity.

But Peters had a secret fear that the pig of James was not sound in its health. He told me that he had made a most searching examination of James' pig, and discovered a spot of pink skin on its chest. He said it might be nothing, but, on the other hand, it might be some infectious disease. Also James' pig was inclined to go bald; so he thanked James very much, and said he thought that if the pigs saw each other through the bars from time to time, it would be all they wanted to brace them up and cheer them. But he thought, upon the whole, they had better not meet.

James didn't like this. He was rather a rum chap in many ways, but very good at English grammar and chemistry, and he had invented a way of cribbing, while a master was actually in the room, that many copied afterward. James got rather rude about the guinea-pig of Peters and seemed to think in some way that it was the pig, and not Peters, that had decided not to live with his pig.

He said one day when looking at the champion pig:

"I suppose the little beast thinks it's too big a swell to live with my honest, short-haired pig. All the same, if they had a fight, I know which would win."

"So do I," said Peters. "If a race-horse had a fight with a cart-horse, the cart-horse would win. This is not a prize-fighting pig."

Bray was there, and said the same. He, of course, understood all about prize-fighting, owing to his brother being runner-up in the "middleweights" at the amateur championship; and he said that if these pigs fought, the superior weight of James' pig behind the shoulder would soon settle it. Besides, of course, the other one's hair streamed all over it, like a Skye terrier's. You could see at a glance that it was never born to be a fighter.

"However, if you want a fight," said Peters, who was always cool and polite, owing to copying Sherlock Holmes—"if you want a fight, James, I can oblige you."

They were both fourteen and a half,



and James was a lot fatter, but not so tall as Peters.

"No," said James, "I don't want to fight. I didn't mean anything of the sort."

"I may be able to get you a guinea-pig like mine next vacation," said Peters; "and if I can I will."

"I don't want it," said James. "I don't care about these guinea-pigs that look like penwipers gone mad. I'd rather have mine."

This, of course, was mean and paltry jealousy, and we chaffed at James till we rather got his wool off.

A week afterward the champion pig was found dead on its back, with its paws in the air and its eyes open but dim. They had a look of fright in them; and it was very interesting, indeed, this happening to Peters, because it would be sure to show if his detective powers were really worth talking about.

Of course everybody said it must be James, and James said, and also swore, that it was not.

Peters told me privately that he was trying to keep a perfectly open mind. He said there were many difficulties in his way, because in the event of a human being dying and being found stark, you always have a post mortem followed by an inquest; whereas with a mere guinea-pig, belonging to a boy in a school, there is not enough publicity. He said that up to a certain point publicity is good, and beyond that point it is bad. Sherlock Holmes always set his face against publicity until he'd found out the secret. Then he liked everybody to know it.

I said: "I suppose you will ask yourself, 'What would Holmes do if, one evening, while he was sitting improving Watson's mind, there suddenly appeared before him a boy with a dead guinea-pig?'"

And Peters said: "No. Because a guinea-pig in itself would not be enough to set the great brain of Holmes working. If there were several mysterious murders about, or if there had been some dark and deadly thing occur, and Holmes, on taking the pig into his hand and looking at it through his magnifying-glass, suddenly discovered on the pig some as-

tounding clue to another fearful crime, then he would bring his great brain to work upon the pig; but merely as a guinea-pig suddenly found dead, it would not interest him. In my case it's different. The pig was a good deal to me; and this death will get round to the man who gave me the creature; and he'll think I've starved it, and very likely turn from me. In fact, there are several reasons why I ought to find out who has done this if I can."

I said: "It may be fate. It may have died naturally."

He admitted this. He said: "That's where a post mortem would come in, if it was a human being. Of course, Holmes never did post mortems himself, that not being his work; but I've got to make one now. It may or may not help me."

He made it, and it didn't help him. My own opinion is he didn't much like it, and hurried it a good deal. He said there was no actual sign of violence



—which was discovered by a dormouse of mine coming up through the ink-pot hole in my desk.

on the surface of the guinea-pig, and the organs all seemed perfectly healthy. But when I asked him what they would have looked like if they hadn't been healthy, he avoided answering, and went on to say that the pig's inside ought to have been sent away for analysis by government officials in a hermetically sealed bottle.

Peters rather believed that the public has a right to demand this attention for the stomachs of friends if foul play is suspected; but not in the case of a humble domestic beast like a guinea-pig.

So the pig was buried, and not until then did Peters really seem to set to work. The actual horror of the death gradually wore off, and he told me that he should now seriously tackle the case.

There was a most unusual lack of clues, he said; and he pointed out that even Sherlock Holmes could do nothing much until clues began to turn up. Peters warned me against always taking it for granted that James had done it. In fact, he said it was very unlikely to have been James, just because it looked so likely.

I said: "That may be the way Sherlock Holmes talks; but it seems to me to be rather nonsense."

And he said: "No, Maydew; it isn't nonsense; it is based on a study of the law of probabilities. If you read accounts of crime, you will see that, as a rule, the person who is suspected is innocent; and the more he is suspected, the more innocent he is."

I said: "Anyway, James has changed. He's gone down four places in his class, and lost his place in the second football eleven also. There's something on his mind."

"Yes," said Peters. "That's true. Everybody believes that he killed a valuable guinea-pig, and treats him accordingly. That is quite enough to send him down four places in the class; but if he had killed the guinea-pig, he would have brazened it out and have been prepared for this, and taken very good care not to show what he felt."

"In fact, you don't think he killed the pig," I said.

And Peters said he didn't think



*He opened it, and discovered in it a gold coin.*

James had; but he was keeping an open mind.

Then came the most extraordinary clue of the gold piece. Happening to go to his desk one day between schools for toffee, Peters found in it a bit of paper tightly screwed up. He opened it, and discovered in it a gold coin; and on the paper, printed in lead-pencil, were these words:

### For Another Guinea-pig

He said nothing to anybody but me; but he seemed to think that I was a sort of a Doctor Watson in my way. Besides, it simplified the workings of his mind to talk out loud; so he showed me the clue, and then asked me what I thought. I had rather picked up his dodge of talking like Sherlock Holmes, so I said:

"The first question is, of course, to see what is the date on the gold piece."

I thought this pretty good; but Peters said that this was not the first question, and didn't matter in the least.

He said:

"My dear Maydew, the money is nothing; the paper in which it is wrapped up is everything."

So I turned to the paper.

"What does it tell you?" he asked.

"It tells me that some utter kid did it," I said, "for he can't spell 'another,' and he can't spell 'guinea-pig.'"

But Peters smiled, and put the points of his fingers together like Sherlock Holmes.

"My dear Maydew," he said; "might not that have been done on purpose?"

Then I scored off him.

"It is just because it might have been done on purpose," I said, "that I think it is genuine."

He nodded.

"Of course it may be the work of a kid," he admitted. "But, on the other hand, it may be a subterfuge. Besides, no kid would have killed my guinea-pig. Where's the motive?"

"The great thing is that you've got the money to buy another," I said.

But he attached little importance to that.

"Now examine the paper," he went on.

I did so. It was a sheet of one of our ordinary lined note-books, used for dictation, composition, exercises, and such like.

"Evidently torn out of one of the note-books," I said.

"Exactly; but which one?"

"Ask me another," I said. "You'll never find that out."

He smiled, and arranged his hands again like Holmes.

"I have," he said.

"Then you know?"

"On the contrary, I know nothing."

"It wasn't James' book?"

"It wasn't. The first thing was to find a book with a sheet torn out. I tried twenty-five books, and seven had pages torn out. But James' book had not. Then judge of my surprise, Maydew, when, coming to my desk, for the form of the thing, and, looking at my note-book, I found a sheet was torn out; and this is it, for the tear fits!"

"What frightful cheek!" I cried out.

"I don't so much mind that," said Peters; "but the point is that, splendid though this clue seems to be on the surface, I can't get any forwarder by it.

In fact, it may be the act of a friend and not a foe."

"What would Sherlock Holmes do?" I asked; and Peters gave a sort of mournful sound, and scratched his head.

"I wish I knew," he said.

## II.

Gideon was helpful in a way, but nobody could make much of it. Gideon said that it was conscience-money, and was often known to happen.

I asked James if he had sent the money, and he swore he hadn't, in such an excitable sort of way, that I was positive he had; but Peters wouldn't believe or disbelieve. He went quietly on, keeping an open mind and detecting the crime; and when the truth came to light, Peters was still detecting.

But in the meantime happened the mystery of the pencil-sharpener, and the two great mysteries were cleared up simultaneously; which Peters says is a common thing. You couldn't say that one cleared up the other, but still it did so happen that both came out in the same minute.

There was a boy whose name was Pratt, and his father was on the Stock Exchange. This father used to go out to his lunch, and at these times he saw many curious things sold by wandering city men, who are too poor to keep shops, but yet have the wish to sell things. These men stand on the sidewalk and sell most queer and uncommon curiosities, such as walking-spiders, and such like; and once from one of these men Pratt's father bought quite a new sort of pencil-sharpener of the rarest kind. It was shaped like a stirrup, and cut pencils well without breaking off the lead.

After a good week of this pencil-sharpener, Pratt found it had been stolen out of his desk, and he told Peters about it, and Peters took up the case. I asked him if he was hopeful, and he said that there was always hope; but he also said, rather bitterly, that it was curious what a frightful lot of hard cases he had had since coming to

Merivale. He said it was enough to tax anybody's reputation, and that each case seemed more difficult than the last.

I reminded him of one or two rather good things he had done in a small way; but he said that, as yet, he had not really brought off a brilliant stroke.

A week went by, and then Peters came to me in a state of frightful excitement.

"The pencil-sharpener," he said.

"Have you got a clue?" I asked. But he could hardly speak for excitement, and forgot to put his hands like Holmes, or to try and arrange a "far-away" look on his face, or anything.

"Not only a clue," he said. "I know who took it!"

"This will be a great score for you when it comes out," I said.

"You swear you won't breathe a word?" he asked.

And I swore. Then he whispered the fearful news into my ear.

"The doctor's taken it!" he said.

"He never would," I answered. "Pratt is positive that he left it in his desk."

"It is a case of purloining," said Peters; "and I wish it had happened to anybody else but the doctor. It's rather terrible in its way; because if he once gets this habit and yields to temptation, who is safe?"

"It's much more a thing Browne would have done," I said.

Then Peters explained that when alone in the doctor's study, waiting to give a message for Doctor Dunstan from Mr. Briggs, he chanced to look about, and saw on the mantelpiece Pratt's pencil-sharpener, and a pencil in course of being sharpened. The doctor had evidently put them down there and been called away, and forgotten them.

"What did you do?" I inquired of Peters.

"Well, Maydew," he said, "I asked myself what Sherlock would have done"—in confidential moments Peters sometimes spoke of the great Holmes as "Sherlock"—"and I remembered his wonderful presence of mind. He would have struck while the iron was hot, as

the saying is, and taken the pencil-sharpener there and then."

"By Jove! But you didn't?" I said.

For answer Peters brought the pencil-sharpener out of his waistcoat pocket.

"Are you positive it's Pratt's?" I asked.

"Absolutely certain," he said. "It has the words 'Made in Bavaria' upon it; and, of course, this is a frightfully delicate situation to be in for me."



*He smiled, and arranged his hands again like Holmes.*

"Especially if the doctor asks for it," I said.

"He won't dare," answered Peters; "but I've got a sort of strong feeling against letting anybody know who has done this. On one or two occasions, I believe, Holmes kept the doer of a dark deed a secret. It seems to me this is a case when I ought to do the same."

"If the doctor cribs things, I don't see why you should keep it dark," I said; and Peters treated me rather rudely—in fact, very much like Holmes sometimes treats Watson.

"My dear Maydew," he said; "the things you don't see would fill a museum."

"Anyway, you'll have to give Pratt back his pencil-sharpener," I said; and he admitted that this was true. The only thing that puzzled him was how to do it.

But, after all, Peters didn't puzzle long. He was thinking the next morning how to return the pencil-sharpener to Pratt in a mysterious and Sherlock Holmeslike way, when, just after prayers, the doctor stopped the school and spoke. He said:

"Boys, I have lost something, and, though an article of little intrinsic worth, I cannot suffer it to go without making an effort to regain it. I say this for two reasons. The first and least is that the little contrivance so mysteriously spirited from my study is of the greatest service to me; while the second and important reason your own perspicuity may perhaps suggest. Things do not go without hands. Somebody has taken from my study what did not belong to him, and somebody, therefore, at this moment moves among you with a heavy heart and a wounded conscience. Let that boy make his peace with God and with me before he closes his eyes; and that no doubt or ambiguity may obscure the details of this event, I will now descend to particulars.

"Not long ago a kindly friend conveyed to me a new form of pencil-sharpener which he had chanced to find exhibited in a stationer's shop at one of our coast towns. Knowing that my eyesight is not of the best, he judged that this trifle would assist me in the endless task of sharpening pencils, which is not the least among my minor mechanical labors. And he judged correctly. The implement was distinguished by a great simplicity of construction. It consisted, indeed, of one small piece of metal somewhat resembling the first letter of the alphabet. I last saw it upon the mantelpiece in the study. I was actually using it when called away, and on my return forgot the circumstance. But upon retiring

last night the incident reverted to memory while divesting myself of my apparel; and so indispensable had the pencil-sharpener become to me, that I resumed my habiliments, lighted a candle, and went down-stairs to seek the sharpener. It had disappeared! Now, yesterday several boys came and went, as usual, through the precincts of my private apartments. Furthermore, the Greek history class will recollect that we were engaged together in the evening from seven until eight o'clock. I need say no more. The loss is discovered, and the loss is proclaimed. I accuse nobody. Many things may have happened to the pencil-sharpener, and if any boy can throw light upon the circumstances, let him speak with me to-night after evening chapel. I hope it may be possible to find an innocent solution to my loss; but if one of you has fallen under sudden temptation, and, attracted by the portability and obvious advantages of my pencil-sharpener, has appropriated it to his own uses, I must warn him that my duty will be to punish as well as pardon. The hand of man, however, is light as compared with that of an outraged Deity. If a sinner is cowering among you at this moment with my pencil-sharpener secreted about his person, let that sinner lose no time, but strengthen his mind to confess his offense, that he may the sooner turn over a new leaf and sin no more."

At breakfast I spoke to Peters. I said: "This is pretty blue for you."

But he said, "Far from it." He said: "On the contrary, Maydew; it's blue for the doctor. And it shows, what he's always saying to us himself, for that matter, that if you do a wrong thing, you've nearly always got to do another, or perhaps two, to bolster up the first. Sherlock Holmes often finds out one crime owing to the criminal doing another, and no doubt this has happened to the doctor. He has told a deliberate, carefully planned lie, and a barefaced lie, too, because he must know that he stole the thing out of Pratt's desk. Anyhow, my course is clear."

I said I was glad to hear that, be-



cause it didn't look at all clear to me. Then Peters said:

"I, personally, have got nothing to do with the doctor's wickedness in the matter. In my opinion that is Pratt's affair."

But I felt pretty sure Pratt wouldn't think so.

"Anyway," said Peters, "I now return Pratt his pencil-sharpener, and there my duty as the detective of the case ceases. Sherlock Holmes often did a tremendous deed, and only told the way he'd done it to Watson. And so it is here. It is not my work to bring the doctor to justice, and I'm not going to try to do it."

I said he was right, because, while he was bringing the doctor to justice, he might get expelled, and that wouldn't be much of a catch for anybody.

So the first thing after morning school we went to Pratt, and Peters put on his Holmes manner, and said:

"Well, Pratt—no news of the missing pencil-sharpener, I suppose?"

And Pratt said: "Mine or the doctor's?"

And Peters said: "Yours."

"Yes, there is," said Pratt. "I found it in my lexicon three days ago. I'd marked a word with it, and clean forgotten. So that's all right."

"Not so right as you might think," I said.

But Peters kept his nerve jolly well, and, in fact, was more like Sherlock

Holmes at that terrible moment than ever I saw him before or after.

"I'm glad it's turned up," said Peters; "and I hope the doctor's will."

Then he and I went off, and I congratulated him.

"You've got a nerve of iron," I said.

"Yes," he said; "and I shall want it."

Then he told me that there was nothing

like this in Sherlock Holmes, and that the whole piece of detective work had been a failure, and a very painful one to him.

"I don't mind the licking, and so on," he said, "but it's the inner disgrace. Things like this often happen to professional detectives; but never to Sherlock."

"It was a very natural mistake," I said—to cheer him up.

"Yes," he said; "but Sherlock doesn't make natural mistakes, or any other sort, either. It's the disappointment of coming such a howler over a simple felony that is so hard. At least, of course, it's not a felony at all."

"All the same, it can't be helped,

unless you chuck away the pencil-sharpener and sit tight about it," I said.

But he shook his head.

"No, Maydew. Of course I could evade the consequences with ease, if I liked. But I have decided to give this back to the doctor, and tell him the whole story," said Peters.

"Sherlock Holmes would never have done that," I said.

"No, he wouldn't," admitted Peters. "Because why? Because he'd never



"Somebody has taken from my study what did not belong to him, and somebody, therefore, at this moment moves among you with a heavy heart and a wounded conscience."



have been such a fool as to be deluded by a false clue. He knew a true clue from a false as well as we know a nice smell from a nasty one."

"Well," I said, "if you take my advice for once you'll do this: You'll leave that thing on the doctor's desk in a prominent place next time you're in there alone; and you'll bury the rest in your brain. Holmes buried scores of things in his brain. What's the sense of going out of your way to get a licking?"

"If I told him the truth, I don't believe he would lick me," said Peters. But I soon showed him that was all rot. In fact, Watson never talked so straight to Holmes as I did to Peters then.

"My dear chap," I said, "you go to the doctor and say, 'Here's your pencil-sharpener, doctor; I saw it on your mantelpiece and thought you'd stolen it from Pratt, who has one like it. So I took it to give to Pratt. But his has turned up since.' Well, what would happen then? Any fool could tell you."

But Peters went up next day at the appointed time, and, curiously enough, James was in the study waiting for the doctor, too. The muddle that followed was explained to me by Peters afterward.

He and James began to talk; then James said to Peters:

"I am here, Peters, about a very queer and sad thing, and it is evidently Providence that has sent you here now."

And Peters said:

"No, it isn't. I am here about a very queer thing, too, and it may also turn out to be sad—for me."

Then James, who was excited to a very great amount, said these strange words:

"I had come to confess that it was me killed your guinea-pig. I couldn't hide it any more. It's haunting me—not the pig, but the killing of it. I hoped, and even prayed in my prayers, that you might detect me; but you didn't. Then I wrote home telling them I regretted to announce I had contracted a debt of

honor, but that a trifling gold piece would settle it, and I would esteem it a favor, and so on. That's the way I put it, 'a trifling gold piece,' which I think was rather neat. When it came I put it in your desk and disguised the writing and spelling—but still I was haunted by it. And now, as you are here, I confess it openly to you that I killed your beautiful, kind-hearted pig, and I hope you'll forgive me for doing a beastly, blackguard thing. And if you can't forgive it, I'll tell the doctor, and get flogged rather than go on like this; because it's haunting me."

Peters said: "How did you do it?"

And James said: "With poison from the laboratory."

And Peters was so much rejoiced when he heard this, that he forgave the worm, James, on the spot.

"That is where sending the stomach for analysis would have come in!" said Peters; "but, as I was not in a position to do this, I do not so much feel the slur of not having discovered you were the criminal."

He forgave James freely. Then he said:

"You may be amused to know that I am also here to confess a thing."

Then he told the story of the pencil-sharpener to James, and showed James the pencil-sharpener to prove it. James actually had the pencil-sharpener in his hand, when who should come in, not the doctor, but the matron, with the extraordinary news that the mother of Peters was just arrived, and had to see him at once!

This was so awfully surprising to Peters, that he went straight away to the reception-room, and left the pencil-sharpener with James; and in the reception-room were the doctor and Peters' mother, who, after all, had only come to tell him his uncle was dead.

But far more important things than that happened in the study; because when Peters arrived to see his mother, the doctor, having said something about bearing the shocks of life with manly fortitude, went off to his study; and there, of course, was James waiting for him.

And what James did we heard afterward. First, on thinking it over, he began to doubt why he should confess about the guinea-pig to the doctor, now that Peters had utterly forgiven him. And he speedily decided he wouldn't. But then, out of gratitude to Peters, he determined to carry through the delicate task of getting the pencil-sharpener back to the doctor. And he did. He told the doctor that he had taken the thing because he thought it was Pratt's. He said he felt sure Pratt must have left it in the study by mistake. But he didn't say anything about thinking the doctor had stolen it, and, in fact, was so jolly cunning altogether, that he never got into a row at all.

The doctor ended up by remarking that Pratt's having one was a curious coincidence, and he said to James: "As for you, boy James, you stand acquitted of everything but too much zeal. Zeal, however——," and then he talked a lot of stuff about zeal, which James did not remember.

I said privately to Peters afterward: "How would Holmes have acted if this had happened to him?"

And Peters said:

"For once I can see as clear as mud what Sherlock would have done. He would have said: 'I think in this curious case, Watson, we may safely let well alone.'"

And that's what Peters did.



### To the Next Meeting

IF we had known—how many a thing  
We would have said and done!  
Who wandered idly questioning  
Unto the set of sun.

If we had guessed—if we had known,  
If I could read aright  
And recollect the very tone  
In which you said good night!

Oh, could your lonely vigil tell  
What more the silence meant,  
Or know the faith unspeakable  
That to the hand-clasp went?

We looked for doubt to disappear,  
Uncertainty and dread:  
"And everything will be made clear  
Next time, next time"—we said.

Oh, if the hour were incomplete  
What need to be perplexed?  
It was so easy—we should meet  
The next day, or the next.

But when the dawn came still and gray  
There was no word nor sign——  
So deep the sunless river lay  
Between your life and mine.

MAY KENDALL.



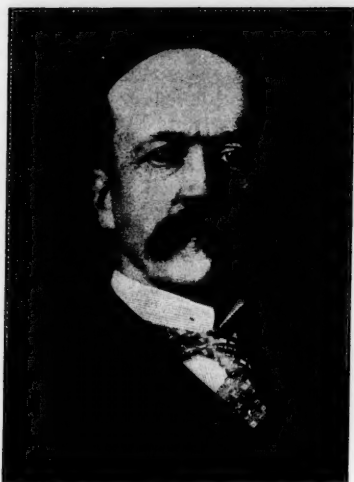
### A Practical Scientist.

Doctor Charles D. Walcott, the recently appointed secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, is one of the most remarkable men in Washington. It is the rarest thing in the world to find his characteristics combined in an individual, and especially so when that individual is a devotee of science, and the drierest branch of it at that. He has been a geologist since babyhood. When he was hardly more than a toddler, the pockets of his knickers bulged with stones selected with intuitive discrimination. Before he could conjugate a Latin verb he had classified the fossil forms of the Utica district. A razor had not become necessary to the performance of his toilet when he had made a valuable collection of trilobites which were coveted by the curator of a neighboring museum. Walcott knew the value of money—he was working in a store from six in the morning until eight at night to keep body and soul together and secure a few hours for study—but he turned a deaf ear to all offers to purchase his treasure. At length the curator decided to visit the young scientist with a tempting roll in hand. He found Walcott splitting his trilobites and grinding them down on a stone, the better to study their anatomy. The visitor's love of science was not deep enough to enable him to appreciate such devotion. That curator ended life not far from the point where he began, while Walcott is the foremost

paleontologist in America—perhaps in the world—and is yet in the midst of his activities.

Not even the energetic occupant of the White House is as hard working a man as the former director of the Geological Survey. The President does play occasionally—in fact, he has a very light side to his character, which is allowed free rein more often than is generally supposed—but Walcott's only relaxation is found in change of occupation. After a particularly hard and vexing day at the Survey—as, for instance, when the Colorado suddenly cut loose and started for the Salton Sink, or at a critical stage in a hot fight for a big appropriation—he would take down a tray of fossils or a case of bugs and forget his troubles in some knotty problem.

There is another point in which these two—the most energetic men in Washington—differ. Roosevelt is impulsive; frequently goes off at half-cock, and has to reverse himself. Walcott is as cautious as an Edinburgh solicitor. He never enters upon a project until he has studied it in all its bearings; and he will not take a step in it until the plans are completed to his satisfaction and he has *all* the necessary funds at command. So many government undertakings are wastefully conducted and poorly managed because of the habit of Congress to appropriate in dribbles. They will give a little this year for a beginning, a little more next for a continuation;



CHARLES D. WALCOTT,

Who, as Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, holds the highest scientific office at the disposal of the United States Government.

and then, perhaps, nothing, so that the work languishes in waiting for another spasm of reluctant generosity. Walcott won't have it that way; and he almost invariably contrives to get what he wants. This is the more remarkable because there is no bureau in the service so free from outside influence as the Geological Survey.

When the subject of "pulls" comes up, Walcott tells the story of Peters, of Kansas.

When Walcott was the curator of the Department of Paleontology in the National Museum, "Mr. Peters, of Kansas," was announced one day. Mr. Peters came in, sat down, and, without removing his hat or his quid, took a leisurely survey of the surroundings. He inquired as to the curator's hours of work, his remuneration, how he liked the job, and a number of similar questions that didn't appear to be precisely pertinent. At last he took himself off, just as Walcott's stock in hand of humor had run out.

Two weeks later Peters, of Kansas, reappeared. Without announcement,

he stalked up to the curator's desk and blurted out: "Look here! What's your pull?"

"I have no pull," said Walcott. "What are you driving at?"

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Peters, with some heat. "I'm a geologist." No one outside of Kansas had ever heard of him. "I've got no personal feeling against you, but it seems to me that you've had a soft thing for a reasonable time, and it's somebody else's turn at this job. I spoke to my congressman about it, and he told me to go after it. Well, I've been trying my hardest for a fortnight—without any personal feeling, you understand—to get you out, and you haven't budged an inch. What's your pull, that's what I want to know."

"I tell you I have no pull," repeated Walcott wearily. "Come to think of it, I don't know a single man in the government—except Grover Cleveland."

### A Cobbler With Ideas.

From time immemorial cobblers have had the reputation of being of a philosophical and meditative turn of mind. When once a man has learned how to make and patch footwear, he can



JOHN ELLMORE,

Cobbler, who has an invention to make ashes give heat.

do his work without very much thought, and use the higher faculties of his brain for thought and contemplation on subjects not connected with his work. It remains for a modern cobbler to put this idle gray matter to practical use. John Ellmore, who has lived all his life at Altoona, Pennsylvania, patching shoes for his fellow townsmen, has been thinking to some purpose. He has discovered a liquid which, he says, will render coal ashes combustible. His neighbors have seen him do the trick, and believe in him, and the Jones & McLaughlin Steel Company, of Pittsburgh, has instituted a series of tests with the idea of taking up Ellmore's invention on a large scale if it proves practical.

Ellmore says that his solution will put new life in old ashes and cause them to blaze more fiercely than the original coal. He says that a portion of his solution, costing twenty-five cents,

when mixed with half a ton of cold coal ashes, makes a fuel which, for duration and heat-producing qualities, will surpass the original coal.

If he is right, he has made a discovery that will save millions of dollars every year, and solved a problem that has long been puzzling the experts in combustion. Scientists have long recognized that in coal ashes there is a large amount of unconsumed fuel. They have tried in various ways to make the combustion more thorough and lessen the waste.

The prevailing opinion among experts is that Ellmore's invention is not of practical use. T. H. Reardon, writing in the *Western Electrician*, says that Ellmore is going at the problem in the wrong way. The proper way to lessen the waste of combustible material, he declares, is to secure a really thorough consumption of the coal before it goes into the ash pile.



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, New York.

MRS. CAPTAIN GORDON GREEN,

The only woman steamboat commander and pilot on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

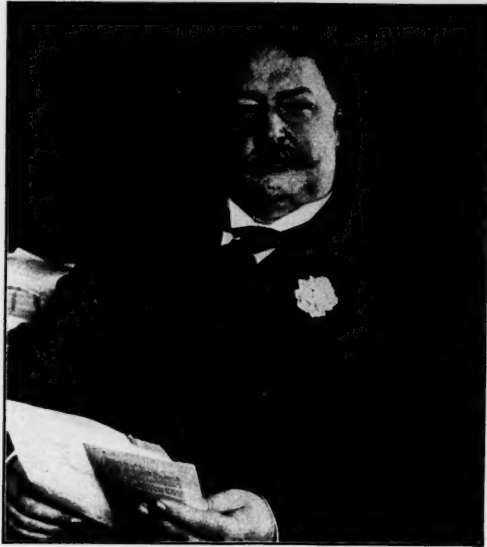
### The Mississippi Pilot of To-day.

When we hear of a river pilot, we are wont to think of a man with a square beard, a weather-worn face, a squinting blue eye, and a chew of tobacco. That was the pilot of a generation ago on the Mississippi and Missouri. Things change as time goes on. In the pilot-house of the steamer *Greenland*, plying between Cincinnati and points on the Ohio to Pittsburg, you will find a buxom, good-looking woman well dressed, with a capable, managing air about her. She is Mrs. Captain Gordon Green, who has sailed the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers for fifteen years, and holds papers which entitle her to pilot and command steamers on more than two thousand miles of waterways. Her occupation shows us another career which has been

thrown open to women. But what would one of the old river pilots of the days when a "nigger sat on the safety-valve," and a gambling game ran in the boat day and night, have said if he had been told of this new development in his business?

### Big Bill Taft.

Those who attended the Woodward High School in Cincinnati about thirty-five years ago remember a boy there who was known as "Lub" Taft. He was big for his age, and fat. His head was even bigger than his body in proportion. His most evident characteristic was his good nature; and few people gave him credit for brains much above the ordinary. He was not greatly interested in schoolboy sports or athletics, but was a good student, although it was evident that he never injured his health with too copious doses of the midnight oil. At the present day this same boy, grown a little older and bigger, but with the same unassuming, quiet good nature still his most salient characteristic, is the likeliest man for the Republican nomination for the Presidency; and that means that he is extremely likely to fill the place of Roosevelt after that gentleman has retired. Taft's life since he left Yale has been spent in the public service for the most part. It has been one of quiet, unassuming hard work, characterized with that sort of courage and initiative that performs much but does little in the way of self-advertisement. Those who know Taft well say that he is even brighter than Roosevelt; that his memory and power of application are wonderful, and that he has always shown throughout his career a willingness to make any sacrifice in the course of what he regarded as his duty. Taft belongs to the newer and better generation of public servants.



From stereograph, copyright 1906, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

SECRETARY TAFT,  
At his desk in the War Department.

### A Promising Youngster.

Governor Beckham, of Kentucky, is only thirty-eight at the present time. He became governor eight years ago, on the death of Goebel, and has held the job ever since. Before he was elected lieutenant-governor on the ticket with Goebel, he had served his State in various capacities, starting as a page in the Kentucky House of Representatives, and winding up as the speaker of the house at the age of twenty-eight. It looks like a good record, and there are a good many Democrats in Kentucky who think that Beckham may develop into Presidential timber later on.

The governor has powerful enemies as well as friends in Kentucky. In his last campaign for the gubernatorial nomination he incurred the enmity of the whisky interests by reason of his determined stand for the County Unit Bill and for the strict enforcement of the Sunday laws in all parts of the



State. As the race progressed, it was very generally believed that the governor's uninterrupted string of victories would be broken; especially was this true on the night of the primary election, when the votes from the cities began to come in; and practically all of them had gone against him by large majorities. However, the country vote came up strong for him, and he was nominated over Senator McCreary, his opponent, by nearly twelve thousand votes. It is conceded that the next Kentucky legislature will be largely Democratic, and his election is as certain as any thing can be that has not already happened.

That Governor Beckham will at once take a commanding position among the great statesmen of the country is confidently believed by all who know him.

The governor of Kentucky is not "hail-fellow-well-met" with all with whom he comes in contact, as are most successful Kentucky politicians; but he is, nevertheless, of a social turn, and is a fairly good mixer. He practises none of the tricks of the inflammatory orator; but he is a good speaker, a tireless worker, and goes direct to the people. He is frank in his statements, has a pleasant and forcible delivery, and has a confirmed habit of making his hearers believe what he says.

While Governor Beckham has many warm and true friends, and has, of course, drawn around him a large number of practical politicians, he invariably manages his own campaigns, and is always the central figure in them.

He is a good scholar, a graduate of Central University, and has been all his life a close student of men and affairs. His political ability is inherent.

The close of this year will mark the closing of the eighth year that Governor Beckham has presided as the chief magistrate of Kentucky. In all these years a veto of his has never been passed over his head. He keeps in close touch with his party, and has been regarded as its leader and guiding spirit during the past two State administrations.

His State papers rank among the best ever handed down by a

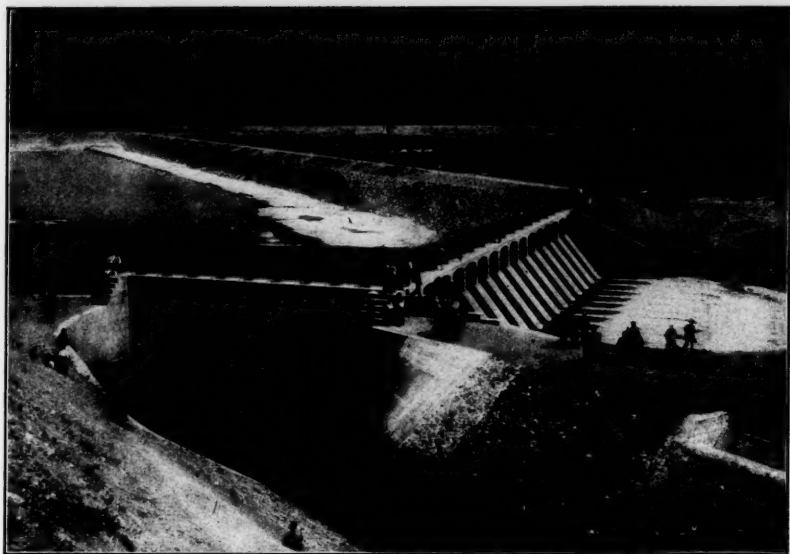
Kentucky governor; and all of them are models of clearness and of conciseness.

The principal point of his strength and hold upon the people is that he goes direct to them. He gives his personal attention to every measure that comes before him; makes it an invariable rule to see all who call to see him, if it is at all possible, and gives the same courteous attention to those who oppose him as to those who have been his friends.



GOVERNOR BECKHAM, OF KENTUCKY.  
Regarded by some as a Presidential possibility.





TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT, NEVADA. BY MEANS OF THESE WORKS THE TRUCKEE RIVER MAY BE INSTANTANEOUSLY SHUT OUT OF ITS NATURAL CHANNEL AND DIVERTED INTO A HUGE CANAL

## Spectacular Engineering

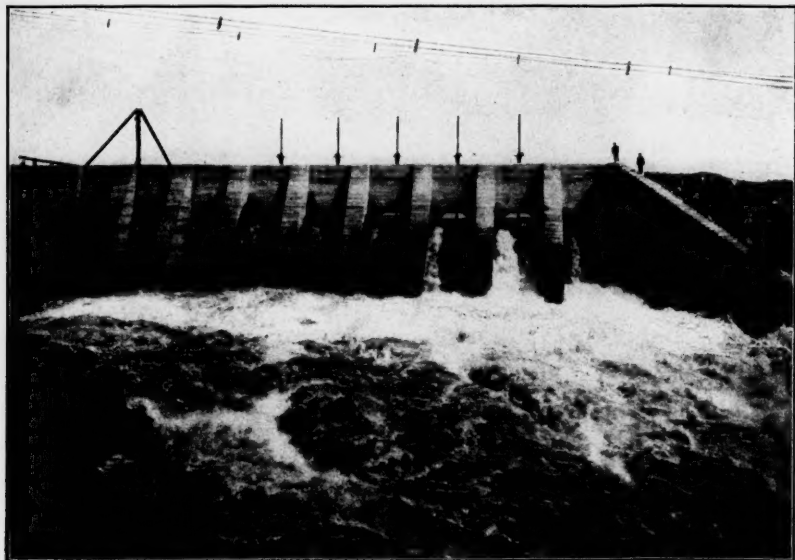
**F**EW persons have any but a faint idea of the wonderful plans and achievements of the Reclamation Service in its task of converting the Great American Desert into a region of beauty and productiveness. As a whole, the enterprise has no parallel, and many of its details are unique—some of them astounding in their daring and originality. The Service is creating precedents, breaking records, and shattering fallacious traditions. Each of the twenty-three scattered projects presents some spectacular feature or involves some problem of extraordinary interest. This is why the Service has been able to engage the best hydraulic engineers at less than half the salaries they could ordinarily command.

An abler aggregate of engineering talent cannot be found anywhere in the world. As if by magic they are trans-

forming or modifying the greatest works of nature; tunneling through miles of solid granite, canting rivers into new channels, forming enormous artificial lakes; and, in short, juggling with the landscape as a child with a set of toy bricks.

Here a stream is held in leash by levees; the banks of another are widened to give it greater freedom. In one place the beds of lakes are being drained; while in another a storage reservoir is in course of construction. Every one of the projects presents a peculiar difficulty, but in every case the Service has proved equal to the task. Its work in the four years since its organization has been marked by marvelous celerity. In a little while water will be let in upon four hundred thousand acres of land.

Meanwhile, solid values are being



MINIDOKA PROJECT, IDAHO. THE FLOW OF WATER THROUGH THE PENSTOCK OPENINGS WILL GENERATE FROM 10,000 TO 30,000 HORSE POWER, WHICH WILL BE USED BY THE SETTLERS TO OPERATE AN ELECTRIC ROAD AND LIGHT PLANT

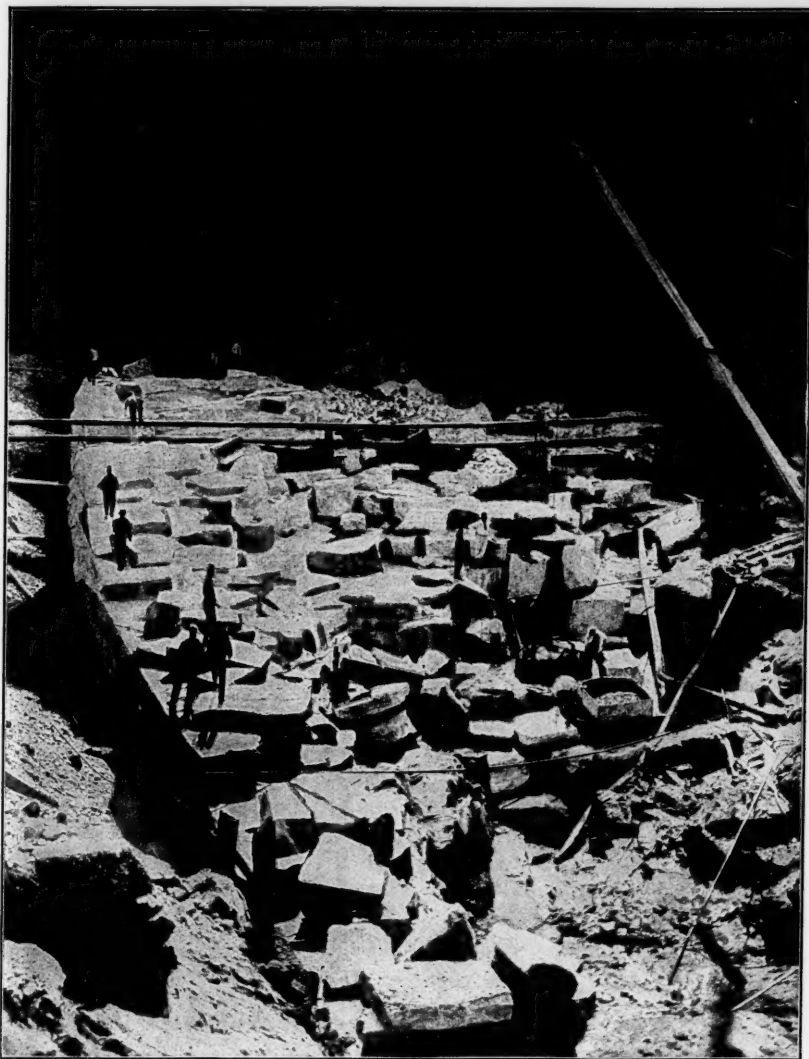
created in land formerly worthless, and inhabited solely by the jack-rabbit and the coyote. As fast as the farm lots on these tracts are marked off they sell at a good figure in anticipation of the boom of water. Some of the land already reclaimed is held at one thousand dollars per acre. Such a price will be not uncommon in many of the districts coming within the reclamation projects, for they embrace the most productive soil on the face of the earth.

Towns—not mushroom camps, but permanent settlements—are springing up all over what was yesterday the silent wilderness. And here again innovation and progressive ideas control the design, for the “rural-settlement” plan is to be put into effect in this new country.

Town sites are so located that no farm will be more than three miles from one of them, and each town will form a social and commercial center for the surrounding agricultural country.

It will contain a central, graded school to which the farmer may send his children, and will afford him an opportunity to live in an urban community, if he chooses, and go out to his farm every morning as the city man goes to his office.

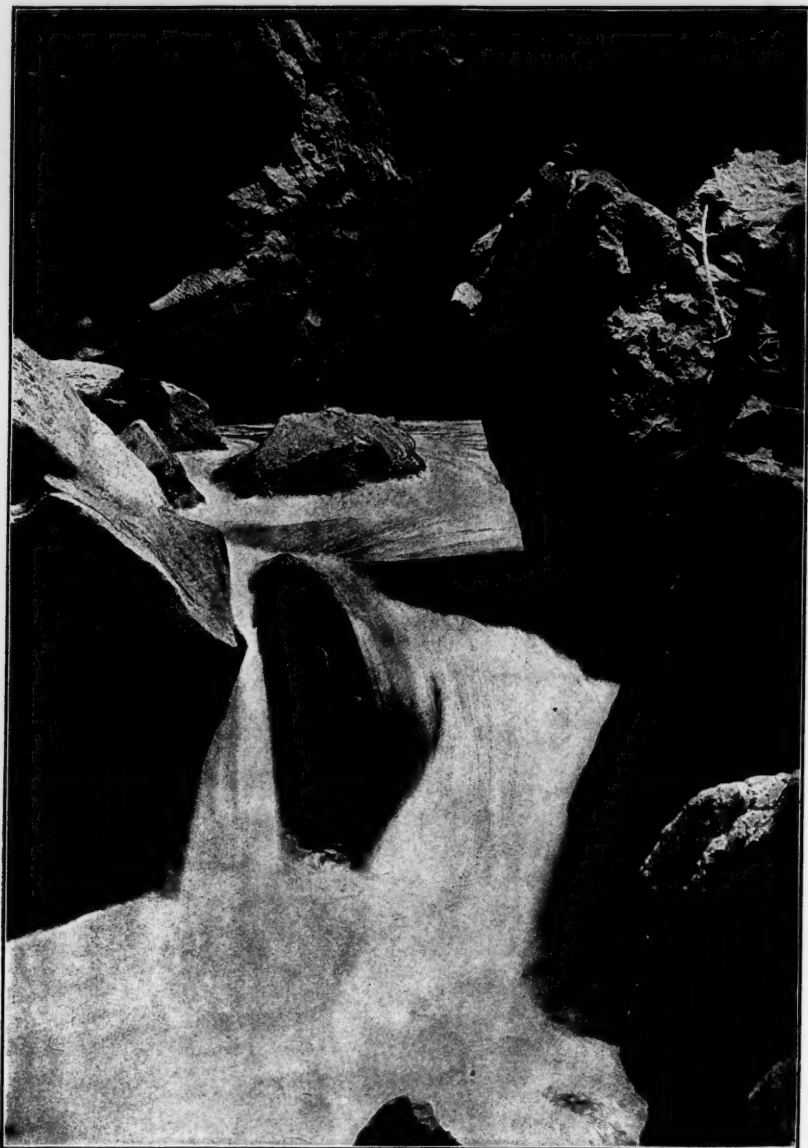
Not the least important point about this, the greatest work in which the nation is engaged, is that no draft has been made upon the treasury for its prosecution. The reclamation fund is derived from the sale of the lands in which it creates the values. The cost of each project will be returned in ten years by the district benefited, so that the money can be continuously turned over. The present projects contemplate the reclamation of 1,320,000 acres of waste-land at a cost of less than \$30,000,000, and with a resultant increment in land values of something like \$500,000,000. New projects are in view, to be taken up as fast as the means will permit, the ultimate object



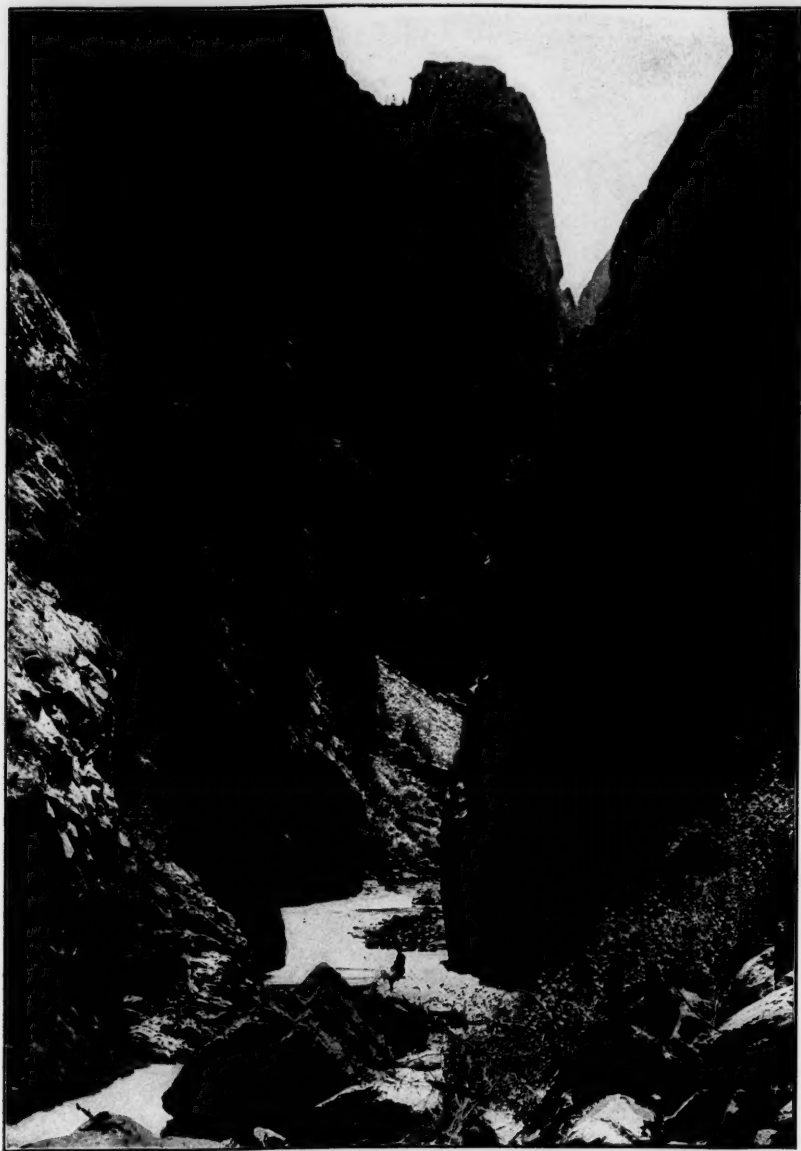
SALT RIVER PROJECT, ARIZONA. MAKING A DAM FOUNDATION TO COVER AN ACRE OF GROUND. WORKING AT NIGHT BY ARC LIGHT

being the reclamation of at least eighty per cent. of the 50,000,000 acres composing the Great American Desert. Here will be found homes for a large

part of the 200,000,000 of people which this country will contain fifty years hence. This is the promised land provided for generations yet unborn.



GUNNISON CANYON. THE RECLAMATION ENGINEERS WHO MADE THE PRELIMINARY EXPLORATION WERE THE FIRST HUMAN BEINGS TO EFFECT THE PASSAGE—THIRTY MILES IN TEN DAYS

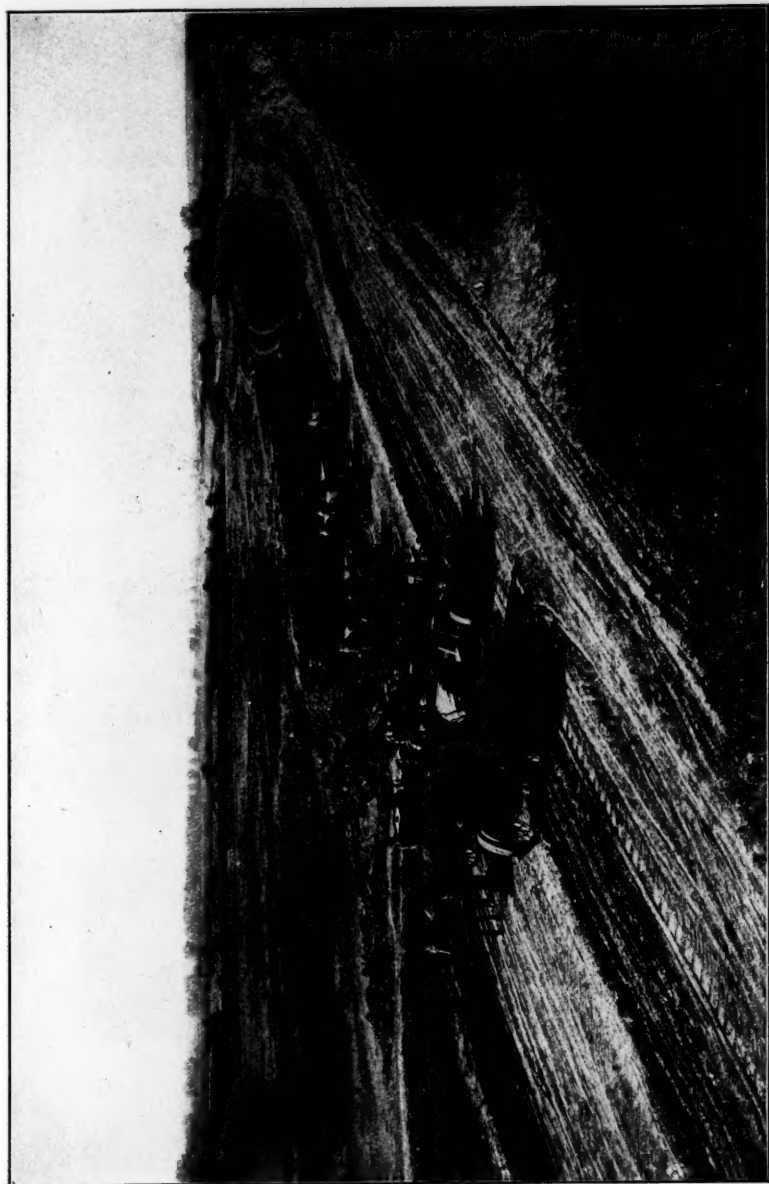


THE BLACK CANYON. WHERE FELLOWS AND TORRENCE LOST THEIR RUBBER RAFT AND PROVISIONS THE SIXTH DAY OUT





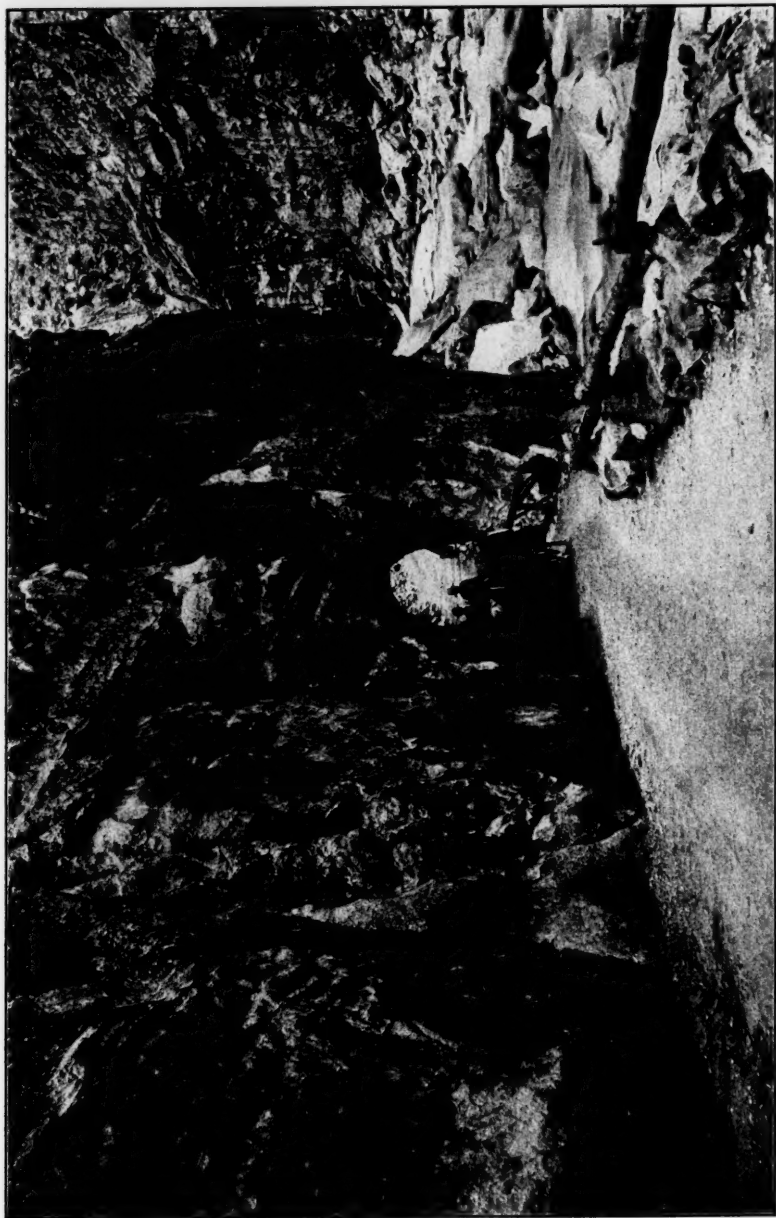
THE UNCOMPAGRE VALLEY. UPON ITS SOIL—THE MOST FERTILE IN THE WORLD—THE GUNNISON RIVER WILL BE LED THROUGH A TUNNEL SIX MILES IN LENGTH



SOUTH DAKOTA. HERE A GREAT CANAL WILL AFFORD A NEW BED FOR THE BELLE FOURCHE AND ACCOMMODATE THE WHOLE RIVER



SHOSHONE DAM SITE. THE DAM WILL FILL THE CREVASSE SHOWN IN THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE. IT WILL BE THE HIGHEST IN THE WORLD—310 FEET



SHOSHONE PROJECT, WYOMING. THE ROAD RUNS FOR EIGHT MILES IN THE DEPTHS OF THE CANYON, AND AFFORDS A NEW ENTRANCE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

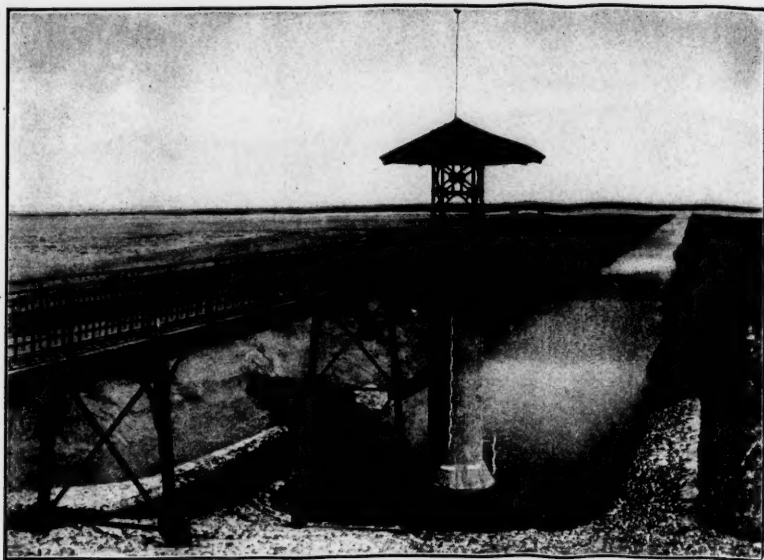


RIO GRANDE PROJECT, NEW MEXICO. A HUGE STORAGE DAM TO CREATE A VAST LAKE, WILL EXTEND BETWEEN THE SUMMITS OF THESE ELEVATIONS

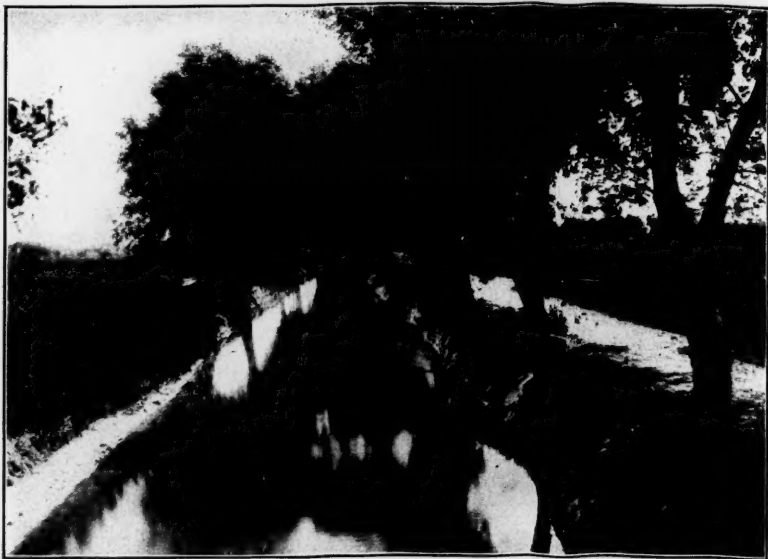


RIO GRANDE PROJECT, NEW MEXICO. HERE A MILE OF MASONRY WILL DAM THE RIVER AND THROW IT OUT OF ITS NATURAL COURSE INTO AN ENTIRELY NEW CHANNEL.





HONDO PROJECT, NEW MEXICO. THE GREAT RESERVOIR AND ONE OF THE OUTLET CANALS



SALT RIVER PROJECT, ARIZONA. IRRIGATION CANAL NEAR PHOENIX, AND THE RESULTANT VEGETATION



# ELEANOR ROBSON

—BY—

RENNOLD WOLF

MONTGOMERY BREWSTER'S task in "Brewster's Millions" would be kindergarten finance for Eleanor Robson.

That unhappy young heir is at his wits' end to squander a legacy of one million dollars in a year, thereby fulfilling the condition precedent to the acquisition of a much larger bequest. He deposits thousands in a tottering bank, he finances an unpromising comic-opera production; he bets on the races, and resorts to every wasteful extravagance known to the twentieth century prodigal. Miss Robson would simply divide the fortune into two parts, and spend one part on new plays and the other on new dogs.

Success in her case may breed success, but it breeds, also, dogs. Too often theatrical achievement is measured in automobiles, yachts, Parisian gowns, and diamond stomachers. One stomacher to one successful season is about the approved formula. If Eleanor Robson owned one she probably would not know whether it buckled on with a safety-pin or buttoned up the back. Give her a twin-screw, mahogany-fitted yacht, and doubtless she would swap it for a yellow dog with a blemish on his pedigree bigger than a sun-spot.

9

Miss Robson has visited Paris regularly each summer for several years, and she does not yet realize that the Rue de la Paix produces more fashionable gowns than the Avenue de l'Opéra. However, she does know the location of obscure little theaters, which even Baedeker does not mention. And she has probably stroked the backs of countless thousands of French poodles.

Miss Robson is a paradox unto herself. She is thoroughly, persistently professional, with all the personal attributes of the ingenuous amateur. She has one ambition, one thought, one hope—the theater. She was born to it, and she loves the life; yet she never suggests it.

Sardou, Duse, Irving, Shakespeare, all the great lights of the stage, are to her subjects of infinite interest. So, also, are the fine points of the Pomeranian, the Pekinese spaniel, the Dalmatian, and the Schipperke. Any conversation with this extraordinarily simple young woman will turn itself to one topic or the other.

At least, I always have found it so.

One morning not long ago I sat with Miss Robson discussing the influence of Molière upon England's period of Restoration Comedy.

"Molière," she said, evidently giving the subject great thought, "had the tremendous advantage of a practical acquaintance with the theater. The morality of Molière's plays is sure, intrinsic, inevitable; like Dante's, like—"

Just then the door opened. With a bound she was across the room, throwing her arms around an animated muff that answered to the name of "Juju."

"He is a dear," she declared.

"Who—Molière?" I ventured.

"No, 'Juju,' to be sure; Molière was only a dramatist."

I am willing to concede that a good dog is more satisfying than some dramatists.

In decorations, the walls of Miss Robson's apartments are about evenly divided between copies of the old masters, portraits of stage celebrities, and pictures of canine heroes. Miss Robson lives far, far from the strife of the theater in a magnificent apartment-house overlooking the Hudson. A few doors distant Richard Mansfield has his home. Julia Marlowe also lives nearby. Other neighbors are a celebrated bishop, a millionaire bottler of mineral waters, and an internationally known steel magnate. The lecturer on the "Seeing-New-York" autos calls the district "classy."

In ten guesses the casual visitor would not surmise that the chief occupant was an actress. There are nowhere in sight such records of past performances as scrap-books or framed play-bills. And the maid who answers the door is not of the theater theatric.

Right here, by the way, is a little secret. A man is said to be known by the company he keeps. An actress may be known by the maid she keeps. The maid in attendance upon the pampered stage favorite is usually a most knowing person. She has more shop-talk at her tongue's-tip than the stage door-keeper. She knows the family secrets of every member of the cast. The corner drug-store clerk is her confidant, and the manicure girl gets from her the histrionic ambitions that sooner or later land her in the chorus.

The typical maid of this class is suspicious, and she resents the approach of a visitor about whom she has not previously been informed. Reporters she despises. The pompadour of her hair is the Broadway mode, and her lips and eyebrows are likely to betray a surreptitious dalliance with the cosmetics of her mistress' dressing-table.

The Robson maid is not of that brand. She is the docile, respectful servant who would not be out of place in the home of the celebrated bishop, the millionaire bottler of mineral waters, or the internationally known steel magnate.

Miss Robson's home is substantially but not luxuriously furnished. The fittings are solid, severe, and plain. The last time I called upon her, a package of her photographs in costume lay upon the drawing-room table. They looked out of place. Miss Robson was quick to detect my glance of surprise.

"I suppose you think that, actress-like, I have left my photographs lying about conspicuously just because I expected a newspaper man to call. That is not so. These pictures came from the photographer this morning, and I must make a selection to be used by my managers."

She picked up one, representing herself as *Salomy Jane*, in a most self-satisfied attitude.

"That one I call, 'Look-who's-here,'" she said laughingly.

This young woman, who has accomplished the daring feat of leasing a Broadway theater for an entire season in order to present a series of new and untried plays, is absolutely devoid of egotism. She is one of the youngest—if not the very youngest—dramatic star before the public; she has triumphed in every city of the United States and in London; she—or at least her manager—has brought out one of the conspicuous dramatic successes of the current season, and yet personal contact with her does not betray the first hint of conceit or vanity.

Eleanor Robson is intellectual without being brilliant. She refers to herself as normal. She is, and her nor-

mality is her success. She can portray simple, honest, straightforward types naturally, and naturalness is the very essence of fine acting. In my opinion she will never be a great actress, but she will always be a satisfying and conscientious one. She possesses the qualities of Ethel Barrymore, which make it possible for her to impersonate winsome, girlish characters; and, since few of our actresses attain distinction until they have lost their youth, I don't know but that Miss Robson's abilities are quite as important as those of the actress who weeps copiously and suggests maternity.

Surely it is something to be able to look *Juliet* as well as to act her. Miss Robson has done both exquisitely. Her genuine bloom of youth better becomes *Kate Hardcastle* than does *Rouge Imperial*, No. 18. She scarcely seems to act in such parts, and she accomplishes the transfer from drawing-room to stage and back again without any notable change in personality or appearance.

Not very robust at best, she is a fine example of the cultured, healthy-minded, animated young woman. Moreover, she has a sense of humor that is utterly lacking in most of her serious sisters in art, who forget that the world continues to revolve once they are out of the lime-light. I have talked with her on this subject.

"Why, I think that a player is absolutely lost without a sense of the ridiculous," she said. "It has been my readiness to see the amusing side of stage life that has kept my nerves in good condition on many an occasion. There are so many positively grotesque occurrences in stage life. Acting is a wearing profession. It is hard work. It is severe on the patience, and, although I have been told that I am too eager to recognize the absurdities, I believe that it has been my salvation."

One gets an excellent idea of her disposition from her account of "Jiggity Jack," her late King Charles spaniel.

"First of all," she said, "we had a most exciting time in christening him. Every member of my company and all

my friends submitted titles. Israel Zangwill thought that 'Charlemagne' would be appropriate. Augustus Thomas proposed 'Ibsen.' My leading man suggested 'Orlando,' and Daniel Frohman remarked that 'David Garrick' would fill all the requirements.

"One day I relieved the suspense by announcing that I had named him just plain, every-day 'Jack.' He was too much of a regular dog to be burdened by any fancy name. I saw, however, that poor 'Jack' was to lose caste by my selection. Miss Ada Dwyer, a member of my company, was the only one to approve of the name, and she added 'Jiggity' to the 'Jack.' From that moment he was 'Jiggity Jack.'

"You have no idea of the trouble that dog caused me. He at once fell heir to every canine ill known to veterinary surgery, and for full measure he trotted out some new ailments not in the records. And he chose the most inopportune times for his indispositions.

"Once he ate two bars of chocolate and the foil in which they were wrapped on the very evening of one of my debut in a new play. Much depended on my performance that night, but I carried 'Jiggity Jack' to a veterinary surgeon, and remained by his side until most of the tin-foil had been decoyed from his system.

"On another occasion he found his way into the property-room, and made a meal of the poisonous liquid with which 'props' gilded his parlor furniture. This indiscretion took place just before a professional matinee of 'Audrey.' The play had not been a success, and I was terribly disconsolate, anyway. It seemed to me that every well-known player in America sat out in front to witness the performance. I remember distinctly that Julia Marlowe occupied a stage-box. I was not by any means established in New York, and I was exceedingly anxious to make a good impression on my fellow players—especially Miss Marlowe.

"And just before the time for the curtain to rise, word came to me that 'Jiggity Jack' was rolling about on the floor in the throes of some unique mal-

ady. It completely upset me. There was nothing to do but send for a 'vet,' and while he labored over poor 'Jiggity' my cue was given, and I had to rush upon the stage. I shall never forget that performance. The comedy scenes I played with tears in my eyes and lumps in my throat. It was a close call for poor 'Jiggity,' but the 'vet' pulled him through. I don't know what Miss Marlowe and the others in the audience thought of me, but I know that I was a happy young woman that night."

Ever since hearing that story I have suspected that "Jiggity Jack," being a wise animal, had deliberately attempted suicide when he learned that he might be compelled to witness an extra performance of "Audrey."

Miss Robson's daily routine is not exciting. She arises at the unprofessional hour of eight o'clock, and takes a brisk walk along Riverside Drive. Her route leads her to Grant's Tomb and back, and she is accompanied by "Juju," "Jiggity Jack's" successor.

"I know that a walk to Grant's Tomb doesn't sound cheerful," she says, "but really it is very pleasant."

After breakfast comes a French lesson. Miss Robson hopes to master French in all its tangles of wayward verbs and arbitrary idioms. For an hour or more each day she reads French and converses in French with a tutor. She haunts the French theaters when she is abroad, and under the circumstances a thorough knowledge of the Gallic tongue is desirable.

In the afternoon she attends the performance of other plays, when any are given. She has a motor-car, a modest one, in which she takes an occasional spin through the park, but unless she goes to the theater she usually spends her afternoons indoors. She does not read much, but she favors the best in literature. The modern novel does not appeal to her. Dickens is her favorite author.

When she is thoroughly fatigued and seeks restful diversion, she resorts to study of costume plates as a child might to picture-books. She has in her little library several volumes devoted exclu-

sively to the costumes of important historical eras. These volumes she spreads out on the floor, if you please, and sprawls beside them. They furnish her at once entertainment and useful instruction. A romp on the floor with one of her dogs also emphasizes the simplicity of the young woman.

She is a devout Catholic, and her early education was obtained in a convent. Her mother, Madge Carr Cook, the delightful *Mrs. Wiggs*, of "Cabbage-Patch" fame, hoped to hold her aloof from stage environments, but young Miss Robson took to the theater because she couldn't help it. Several seasons in excellent stock companies gave her the experience that fitted her for the rôle of *Bonita*, in "Arizona." This part first brought her into generally favorable notice. It led directly to her promotion to stellar honors.

Incidental to her experience in stock companies, Miss Robson has some advice to give the stage-struck maiden. The advice is primarily negative, for it reduces itself to the one word, "Don't."

"But if you must," she adds, "begin in a stock company and stick to the stock company until you know what's in you. After ineffectually urging the aspirant to stay off the stage, I would urge her to begin humbly and play as many rôles as possible.

"I have a young woman friend who would not be happy until she went upon the stage. Through 'pull' we got her an engagement in a company which is presenting a popular play of college life. She is sweet and pretty and capable enough, so far as she has been able to demonstrate her ability. But for two years she has been playing this minor rôle, and at the end of that time she has no means of knowing whether she possesses real histrionic talent or merely a charming personality. Had she spent that time in a stock company she would have portrayed perhaps fifty different characters, would have learned the sort of characterization for which she is best suited, and would now know absolutely whether to adopt the stage as her life's work or enter another profession."



There is so much force in Miss Robson's argument that it appears to be unanswerable. Miss Robson, by the way, has a happy faculty of solving the little problems of life in just such a straightforward, direct manner. Once her opinion is formed, she adheres to it with an obstinacy which in the gentlewoman is rated firmness. Try her on any subject with which she is familiar, and see. For instance, a group of her friends once were discussing the proposed New Theater, and the selection of Heinrich Conried, the head of the Metropolitan Opera House forces, as its managing director. Every one who had spoken asserted that the election of Mr. Conried showed rare discrimination on the part of the projectors.

"I don't agree with you at all," remarked Miss Robson, when it came her turn to speak. "The logical candidate for the position is a man whose name has never been mentioned in this connection. That man is Augustus Thomas. He is a big man—I mean mentally big. He is thoroughly American. He knows this country, and he knows the stage of Europe. He writes big things and he thinks big things. His early training as a journalist has given him an intimate acquaintance with human nature. He is always practical, never theoretical.

"He can bring out all there is in a player as no other man in America can do. He has this quality even more than Clyde Fitch, and Mr. Fitch is a master of stagecraft. He is one of the best-informed, best-read men I have ever met. He is forceful, he is convincing, he is patriotic. The New Theater is intended in its scope to be the great national theater of America. Augustus Thomas could make it so."

After this summary, expressed quietly but earnestly, that little group was ready to vote unanimously for Mr. Thomas.

It is difficult to conceive of a woman with such a well-trained, matured mind playing with dolls. Therein one discovers again a simpleness which in a man would be a token of greatness.

Wherever Miss Robson goes—and

her profession makes her a wanderer—she is accompanied by a collection of dolls. During this entire season at the Liberty Theater the dolls, housed in a cabinet, have shared her dressing-room. There are nearly a dozen of these excelsior-souled toys, among which are a vagabond, of the rag variety, named "Topsy Cyrano Winnipeg Sniggs," and a Japanese exile, answering to "Otoyo Ko." "Topsy Cyrano Winnipeg Sniggs" was presented to Miss Robson by Richard Mansfield. Hence the "Cyrano" in her name. "Winnipeg" was added at the christening because the doll reached Miss Robson while she was playing in that city. Her leading man suggested the "Sniggs," because he had once portrayed a character named *Sniggs*, in which he met great success. "Topsy" exactly suited the mannikin's complexion.

All of which seems childish, and possibly silly. Usually it would be professional sham, an adroit attempt to appear ingenuously kittenish. Any acquaintance with Miss Robson is sufficient to convince one that she does not sham. For that matter, she doesn't sham much in her acting. Her personality is pretty much the same, on or off the stage. Reared in a convent and thrust at once into a professional environment, the natural ebullience of youth has never enjoyed a free outlet.

As a sort of playful housekeeping, Miss Robson also resorts to spasms of cooking. For this highly utilitarian pursuit she is most likely to select a rainy day, when her regular stroll to Grant's Tomb is denied her. With great reverence for the actress' histrionic attainments, it must respectfully be recorded that as a chef she is entitled to the booby-prize.

In her kitchen there is one of those combination tables which unscrupulous dealers keep for inexperienced housewives. Attached to it are numerous gaudy trappings and cute little tools of the culinary art, most of which will not make an impression on dough or butter. It is with such a make-believe work-bench that Miss Robson essays the manufacture of hard-shell dough-



nuts and bomb-proof layer-cake. Happily, the output does not gain general circulation. Only intimate friends are permitted to sample these epicurean gems, and only loyal friends would.

In her own little independent way Miss Robson differs from her sisters in not liking the character of *Juliet*. To most actresses, especially the younger ones, *Juliet* represents the Alpha and Omega of dramatic art.

"I am not fond of *Juliet*," she says, "although I consider it part of an actress' curriculum. I played the rôle as a duty, and doubt if I shall return to it, unless, perhaps, for a special performance of some kind. *Mary Ann* in 'Merely Mary Ann,' is my favorite rôle. I have been playing that part now, off and on, for four years, and the strangest thing is that every once in a while I discover a new bit of effective stage 'business,' overlooked during all that period.

"One of the best points *Mary Ann* makes came to me quite by accident while we were playing in London, two years after the comedy was first produced. It happened that the English actor in the London cast wore an opera-hat, a crush hat, which he closed and deposited on the table. Naturally enough, *Mary Ann*, the little slavey, had never seen such a queer hat before, and as I moved about the table regarding this strange device with an expression of curiosity and awe, the audience roared. In America the leading man had worn a stiff, silk hat, and so we had missed that point. We have retained that bit of 'business,' and it never fails to gain a response."

Miss Robson has a knowledge of music, and amuses herself by playing the piano when her dogs, her cooking, and her French lessons have tired her. She has a deep-seated admiration for Oscar Hammerstein.

"I don't understand grand opera technically," she says, "but I adore it emotionally. I have watched Mr. Hammerstein's success with eagerness, for I admire his pluck, his ingenuity, and his good, sound common sense. As I have noted his triumph against every

impediment, I have nearly overcome my Saxon reserve and written him a note of congratulation."

One hard and fast rule underlies the system that prevails in the management of Miss Robson's career. Under no circumstances will she be permitted to portray such characters as *Camille*, *Magda*, *Mrs. Tanqueray*, and other stage ladies with pungent pasts. Miss Robson herself first suggested the rule, and the management, with ready astuteness, indorsed it. The inspiration doubtless sprang from a keen regard for the good and noble; to be quite candid, its managerial enforcement probably was founded upon commercial motives. Miss Robson's personality would not suit such rôles. As well cast George M. Cohan for *Romeo*.

In or out of character, Eleanor Robson is not one of the overdressed of Thespis' favored children. Most of the rôles call for simplicity and even ugliness of attire. At home and on the street she wears blue to excess. She is blue of eyes and has rosy cheeks.

Charity is at once her comfort and her weakness. Unless restrained by less tender hands, she would regularly turn over her entire income to others in distress. Of late she has been taught to investigate the needs of applicants for her bounty, before loosening the purse-strings. Her charitable enterprises have not always been wisely directed, but she argues that she would rather help the unworthy than refuse aid to the deserving unfortunate.

From every point of view, in short, Eleanor Robson is a credit to her profession. Her life is a daily answer to hysterical clergymen and backwoods reformers who insist that all plays are produced under the direction of Satan, and that a step upon the stage is akin to a stroll through the region which has been said to be paved with good intentions.

Her art and her methods are the kind that appeal to persons of culture. Her most enthusiastic applause will never come from the gallery. But of this she may rest assured—from pit to dome she will always be respected.



# GERTRUDE ELLIOT'S CRUCIBLE

-BY-

MRS. GEORGIE  
SHELDON

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

Gertrude Elliot learns from a confession made by her guardian, Mr. Daniel Dexter, that the funds left by her father have been employed in disastrous speculations and that every dollar has been swallowed up. Mr. Dexter confesses himself a thief, but pleads that his own business had been in a bad way and that he had borrowed the money in good faith, hoping to be able to repay it; part of it, he explains, went to meet the debts contracted by his son Robert. Gertrude had been fond of Robert, and for the sake of the son she forgives the father. Later Mr. Dexter tells Robert of Gertrude's goodness, and the boy, who has been rather wild, resolves to turn over a new leaf. He tears himself away from old associations and goes to California. Gertrude visits an old nurse, Phronie Fisher, and while there gives aid to a young man who is hurt in an automobile accident. Later she learns that the man is Hugh Spencer and that he knew Robert Dexter at Yale. He is anxious to learn where Robert is gone, but something ominous in his eyes makes Gertrude give an evasive reply to his inquiries. Accepting an engagement as housekeeper for Mrs. Young of Kalmia Heights, she is disconcerted to find Hugh Spencer there and to hear that he is Mrs. Young's son, she being a widow when she married Mr. Young. Hugh Spencer shows the fascinating young housekeeper marked attention, much to Gertrude's embarrassment; and it is with much relief that she sees the family depart for their annual stay at Newport. But Hugh Spencer makes an excuse to return to the city and takes an early opportunity to declare his love and ask Gertrude to be his wife. "It cannot be," the girl declares, but her negative is given with a certain hesitancy that makes the suitor hope for a reversal of the verdict later on. On the return of the family the discovery is made that several costly furs and laces have been stolen, and a detective appears on the scene. Some of the lost articles are found in Gertrude's room, but the detective declares that Miss Elliot could not have been the thief. Mrs. Young suggests that the guilty party may have been Joyce, the butler, an enemy of Gertrude's; but the whole thing is shrouded in mystery.

## CHAPTER XV.

FROM the moment of her homecoming Isabelle Young had made it apparent that there were to be only the coldest courtesies exchanged between herself and Gertrude. Her greeting as she entered the house had been of the iciest, and she never voluntarily addressed Gertrude unless unavoidable circumstances compelled her.

Gertrude attributed this attitude to Isabelle Young's resentment of Mr. Hugh Spencer's attentions to the new housekeeper previous to the departure of the family for Newport; but she did

not dream that Miss Young had been anonymously informed of that gentleman's visit to Kalmia Heights two weeks later, as well as of the two private interviews he had held with Gertrude.

Miss Young had kept her own counsel regarding this communication, although it had driven her nearly frantic. She knew that her brother was going abroad immediately following their return from Newport, and she devoutly hoped that something would occur to depose Miss Elliot before he reappeared upon the scene. She secretly resolved that she would do her utmost to achieve such a result; but, knowing

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how highly her mother prized the housekeeper's services, and how implicit was her confidence in her, she felt that she would have to move cautiously in the matter. She would have been glad to know who had written the anonymous epistle. She believed it must be some one in the house, yet every servant appeared to respond with such unanimous alacrity to Miss Elliot's wishes and orders it seemed improbable.

Gertrude, however, allowed the girl's ungraciousness to make no difference with her own attitude; she always greeted her with the same courtesy and friendliness that she accorded Josephine, between whom and herself there existed the most cordial relations; yet, now and then a smile of quiet amusement would ripple over her lips as she wondered how the haughty heiress would bear the knowledge of the fact that the despised housekeeper had rejected the suit of the high-toned Hugh Spencer.

Mrs. Young was, of course, obliged to inform her daughters that all their furs, together with other valuable things, had been stolen; and they were appalled in view of their loss.

"What are we going to do, mama?" Miss Young anxiously inquired. "Josie and I have only our feather boas, which were all that we needed during our trip; but it is pretty cold weather now, and we need something warmer. Why, it is dreadful! It grows on me; for, you know, I bought those lovely Russian sables only last winter, and papa paid six hundred dollars for your coat only two years ago—and those wonderful laces that were grandma's! *Can't* they be traced? I should think you would be heart-broken." And the stately Isabelle was herself very near dissolving into a flood of tears.

"I am, almost," Mrs. Young replied, in a weary tone.

"And my ermine set that Hugh gave me last Christmas!" exclaimed Josie, with quivering lips. "Mama, it cost a lot of money."

"I know it, dear, and it is too bad," said her mother sympathetically.

"We will have to get something to replace the furs—at least some of them," Isabelle thoughtfully observed. "But"—paling a trifle—"I *can't* afford Russian sables again this year. Oh, dear! it is positively maddening!"

Mrs. Young related to her daughters how she had made the discovery of their loss, and the measures she had employed to recover the missing articles; but she refrained from mentioning what the detective had recently found in Gertrude's room, fearing to cast suspicion upon her. Nevertheless, like a flash and with a secret sense of triumph Isabelle said to herself: "This will be my opportunity—this will be the weapon by which to drive Miss Elliot from Kalmia Heights; and go she must before Hugh returns."

Yet this eldest daughter of the house was by no means cruel-hearted, or devoid of honor and justice. She was, however, as supremely proud and aspiring regarding social distinction as Hugh Spencer was obstinate and persistent in avenging injuries. She adored her brother, and the mere thought of his contracting a marriage beneath him was intolerable to her; hence she firmly believed that she was justified in adopting almost any method to remove temptation from his path. Instantly, upon learning of the robbery, she had conceived a strong suspicion against the housekeeper; and since Miss Elliot had held unlimited sway in the house during the absence of the family, the keys of every room having been left in her possession, to enable her to superintend the cleaning, Miss Young asked herself, what better opportunities any one could have had for removing valuables from the place.

"Before we buy anything new," said Mrs. Young, "I am going to stir that detective up to make one more vigorous effort to trace the things. I think"—alertly—"I will run down to New York to-day and have an interview with him."

She went to her room to prepare for the trip, and, while dressing, discovered that a valuable diamond cross with a beautiful jeweled chain, which she had

worn the previous evening, was missing.

With blanched face and trembling limbs she hurried back to her daughters, and told them of this new loss; but cautioned them not to lisp a word of it, and she would bring Mr. Cummings back with her to investigate the matter, if it were possible to secure him.

"*Something* has got to be done—I am not going to submit to be continually and systematically robbed like this," she vigorously asserted, with flashing eyes and other visible signs of being thoroughly aroused; then, feeling very much abused and persecuted, she hurried away upon her errand.

Half an hour later Gertrude had occasion to make a change in the menu for dinner, the cook having informed her that an order given the day before had been forgotten, or neglected, by the provision-dealer.

This necessitated an interview with Joyce. The man listened to her with a peculiar smile on his lips, staring her insolently in the face, and turning rudely away from her without a word as she concluded.

Gertrude was unaccountably irritated by his offensive manner, and it was almost upon her lips to discharge him then and there. But as she tried never to allow herself to be governed by a resentful impulse, she hurried away to her chamber—an unusual thing for her to do at that hour of the day—to master, in solitude, her unaccustomed flash of temper before calling him to account.

As she opened the door of her room she found herself face to face with Isabelle Young.

Gertrude looked blank, and the intruder flushed to her temples from embarrassment.

"Were you looking for me, Miss Young?—is there anything I can do for you?" Gertrude inquired.

Miss Young quickly recovered her self-poise and stood cold and statuesque before the housekeeper.

"I believe in being perfectly straightforward, Miss Elliot, and, since you

have found me here, I will tell you that I am searching the house for some clue to the robbery of last August," she said, in a frigid tone.

"And did you expect to find any of those articles here? Do you suspect that I am in any way implicated in that robbery?"

Gertrude's face was startling in its pallor, but her manner and tone were characterized by the utmost courtesy and gentleness.

"To be absolutely frank, I do suspect you," the girl bluntly replied.

Gertrude's heart bounded into her throat, and her eyes grew intensely black from repressed emotion.

A full minute of awkward silence followed, during which Isabelle's glance never left her companion's face, while Gertrude prayed for grace to meet this supreme moment in the right spirit.

"Can it be possible that you believe I could be capable of such an act?" she at length inquired, in a voice so calm and dispassionate that its very quietness sent a strange thrill to the heart of her listener.

"You were left in absolute control here while we were away; you had all the keys, and if, as you told my mother, they were never out of your possession, who else could have had opportunity? And so, without apologizing for saying what might appear, under other circumstances, to be excessively rude, it seems to me that you have remained here long enough."

Miss Young was certainly pursuing her policy of straightforwardness with a vengeance.

"Am I to infer that you desire me to leave Kalmia Heights at once," queried Gertrude, in the same quiet, even tone as before.

"I think it would be best, Miss Elliot."

"Is Mrs. Young of the same mind?"

"I have not mentioned the subject to her. I am saying this to you upon my own responsibility," replied Miss Young, with a slight accession of color. "But my mother finds, every little while, that something else is missing—"



*Gertrude sank upon a chair, and bowed her head upon her hands.*

"Something else!" panted Gertrude. "Has anything beside the furs and laces been stolen?"

Isabelle bit her lips with vexation. She had inadvertently disobeyed her mother's command not to lisp a word regarding her recent loss.

"Well, I did not mean to tell you that," she said coldly, "but you will readily see that if you were to leave and this systematic robbery continues it would practically prove your innocence—"

"But I shall not go, Miss Young; I shall not leave Kalmia Heights until this mystery is cleared up and my innocence proven," Gertrude composedly

and firmly replied. "At least," she supplemented, "unless Mrs. Young requests me to do so."

"Mama appears to repose unlimited confidence in you," said the girl, flushing an angry crimson; "and, since you will not listen to my suggestion, and I have taken it upon myself to make it without her knowledge, you will oblige me by not mentioning the matter to her, or to any one."

Gertrude regarded her thoughtfully for a moment.

"I will not promise that I will not speak of it," she said at length. "I will be governed by circumstances, and if it does not become necessary I will accede to your request."

Isabelle's face flamed again, but

without a word she turned and left the room. With all her pride and self-sufficiency, in spite of her culture, wealth, and boasted position, she recognized the superiority of this girl whom she affected to look down upon simply because misfortune had imposed upon her the necessity of giving service for pecuniary remuneration; and she returned to her own room in no enviable frame of mind, and deeply humiliated that she had been detected in her prying, and had failed to goad Gertrude to the point of resigning her position, as she had hoped.

The moment the door closed after her Gertrude sank upon a chair, and



bowed her head upon her hands. When she finally sat upright, instead of seeming either crushed or intimidated, there was an expression of peace in her eyes, a look of serenity upon her face which told of a heart at rest and devoid of either bitterness or resentment. Then she calmly returned to her duties below, yet, perchance, with a little added dignity of bearing.

After lunch, Mrs. Young being still away, the two sisters busied themselves with some Christmas fancy-work until about four o'clock, when a railway-cab drove to the door, and they saw a gentleman alight.

The next moment they flew downstairs, to be clasped in their brother's arms, each expressing her astonishment in view of his unexpected return.

"Is anything the matter? How did you happen to come? We never dreamed of seeing you for months yet," they breathlessly exclaimed, as, their arms locked in his, they forcibly led him up-stairs to their mother's private parlor.

He evaded their questions until the door was shut and they were beyond the hearing of any one. Then he gravely observed:

"I felt that mother needed me. I received her letter telling me of what has been going on here, just a week ago. I was in Paris, but I canceled every engagement, took the first train I could catch, and arrived in Liverpool just in time to take passage in the *Caronia*, which was on the point of sailing, and—here I am."

"It was so good of you, brother, dear," said Josie, who was almost in tears as she gave him another hug and kiss. "We are having no end of trouble with the systematic stealing still going on. It is simply frightful."

"What is missing now?" demanded the young man sharply.

"Mama's diamond cross and chain—papa's gift to her when they were married—have disappeared."

"Great Scott! I should think it was time I came home and something done to stop such wholesale robbery!" he cried excitedly.

"Mama has gone to town to see the detective; but we are looking for her every moment," Miss Young explained; yet he thought she seemed unusually nervous, and wore a strangely unhappy look.

Mrs. Young did return very soon, and was moved to tears of joy as she greeted her son.

"I am so glad to have you back, Hugh," she said tremulously. "I felt almost crushed this morning, and so helpless—as if I were being pursued by some occult influence or evil eye. Really, my nerves are becoming shattered again with this haunting mystery. It was very thoughtful and self-sacrificing of you, dear boy, to break your trip and come home to me." She broke down utterly at this point, and dropped her head upon his shoulder, sobbing nervously.

"There, there, little mother; keep a stiff upper lip and we will soon unearth this mysterious robber," he tenderly returned, as he put his arm around her and softly smoothed her still luxuriant hair.

She rested contentedly in his embrace, but presently looked up, smiling through her tears.

"I feel better already," she said brightly, "and I shall turn all this trouble over to you now. Cummings, the detective, will be here to-morrow morning, and I do hope that some clue to the perplexing puzzle will develop."

Later, when they were alone, Mr. Spencer inquired:

"Didn't Cummings get hold of anything when he was here that seemed to point to some one?"

"That is something I want to tell you, but I did not wish to talk about it before the girls," Mrs. Young responded, and then told him of the detective's discovery in Miss Elliot's room.

"Miss Elliot!" indignantly exclaimed Hugh Spencer, his face flaming an angry crimson. "Why, that girl wouldn't touch a penny that did not belong to her!"

"I, too, feel that she would not. All the same, those things are still in her



room, and the whole affair seems utterly incomprehensible," said Mrs. Young.

"Some one else put them there to throw suspicion upon her," he declared positively.

"That is Mr. Cummings' opinion," returned his mother. "But who? The servants are all fond of her——"

"All?" interposed her son, with a slight start.

"Yes—unless it is Joyce. He has never seemed to relish taking orders from her; but I do not know that they have ever really clashed. Miss Elliot never complains of the servants."

Mr. Spencer here recalled the passage at arms between Miss Elliot and the butler, which he had overheard on the evening preceding the lawn-party, and the ugly look that had flashed into the man's eyes when Gertrude, with quiet dignity, had informed him that he was to treat her with proper respect or leave the place; and there immediately flashed into his mind a suspicion that Joyce might, from motives of revenge, have laid a trap to rid the house of its dominant head.

The young man was ready to stake his honor upon the girl's integrity, and he resolved to keep a sharp eye upon the butler.

Mr. Spencer met Gertrude just before dinner was served and greeted her with cordial courtesy. There was not a trace of anything in his manner to indicate that he cherished any unpleasant memories of their last interview; on the contrary, there was that in his look, manner, and tones which told that he held her in the highest esteem.

The following morning, about ten o'clock, he encountered her again in the hall on the second floor.

She was dressed to go out—to market, he inferred—but she was as white as a ghost and her face was almost convulsed with pain.

"Miss Elliot!—are you ill?" he questioned, in a startled tone.

"No—but I must see Mrs. Young at once; please come with me to her, Mr. Spencer," she replied, in a voice that shook with repressed excitement.

She moved swiftly down the hall and tapped upon the door of Mrs. Young's sitting-room.

She barely waited for permission to enter, but threw open the door, asking, with white lips:

"Are you alone, Mrs. Young?"

"Yes—come in; why, *what* has happened?" cried the woman, as she caught sight of her housekeeper's face.

Gertrude entered, followed by Mr. Spencer, and sank into the nearest chair, motioning him to shut the door. "Have you missed anything within a day or two, Mrs. Young?" she abruptly inquired.

That lady now lost every atom of her own color.

"Yes, Miss Elliot, yesterday morning I missed my diamond cross and chain; why?" she breathlessly returned.

Gertrude seemed unable to speak; but she held out her gloved hand, upon the upturned palm of which lay the costly chain to which the diamond cross had been attached.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"Heavens! Miss Elliot, where did you find that?" demanded Hugh Spencer, as he stepped to her side and gently possessed himself of the chain.

"In my trunk, less than ten minutes ago, tangled with some embroidery silk which I purchased last Monday in New York," Gertrude faltered.

Mrs. Young and her son exchanged startled, wondering glances.

"It was not there the day before yesterday—at least, not in the morning," Gertrude resumed, "for I emptied and repacked my trunk when I rolled the silk up inside some material which I have been embroidering during leisure moments—some scarfs for the young ladies' mantels, for Christmas. This morning, just as I was ready to go out, I remembered I wished to match some ribbon to the silk, when, upon opening my trunk to get a sample, I found the chain all in a snarl with it. Of course I recognized it instantly, for I have seen you wear it; but what does it



*She barely waited for permission to enter, but threw open the door.*

mean? Who put it there, and where is the cross?"

She was greatly agitated and distressed, but neither of her companions believed for a moment that she was in any way connected with the disappearance of the diamond cross or chain.

"Pray do not be so disturbed, Miss Elliot," said Hugh Spencer kindly. "You have known of the theft of the family furs and laces, and this is but a continuation of the same story—the beginning of the sequel, I trust," he interposed, with a reassuring smile, "which, if I am not mistaken, will unravel the whole tantalizing mystery. It looks to me like a deep-laid plot to injure you—as if you had an enemy who would be glad to bring trouble upon you."

"But who——" Gertrude began, then stopped. She suddenly remembered Joyce's insolence of the preceding day, and suspicion began to take form in her own thought.

"Do you suspect any one?" inquired Mrs. Young, who read something of her surmise.

"A suggestion came to me; but I will not voice it without more tangible evidence to prove it," said Gertrude. "And yet—I do not see how that chain could have got into my trunk," she went on thoughtfully, "for I always keep it locked and carry the key about me. Oh, what a dreadful thing it seems! What can we do about it?"

She paused abruptly and turned away to the window near her, leaning her head wearily against the casing.

Her companions believed she was overcome by her fears that their suspicions might be directed against her.

"We will very soon ascertain what we can do about it," Mr. Spencer gravely observed. "Yesterday morning, upon discovering her loss, my mother went at once to Mr. Cummings, the detective, and we are looking for him now. I am sure the discovery of this chain is the beginning of the end; but, if the assurance will be of any comfort to you, let me say that my mother and I have the most implicit faith in your integrity."

Gertrude did not at once reply. She appeared to be lost in thought; but after a few moments she turned, with a calm face and clear eyes, and smiled upon the speaker.

"Thank you," she quietly observed. "I am sure that you know it would be impossible for me to have been connected in any way with your losses, but—whether Mr. Cummings will take the same view of the matter remains to be seen."

"If he thinks otherwise, he will find no sympathy here," Mr. Spencer rejoined, in a positive tone.

Just then a tap sounded on the door, and Josephine put her head inside the room.

"Excuse me, mama," she said, "but I am looking for brother—oh, Hugh, can I speak with you for a moment?"

He followed her out of the room, when, with a mysterious air, she drew him into her own chamber across the hall and shut the door.

A few minutes later Letty brought Mr. Cummings' card to Mrs. Young and was told to conduct the gentleman up-stairs—she would receive him there.

"Shall I go, or would you prefer me to remain, Mrs. Young?" Gertrude inquired, as the maid disappeared.

"Perhaps you had better stay—that is, if you wish," the lady replied.

"I certainly do," said the girl, as she removed her hat and began to draw off her gloves.

The next moment Letty ushered the man into their presence.

While he was greeting the ladies his keen, trained eyes swept the room with their habitual alertness.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as he almost instantly espied the chain which Hugh Spencer had dropped upon a table as he went out, "so you have recovered your trinkets?"

"We have the chain but not the cross," Mrs. Young returned.

The man pounced upon it, and examined it critically.

"Where did you find this?" he demanded.

"In my trunk, Mr. Cummings," Gertrude quietly replied.

He bent a surprised but searching glance upon her; while, as she went on to explain he nodded now and then as if assenting to a train of reasoning in his own mind.

"Have you had a quarrel with any one in the house?" he inquired.

She told him something of her experience with Joyce when she first came to the Heights, and spoke particularly of his recent insolence.

"Has Joyce been out since this last loss was discovered?" Mr. Cummings asked.

"No; but he will have this afternoon and evening to himself."

He questioned both ladies closely for several minutes, then observed briskly:

"I think I will slip up to Joyce's room and look about a little."

He moved to the door and opened it, but paused on the threshold as the sound of angry voices from below greeted his ears.

He leaped to the stair-railing and looked over, to see Hugh Spencer and Joyce struggling desperately together in the lower hall.

A single bound took him to the head of the stairs; the next moment he was taking a hand in the fray, and before the swearing butler fully realized what was happening, he found himself helpless in the detective's clutch and his wrists manacled with a pair of strong steel bracelets.

"What's the trouble?" queried the officer, turning to Spencer.

"I believe that cross is concealed about his person. Take him to the library," panted the young man, for Joyce was a muscular fellow, and had been no light weight to handle.

The discomfited butler was uncereemoniously hustled into the room and the key turned in the lock to prevent either escape or intrusion.

"Now, my man, what have you to say for yourself—where are those diamonds?" curtly demanded Mr. Cummings.

Joyce dropped his eyes to the floor, but made no reply.

"You'd better make a clean breast of it," sharply supplemented the official.

Still the captive butler preserved a sullen silence.

"What leads you to suspect him?" inquired Mr. Cummings, turning to Mr. Spencer.

"My younger sister made the discovery that he has the diamond cross. Her room is over the dining-room. The butler's pantry is back of the dining-room and forms a part of the L, so that any one sitting at a certain window in Josephine's chamber can look into the one that lights the pantry."

At this point in Mr. Spencer's explanation the detective, whom nothing escaped, observed that Joyce's eyelids twitched slightly, and his fingers contracted nervously.

"I see—go on!" commanded Mr. Cummings; and Mr. Spencer continued:

"About half an hour ago my sister was sitting at the window I have mentioned—something she rarely does, as there is another she prefers—when she saw Joyce come close to the pantry window with a small bag in his hands. From this he first took a ring of keys, which he laid upon the sill; then a wad of white tissue-paper. As he unfolded the latter the sunlight streaming in at the window caused something to flash brilliantly, and Josephine became convinced it was the diamond cross. She immediately called me from my mother's room and told me what she had seen. I went directly to the pantry. It was locked. I spoke to Joyce, and after a moment of delay he let me in. I demanded the bag he had just been examining. He tried to bluff me, but I told him his act had been observed, and charged him with having the cross. Thereupon he swore at me, when I seized him by the collar, forcing him into the hall, and insisted that he come to the library and allow me to search him. We were struggling like a couple of wild beasts when you came to my aid."

Mr. Cummings nodded reflectively, then he turned to the butler. "Well, what have you to say, Joyce? Will you give 'em up peaceably?"

Still no answer.

The detective eyed him sharply for a moment.

"Better," he added persuasively. "I'll have to search you if you don't. I sha'n't use any ceremony, either."

"Where's your warrant, sir?" the man shot back, lifting an ugly look at him.

"Right here," said Cummings, tapping his left breast pocket significantly. "I've been at work some time on the thefts that have been committed in this house, consequently I've been primed with everything necessary from the outset. You were pretty clever, my man, in getting away with the furs and laces last August, but you bungled when you tried to throw suspicion upon Miss Elliot by hiding the piece of lace and handkerchief under the carpet in her room—that's a worn-out trick."

Joyce flashed a swift, startled glance at the man at this unexpected shaft.

"They are there to-day," the detective coolly resumed, "and the housekeeper doesn't even know that the articles are missing. I ordered them left there, and nothing said, because, knowing your grudge against her and suspecting your game, I believed by giving you a little more rope you would hang yourself. The chain that you put in Miss Elliot's trunk is what did it. She found it there, less than an hour ago, and immediately passed it over to Mrs. Young. Now, I will take that cross, then we'll talk about the other things."

Joyce had been perspiring freely; great drops were standing on his face, and an involuntary shiver ran over him as the detective paused. Yet he made no move to obey his command.

"Hand them over, and be quick about it—and those keys, too," sharply ordered the official.

The man stood like a block of wood.

The detective stepped up to him and deliberately began a systematic search of his person.

"Here we are," he presently remarked as he drew from a pocket inside the man's shirt a small doekin pouch, a bitter curse leaping from Joyce's lips as the pouch came to light.

"Examine it, Spencer," said Cummings, as he tossed it to him.

The young man opened it and extracted a small ring of keys.

"Ah, skeletons!" chuckled the detective; "dandy ones, too. You know a good thing when you see it, Joyce. That looks as if you are an old hand at the business. And, Spencer"—as the young man brought forth and unfolded something wrapped in tissue-paper—"there is your cross of dewdrops—I hope none of them are missing."

The gentleman examined it carefully.

"No, it seems to be intact," he said.

"Guess you'd better call Mrs. Young to identify it—have Miss Elliot and the young ladies come, too, if you like," Mr. Cummings suggested.

Mr. Spencer hurried from the room, but soon returned with his mother, Miss Elliot, and his sisters following. Mrs. Young identified the cross and her daughters were also required to do so.

"Now, Miss Elliot," said the detective, turning to her, "may I ask you to go to your room, lift a tack from the corner of your carpet behind the bureau, and bring me a package you will find there?"

Joyce squirmed uncomfortably. Gertrude grew startlingly pale, and looked perplexed as she arose to obey.

Mrs. Young, sympathizing with her confusion, turned to her and kindly observed:

"I have not told you, but other things have been missed, and the last time Mr. Cummings was here to search—unknown to any one save myself—he found the package he now speaks of. By his advice it was left there to mislead the real culprit."

Gertrude looked relieved, and gave her a smiling nod to show that she comprehended the situation, and immediately left the room.

When she returned her cheeks were crimson and her eyes like black diamonds. Without a word she handed the package to the detective, who opened it and held the contents up before Joyce. The butler shrank visibly as he looked at the laces.

"Now, my man, *where are the furs*



*and other laces?"* thundered the officer in a voice that caused Josephine to spring from her chair with a startled cry, as if a tempest had literally burst in the room.

Joyce showed his teeth in an ugly grin, and shot a malignant glance at Gertrude.

"Ask the housekeeper—nobody else has had the freedom of the house," he

crime, and of your attempt to fasten it upon Miss Elliot. To put the case briefly, you took a dislike to her when she first came here, and tried to make it too hot for her to remain. But she didn't prove to be like the ordinary housekeeper, and something more radical must be tried. The furs disappeared while the family were absent—presumably during, or just after, the



*The man pounced upon it, and examined it critically.*

growled. "What would a *man* want of women's furs and laces?"

Gertrude flushed scarlet, then as suddenly lost every atom of color; but she made no attempt to defend herself against his insolent fling.

"Shut up! that kind of talk won't do," sternly commanded Mr. Cummings. "And you are only trying to fence," he went on. "But you have been under suspicion for some time, and now we have proof positive of your

cleaning of the storeroom which Miss Elliot personally superintended. You doubtless expected a storm would burst with the return of Mrs. Young, and that the housekeeper would be called to account and discharged. Nothing of the kind occurred, so to hurry up matters you pilfered the handkerchief and lace, hiding them in her room. This did not work, either, as you hoped it would, and you made a bolder move, stealing the cross and chain, which has



finally brought things to a climax. Now, for Heaven's sake, man, what possible motive could you have in trying to ruin a lady's character in such a dastardly way?" he concluded grimly.

Joyce threw up his head with a defiant air, and turned a fierce, vindictive face upon Gertrude.

"Because I *hate* her," he hissed through his closed teeth. "D'ye think I'd stand a girl like her settin' up to *boss me*—a man years older than herself, who knows his business a good deal better than she knows it? She threatened to bounce me at the very outset, and has meddled with me ever since. I'm no thief, spite of what you've found to-day; but I never get over a grudge till—*till I get even*, and I swore I'd cook her goose and shake her off her lofty perch before she'd been here—"

"Stop, sir!" Hugh Spencer here interposed, and aroused to a white heat of rage in view of the man's revolting malice and open insolence toward Gertrude. "You despicable cur! to persistently nurse a miserable grudge like that!" he went on, the words rushing forth in an indignant torrent. "Miss Elliot had the same authority over you that she had over every other servant, and in exercising it she was simply working for the interests of the family—doing her level best for every one concerned. Suppose she did call you down—'boss' you, as you expressed it; why should you hate her for doing her duty by holding you to yours? And what have you gained? You have brooded over and nourished a contemptible spite to the extent of committing wholesale robbery, becoming a criminal and forfeiting the confidence and respect of every one merely for the sake of gratifying a mean-spirited revenge. You are simply detestable! I wonder that you—"

All at once a violent shock went quivering through the man from head to foot, suddenly arresting the hot words on his lips; while, almost unconsciously, his glance shifted from the cowering butler to Gertrude, to find her gazing gravely at him, a strangely intent, com-

passionate expression in her great brown eyes. It was a shock appalling, terrible in its conviction; and if a voice had shrieked the words in his ears, or if Gertrude herself had shouted them aloud before them all, they could not have been more potent and significant, more overwhelming and withering than that voiceless, self-condemning charge—coming to his startled consciousness like the shrill note of a clarion trumpet—"Thou art the man!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

For the moment it seemed to Hugh Spencer that an electric current was playing over him from head to foot. Like a flash had come to him the picture of himself as the man who had called forth from some other consciousness the caustic terms and scathing contempt he had showered upon the hapless butler. He now saw himself, with his long-cherished grudge and persistent purpose of revenge against Robert Dexter, in the same intolerable and repulsive light.

"Thou art the man!" It came home to him with the force of a blow that nearly deprived him of breath—that seemed to scorch and sear and wither him. He had called Joyce "a despicable cur" and he himself was as black as he had painted this ignorant butler; morally, he was on a par with him. He, the aristocratic, cultured, fastidious Hugh Spencer, had also nursed a miserable grudge against another, who had simply done his level best, and so had won the interclass meet race in spite of his own mean trick to prevent him; then he had hated and plotted revenge against his victim, because his class, as well as others, had denounced him for the cowardly act.

This sudden revulsion of feeling against himself was almost paralyzing; he grew hot and cold by turns though there was not a vestige of color in his face; his very soul shrank back in repulsion, all the more abhorrent because he knew that Gertrude had also seen him in the same light—was even at that

moment gaging him according to his own estimate.

All this had occupied but a brief interval of time; it was like a flash of lightning flooding a darkened room, revealing everything in it to one sweeping glance of the eye; then Gertrude, her heart full of compassion for him, for she had indeed read his thought like a printed page, came to the rescue. Moving forward a step or two, she inquired:

"Mr. Cummings, may I speak to Joyce?"

"Certainly, Miss Elliot," was the courteous response.

She moved still nearer the man.

"Joyce," she began, "you have said you are no thief in spite of what has been found to-day. I, for one, believe you. I think you have allowed your unfortunate dislike for me to tempt you to desperate measures to drive me from the house. I suspect, as you have implied, that you would not steal furs and laces for yourself, and I would be glad to have you prove this. Where are those things, Joyce? If you can and will restore them, I am going to plead for leniency to be shown you."

When she first addressed him the man had fastened a savage look upon her; but as she proceeded an expression of blank amazement swept over his face until, finally, his eyes fell, and his head dropped upon his breast.

He was not the only one taken by surprise. Every other person in the room, save one, regarded her with silent astonishment. The exception was Miss Young, about whose delicately chiseled lips there hovered a scornful smile.

"Posing," was her mental comment, as she glanced from the housekeeper to her brother.

Gertrude waited a moment; then, as the butler still did not speak, she gently asked again:

"Where are the furs, Joyce?"

"Up in the attic, between the rafters and boarding, near the west window," he gruffly returned.

A shrill whistle burst from the lips of Mr. Cummings, who flushed a mor-

tified crimson; while Mrs. Young and her daughters relieved their anxious hearts with a long sigh of content. The Russian sables, the ermine set, with other treasures, were safe.

"Go and see," briefly commanded the detective, with a nod at Mr. Spencer, who, glad to get away with his own conflicting emotions, hurriedly left the room.

He was absent perhaps fifteen minutes, then returned bearing a box in his hands.

"There are fourteen parcels of furs, in linen cases, in the attic, and here, I surmise, is the box of laces," he remarked, as he passed it to his mother.

She seized it eagerly.

"Why," she exclaimed, as she observed the stout wrapper and label, "it has not even been opened, and if there are fourteen parcels of furs up-stairs none of them can have been taken. Joyce, have you meddled with anything else in the house?" she demanded, turning to him.

"I swear, by Heaven, I have not!" he replied.

"Then, Mrs. Young, cannot we save the man?" pleaded Gertrude, in eager tones.

"Really, Miss Elliot, your kind heart does you credit, but it would be a menace to the public to let him go. You forget that the cross was found on his person, and then those skeleton keys prove him to be an expert crook," Mr. Cummings objected. He did not at all relish surrendering his prisoner after all the time and hard work he had devoted to running him down.

"The keys belong to the house, sir," Joyce here interposed. "I found 'em in yonder curio cabinet, and I've never used anything of the kind before."

"Why, mama, they must be those that Mr. Tileston gave papa as a curiosity," Josephine here exclaimed.

She sprang to the cabinet, and, after looking it over carefully, continued: "They are not here—Hugh, let me see them," she concluded, holding out her hand for them.

"I am inclined to think you are right," he observed, as he passed them to her.

"Why, of course," said the girl. "There were five, and they are all here. The ring is bent, too—I remember it perfectly. It is strange you did not recognize them yourself," she concluded, as she gave them back to him.

"Well, then, that point is established," Mr. Cummings remarked, but looking somewhat crestfallen to have his theory, that the possession of the skeleton keys proved Joyce to be a professional crook, confuted. "All the same, the cross was found on him—you can't deny that was a theft and a criminal offense," he concluded, a note of irritation in his tones.

"Why did you keep the cross, Joyce? Were you going to try to sell the stones?" Gertrude inquired, as Mr. Cummings paused.

The man flushed hotly.

"No, Miss Elliot; the moment a stir was made about it I was going to pin it to some of your clothing, then put the keys back where I found 'em. There! you've got the whole story, now, and I hope you're satisfied—the whole thing was done just to get even with you," he concluded bitterly.

"I thought so," said Gertrude gravely.

"Well, in any case, he merits the extent of the law; and we'll see that he gets it, too—eh, Spencer?" said the detective indignantly.

Mr. Spencer was still very pale. He appeared to be thinking deeply, and did not at once reply. Finally he remarked:

"I think I would like to have a private talk with my mother about the matter before we go any further."

"All right—I'm agreeable; Mrs. Young certainly should have a voice in the case," Mr. Cummings returned.

"But first, I wish to ask you, Miss Elliot," the young man resumed, turning to her, "to please state your wishes. You have said you would plead that leniency be shown Joyce, if he would restore what he had taken; but he has attempted an incalculable wrong against you—he has *doubled* his crime in trying to fasten it upon you from motives of revenge. What shall we do with

him? What, in your opinion, would be right and just?"

Gertrude lifted her eyes and met the gaze of the man who, she knew, had a secret motive in thus asking her to pass judgment upon the butler; she knew that whatever sentence she passed upon Joyce he would accept it as condemnation of himself, also.

A faint glow overspread her face, and her white lids fluttered slightly, but her glance did not waver.

"If this crime had been fastened upon me and made public," she said, with a thrill of emotion in her voice; "if I had been arrested and brought to trial, I should feel justified in fully exposing Joyce and leaving him to his fate. I would have been forced to this to establish my own innocence. But this plot has been quietly exposed here, no knowledge of it has gone abroad, the articles taken have all been recovered; and, believing that the man's unreasonable grudge against me blinded him, for the time being, to the enormity of his crime, I would prefer, as far as I am personally concerned, not to prosecute him. Mr. Spencer, I would like to give him a chance to redeem himself."

"Redeem himself!" the detective here skeptically interposed. "Do you imagine he will ever do that?"

"Yes, I do," Gertrude positively affirmed, "especially as I happen to know that he has recently sent to England for his mother to come and let him make a home for her here. She is expected to arrive within a few days."

"You have sent for your mother, Joyce?" said Mrs. Young, her face suddenly softening, as she turned to the man.

"Yes, marm; I've hired two rooms in the village, and was going to furnish them; but I didn't suppose *she* knew anything about it," he faltered, as he glanced at Gertrude in surprise.

"Cook told me," she explained. "She said she was going to take her next afternoon out to help you get the place in order; and together we had planned to make a little feast and give you both a most hospitable house-warming on

the day of Mrs. Joyce's arrival. So, you see, Joyce, I cannot bear to have her come and find you in prison."

Gertrude did not wait to note the effect of her words. She had duties to attend to, and was anxious to get away to them; while she had said all she felt justified in saying in Joyce's behalf, she believed that Mr. Spencer, at least, would be moved to show him all possible leniency. With a low-toned "Excuse me," she slipped quietly from the room, praying that the coming mother's heart might not be broken when she stepped, a stranger, upon a foreign shore.

As the door closed after her, Joyce sank upon the nearest chair as humbled and wretched-looking a man as one would care to see, and bowed his face upon his manacled hands. Mr. Cummings walked to a window and drummed nervously with his fingers upon the sill; while Mr. Spencer, with a nod at his mother and sisters, opened the door for them to pass out, and followed them from the room.

At the end of half an hour he returned to the library, where he found Joyce, who had been subjected to a merciless catechizing from the detective, looking wofully dejected and almost ill from apprehension.

The young man himself appeared grave and oppressed, and had not yet regained his color.



*He found his wrists manacled with a pair of strong steel bracelets.*

"Joyce," he said, approaching the butler, "Mrs. Young has decided that, upon certain conditions and for your mother's sake, she will not continue proceedings against you. We have also agreed to protect you from exposure and do nothing to hinder you from getting another place—of course, you cannot remain here—if you will solemnly promise to keep straight from now on."

"I will, Mr. Spencer—I will." The man was trembling pitifully, and his voice was scarcely audible.

"Furthermore, as we have incurred a good deal of expense in having this affair worked up, you are to forfeit your last month's wages——"

"I'm willing to, sir; every dollar of it, and God bless you for letting me off; it would have killed the mother to have——have found me in—in prison."

Joyce broke down here utterly, and sobbed like a child.

"I hope you feel equally grateful to Miss Elliot," Mr. Spencer went on; and Cummings, watching him, wondered what ailed the man, for even his lips were hueless. "But for her you would not have received this clemency. We would not have spared you. The wrong you plotted against her was far greater than stealing furs, laces, and jewels from us. Think of it!—you deliberately attempted to ruin the character of an innocent woman to gratify a petty——" He paused suddenly and caught his nether lip between his teeth.

"I know it, sir," said the man, lifting a haggard face to him, "but I couldn't help it, sir. I was *born* with a hating devil in me. Ever since I can remember, if any one crossed me, I never could rest till I got even in some way, and I've grown worse as I've got older. I've done many a mean thing out of spite, but I never went to such a length—I never *stole* to get revenge before."

Hugh Spencer winced as he listened, remembering the "Spencer taint," while the admission "I've grown worse as I've got older" seemed to point to a yawning abyss upon the brink of which he himself had been standing.

"It was a silly, worn-out trick, as I said before; you played too deep a game and overreached yourself," the detective impatiently observed. "You're mighty lucky to get off like this, though, Joyce," he went on sternly; "it's too good for you, and I believe I would pull you in, even now, if it were not for forcing the ladies into a criminal court and making them unpleasantly conspicuous. But let me warn you, it will go hard with you if I ever find you in trouble again. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"Yes, sir," said Joyce humbly.

"You are to get away as quickly and quietly as possible," Mr. Spencer now enjoined. "If you are asked why you are going you can simply say you and I have had a falling out."

"I will, sir—thank you, sir," replied the man, rising to obey, whereupon Mr. Cummings, reaching forward, unlocked the handcuffs, and he was free. The next moment he was gone.

"By Jove! but this is an unusual proceeding, Spencer!" exclaimed the officer, as the door closed upon the butler, while he curiously studied the face of his companion.

Hugh Spencer moistened his dry lips and passed a cold hand across his forehead.

"Well," he said, after a slight pause, "as you have already implied, none of us cared to face the notoriety of a trial, let alone the expense of it, especially as we have recovered everything; while the thought of that old lady coming here, a homeless stranger, to find her son a convict, was more than my gentle-hearted mother could stand."

"It would have been tough, I admit; but such an ugly, vindictive cuss as Joyce confesses himself to be deserves no better fate. What's the matter?" the detective added, with the next breath. "Are you ill? You look like a ghost."

"I believe I'm not quite up to the mark to-day," the young man admitted, "and this affair has been—well, deuced unpleasant."

"True enough; and, on the whole, I'm rather glad, on Miss Elliot's account, that you've decided to keep it quiet. She's a magnificent girl, Spencer," Mr. Cummings broke forth, in a tone of admiration. "She is beautiful and a lady, and her religion doesn't seem to be of the 'eye-for-an-eye' and 'tooth-for-a-tooth' kind, either. I reckon I've learned more about the Sermon on the Mount to-day than I ever knew before. But it is time I was making tracks for New York," he concluded, glancing at his watch.

"Well, send your bill, and you shall



have a check by return mail," said Mr. Spencer.

"All right; though I would have been better satisfied if I could have caged my bird; and it was a tremendous facer to find the swag has been in the house all the time," he added, with a crestfallen air. "The rafters all being boarded over, I never thought of looking there for them. Good day." And with an uncomfortable shrug he took his departure.

Hugh Spencer watched him disappear, with a long breath of relief. Then he went directly to his own room and locked himself in.

An hour later the thoroughly humiliated butler quietly left the house, and during the afternoon an expressman called for his baggage. The rooms he had engaged for his mother were given up, and the town saw him no more, while, before the end of the week, a new man was installed in his place, the usual routine was resumed, and Gertrude, with a sense of freedom she had not known since coming to Kalmia Heights, found herself mistress of a very harmonious household.

She scarcely saw Hugh Spencer after that last dramatic scene in the library. Perhaps it was a case of mutual avoidance, or it may only have happened so; at any rate, he came and went in a very quiet way for a few days, then remained away altogether. Later, Mrs. Young informed her, in a casual way, that her son had become a partner in a New York publishing-house, and would, hereafter, be engaged in active business there.

He rejoined the family at Christmas, however, when a large party was entertained, and all day long the house resounded with fun and frolic, the exchange of merry greetings and numerous and costly gifts; but, beyond a somewhat constrained though most courteous salutation, he appeared to be unaware of the housekeeper's existence.

Gertrude received beautiful and expensive remembrances from each member of the family, Mr. Spencer excepted, and upon making this discovery and

finding her face burning hotly because of the omission, she became highly indignant with herself for having thought of him at all.

He returned to New York the next morning, and after New-year the family followed him to spend a month or more in social enjoyment in the city. Thus Gertrude was left alone again, except for the servants, and during the monotony that ensued she sometimes found herself lonesome and was conscious of a feeling that she had been unjustly deprived of her rightful place in the world.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

Early in March, one bright, crisp morning—crisp for southern California—two gentlemen were seated in the luxuriously appointed office of the Belmont Fruit-packing House, engaged in earnest conversation.

The younger held in his hand an open letter to which he occasionally referred as he talked. His companion listened attentively, but from time to time searched the other's face with a thoughtful, even wistful expression in his dark eyes.

These men were Robert Dexter and his friend Phillip Latimer, the latter the owner of the great estate from which many tons of fruits were annually shipped to different points of the United States, but principally to the East.

Young Dexter had changed greatly during his sojourn in the West. One would hardly have recognized him as the same person. He had grown stouter, more muscular, more manly. His eyes were bright and clear, his complexion healthful, his bearing more alert and self-reliant.

Phillip Latimer, his elder by five or six years, was of a totally different type. Tall, dark, quietly distinguished in appearance, with a face which possessed a wonderful charm of expression, one would intuitively have known that his was a brave, pure, strong character, one to be relied upon under all circumstances.

"So Miss Dexter is gone?" he grave-



ly observed in reply to some observation of Robert's.

"Yes; poor Aunt Margaret!" said the younger man, with a sigh, though a slight smile curved his lips. "She tried to be a mother to me according to her lights. I know she loved me—or thought she did; but she was a typical old maid, and didn't know how to manage children, particularly boys, and I was by no means a model child."

"She has certainly left a substantial testimonial of her affection for you."

"Yes, she has bequeathed me all her money, and father says there is a good deal more than he had any idea she possessed," replied young Dexter, glancing at his letter. "She was very close about her affairs, and managed everything for herself. She never spent any money, if she could help it; of course it cost her nothing to live, as she always lived with us after my mother died, and—and you know how she dressed."

Latimer gave vent to a quiet laugh of amusement.

"Yes, she was somewhat *outré* in her appearance, I admit, and seemed blissfully indifferent to the speech of polite society on account of it; but she was very bright and interesting—keen as a brier, too, at repartee. I am truly glad you have had such a windfall, Robert. Does Mr. Dexter wish you to come home to help settle the estate?"

"He says that will not be absolutely necessary, but, at the same time, there are matters he would be glad to talk over with me."

"And *talking* things over is so much more satisfactory than writing back and forth," said Latimer musingly. Then, after a moment, he broke forth: "Robert, how would you like to manage the wholesale house in New York?"

Young Dexter bent an astonished look upon his friend.

"What are you thinking of, Phillip, to suggest such a thing?" he demanded. "I am a comparative greenhorn at the business, as you very well know."

"You have mastered a great deal during the ten months you have been with me," said his friend. "You have taken to the business as a duck takes to water.

Our interests have been badly handicapped in New York by Jameson, the manager's, death, and——"

"Had he no assistant who can step into his place?" interposed Robert.

"Forbes is the only one who is really competent to take charge; but his year will be up in May, and he has given notice—has bought a farm in Genesee County."

"But what will you do here?"

"You have trained Wells right up to the mark during your régime, and I believe he will drop into the traces nicely. I have been thinking all this over very seriously ever since receiving the telegram about Jameson last week," Latimer gravely returned.

"Phillip, I don't know what to say," Robert remarked, after a thoughtful pause. "I like it here, I like the business—it and you have been my salvation. I have begun to realize what it means to be a man, and—the break with you will not be easy. Still, my father is now alone, and I don't like the idea of his breaking up his home at his age, as he hints of doing; while, too, there are some matters in connection with this legacy to which I *would* like to give my personal attention."

"I think you had better go," Latimer observed, with an air of decision. "I am confident you can manage that end of the concern; you have shown yourself unusually alert and capable here, you are a fine accountant, and, most important of all, I have confidence in you that I could not have in a stranger."

Young Dexter shot a quick, searching glance at his friend, and colored crimson.

Latimer bent forward and said impressively: "Robert Dexter, don't you ever do that again. Never recall errors repented of and outgrown. With the experiences you have had and your change of thought, you could no more repeat those errors than you could reverse your physical development. Now, let this be the last time we ever refer to those dreams of the past. You shall have this position, if you will accept it, and the same salary Jameson received,

with the understanding that you can have an interest in the business at the beginning of another year, if you wish."

"I made a fizzle of the business my father established me in," Robert remarked, in a doubtful tone.

"You are raking over those dreams again," retorted his companion, with a laugh. "You were not adapted to that business, for one thing. I'm not afraid you will make a fizzle of this."

The younger man arose and stretched out an unsteady hand to his friend.

"Phillip Latimer," he said, with visible emotion, "you are the grandest fellow on earth. Don't you suppose I understand that you are giving me the opportunity of my life? I will go and do my best for you and myself—I will try to prove myself worthy of your confidence."

"I shall miss you, Rob," returned the other, gripping his hand hard. "We have taken solid comfort together here in our bachelor home, and I am not letting you go without some very selfish twinges. However"—in a lighter tone—"I intend to slip across to New York myself during the dull season. It is a long time since I visited my native State, and I think I am entitled to a vacation."

Robert lifted a quizzical glance to the fine face beside him.

"Possibly you may find some one there willing to return with you to fill, more acceptably, the vacant chair I shall leave behind me," he dryly observed.

Latimer laughed. He did not try to fence.

"That remains to be seen. I am going to try—not to fill *your* chair but another," he frankly admitted.

Two weeks later Robert Dexter and his father were engaged in earnest conversation in the private office of the latter where a table was littered with papers which they had evidently been examining.

Mr. Dexter was looking well and hearty. His eyes were bright with the vigor of a man at his best both physically and mentally, and a look of su-

preme content rested upon his face as he conversed with his son.

"It is mighty good of you, Rob," he was saying in a tone that was not quite steady, "but I don't like to—"

"Good!" repeated the young man with a touch of bitterness. "I am only too glad of an opportunity to prove that I am not utterly devoid of filial affection, and if Aunt Marg's money will help you to square yourself with Gertrude you are more than welcome to it."

"It would a little more than do that," replied Mr. Dexter; "that is, it would more than replace what I used for speculation. That railroad stock that slumped just after her father died I believe will also take a jump one of these days—at any rate, I've held on to it. It would be a great load off my heart if I could put Gertrude back where she rightly belongs; but it goes against me to deprive you of your inheritance."

"I am better off without it," was the earnest response; "at least, I will have a clearer conscience, for up to less than a year ago I never was anything but a heavy bill of expense to you. Besides, when you have handed this money over to Gertrude, I shall feel as if I could look her in the face once more."

"Do you mean—" began Mr. Dexter, when his son interrupted him.

"Do I mean to propose to her again—ask her to give me back my fortune with her hand? I hardly think I have cheek enough for that; but, conscious that I am in a fair way to build up an honorable future for myself and with our family slate clean, as far as she is concerned, I can at least be on a friendly footing with her, and it means a great deal to have a girl like Gertrude Elliot for a friend, don't you know?"

"You have got over the old wound sufficiently to regard her simply as a friend?" queried his father, searching his face curiously.

The young man flushed.

"I can't say that—yet, I should have to see her first," he frankly returned. "All the same, even if I was sure I would not be turned down a second time, you know I could not ask her to marry me now."



*"I don't know what to do with all this money."*

"I see," said his father, but he sighed regretfully. He was fond of Gertrude, and in spite of all that had occurred he had treasured a secret hope that some day she would come more closely into his life as a daughter.

"Well," he presently resumed, "with this matter settled, I shall be a free man once more, and I have a number of cases on hand that will give me quite a lift toward regaining a competency. My son, we have both had a pretty severe lesson on the ethics of business relations; at times I am overwhelmed when I look back."

"Latimer would tell you not to look back in that way; that mistakes, right-

ly regarded, become stepping-stones to something better," quoted Robert.

"I—see," said Mr. Dexter, catching his thought. "That is right, too, provided we don't repeat the mistakes. Latimer is a fine fellow."

"He is another volume of Gertrude, only differently bound. He is coming on later, and I want them to meet."

"They might make a congenial pair," said Mr. Dexter.

Robert laughed.

"That would be like hoarding untold gold in a single receptacle, when it should be having freer circulation for the benefit of the world at large. But speaking of hoarding," he interposed,

"where do you suppose Aunt Marg got all that money? Coming to light as it does just now, when it is so much needed, seems to me more like a fairy-tale than a fact in real life."

"I am sure I don't know," replied his father. "She had her share of the estate when our mother died—about ten thousand dollars. Later she lost her fiancé, who left her four or five thousand more. This she put into a telephone company; so we can account for a certain portion of what she left. How she managed to pile up the rest is a puzzle to me, for she never talked business with me. She was a shrewd one, though."

"That goes without saying; and now, father, you fix things up with Gertrude as soon as you like—I will sign all papers whenever they are ready. Now I must be off."

He arose, took up his hat, and went out, leaving Mr. Dexter too deeply moved even to apply himself to the business before him.

A few days later Daniel Dexter paid Gertrude a call. He made the simple statement that his sister had left a good deal more property than he had any idea she possessed, and he was thus able to restore to her, with interest, every dollar that he had lost in speculation. Robert had insisted that his agency in the matter was not to be mentioned.

"I am so glad for you, Mr. Dexter," Gertrude said, with a beaming face, on recovering from her surprise, "for I know what a burden this has been to you, and you do seem greatly relieved; really, I believe you look years younger," she added, sweeping his animated countenance with happy eyes.

"Well, are you not glad on your own account, also—that you can now be released from your menial position?" he questioned, a trifle disappointed that she did not seem more elated over her good fortune.

Gertrude laughed out brightly.

"Menial!" she repeated, "surely, my friend, you do not mean to imply that I have been degraded by my work! It has been honorable, it has made me independent, and I have really enjoyed

it, in many respects, and now I am not sure but I shall feel like the man who drew the elephant in a lottery—I don't know what to do with all this money."

"Well, the telephone stock is all right as it is; the remainder I would like to see invested where it will pay you good interest," the lawyer replied.

"Then, Mr. Dexter, won't you please take care of it for me? You are in a way to know about such things, and I—"

"Gertrude!" faltered the man, flushing a startled crimson at this evidence of her confidence in him.

She glanced at him in surprise, then colored, also.

"Oh, why will you persist in condemning yourself for what has all been blotted out?" she said sorrowfully. "And can't you understand there is no one else with whom I would feel so free and easy in talking over business matters? Now, just put this money where, in your estimation, it will safely give me a good income, arrange to have it paid in quarterly instalments, and then I shall not have any trouble with it."

"I do not deserve this from you, my child; but, let me tell you, it means a great deal to me," he returned, with visible emotion.

"Then I am sure you will do as I ask and relieve me of the care of my elephant," she laughingly retorted. "And now tell me," she went on, anxious to change the subject, "has Robert really come home to remain? I heard the young ladies talking about it yesterday. You know, perhaps, that they met him during their visit to Mr. Latimer's ranch last fall."

"Yes, Robert wrote me at the time, and he is really home to stay. It is such a comfort to me. Latimer has sent him to take the place of their manager at this end, who died a few weeks ago," Mr. Dexter explained, adding: "Now we shall remain in the old home, which I had planned to break up, it seemed so large and dreary for one lone man. Robert has a good salary; and as my own business prospects are brightening, we feel justified in going

on as in the past. By the way, did you ever meet Phillip Latimer, Gertrude?"

"No, but the Misses Young speak very highly of him."

"He is one of the faithful, too," said Mr. Dexter, a gleam of mischief in his eyes.

"One of the faithful? What do you mean?"

"Oh, one of the 'be-ye-perfect,' 'think-no-evil,' 'love-your-neighbor-as-yourself' kind," was the smiling rejoinder; "and Robert has come home primed with it, also, to a certain extent. So, you see, my child, that between you and Phillip it looks as if a good deal of sunshine is destined to come into my future."

Gertrude's eyes suddenly suffused, his tone was so tenderly grateful, his face so full of hope and peace.

"I am very glad," was all she could say.

"And now, my dear," he presently resumed, "since you are henceforth to have an adequate income, I trust you will soon find a more congenial home for yourself; you certainly will not remain in your present position."

Gertrude looked thoughtful. "No, that will not be necessary. But I promised Mrs. Young I would remain with her for another six months, beginning with January; so I feel bound to hold to the contract, which will keep me here until June. Meantime, I believe I will be shown what I am to do next. But please, Mr. Dexter, do not say anything of the change in my circumstances to any one. I prefer not to become conspicuous in any way at present."

He promised he would not until she gave him permission, then, after discussing one or two more points of business, he took an affectionate leave of her, and returned to his office.

TO BE CONCLUDED.



#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

**H**OW to keep a servant-girl—Employ a friend of the policeman on the beat.  
 How to reduce your gas-bill—Spend your evenings at the neighbor's.  
 How to keep hair from falling—Pin it on tight.  
 How to keep hubby home—Burn his wooden leg.  
 How to save time—Drop it in a bank.  
 How to get rid of your mother-in-law—Move out.  
 How to prepare a lobster—Call him up by phone.  
 How to get rid of weeds—Marry again.  
 How to cure insomnia—Pay your bills.  
 How to have a good complexion—Buy it.  
 How to remove paint—Back up against it before it is dry.



#### TAKING NO CHANCES.

**N**OTICING, not without some wonderment, that the farmer was pouring the lacteal fluid directly from the milking-pails into the cans destined for the city trade, we said to him: "My dear sir, have you not forgotten to strain the milk?"

"No," he growled, "I haven't forgotten. I've only remembered that those pesky particular city inspectors would swear the milk was injured if it got strained."



# THE OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL IN NEW YORK



by **GRACE MARGARET GOULD**

**F**OR once the out-of-town girl looked about dismayed instead of enraptured on reaching New York. It was a torrid, sultry day, such as only a crowded metropolis in August can produce. The white, unshaded pavements glared fiercely; the heat shimmered sickeningly through the moist and heavy air; many of the shop-windows had their curtains drawn; in other of the shops the clerks were taking account of stock in a lackadaisical way.

Crowded? Oh, yes. For one cannot conceive of an empty New York. But where were the light and flash and glitter, the chic girls, the richly clad dames embodying all the beauties and glories of wealth?

"Of all things, a friend in sight! I am more astonished than Robinson Crusoe on his desert isle," cried a merry voice. And the out-of-town girl turned to recognize with delight the daughter of one of New York's merchant princes, who had been her school chum.

"I came here to see and hear about all the new ideas," she explained rather lamely. "But it is all so strange and different. This isn't my New York."

"It isn't any one's New York who is of any account," protested her friend. "This is only the cocoon—the butterfly of fashion has flown away to enjoy the sunlight while it may. The New York that you and I love, the one that is our example and teacher, is off on its vacation in the mountains and woods, on the beaches and high seas. My particular New York is up in the Berkshires—I

ran away from it on business this morning, and I am hurrying back to it this afternoon. Won't you come with me and find it? If you do, your August trip will not be in vain. All the girls of my set are there. You really must, for if you want to know what New York thinks and does, you must ask her girls, you know."

A few hours later the out-of-town girl found the truth of these words as she was introduced to a merry little coterie of young people at



*The latest black note in a costume—black ribbon neck-chain and watch as pendant.*





*Silvery gray voile gown, trimmed with cut-out designs from a crepe scarf. This was not only a modified Princess costume, but a memory gown, too.*

her friend's Lenox home. New fads greeted her in such rapid succession that she would have given worlds for a

note-book and a chance to jot down just a suggestion to help along her memory later on. And as for new fashions, they simply charmed her.

She had heard of the black note appearing in so many of the latest costumes, so that she was quick to spy a touch of black introduced in the cleverest and most novel way in the costume of one of the prettiest girls that she met that first evening. The girl's frock was of tan cluny lace, and the black note appeared in a necklet. Odd idea, wasn't it? The girl wore about her neck a very narrow black moire ribbon, which was caught here and there with the daintiest of little platinum buckles studded with diamonds. Dangling from the ribbon neck-chain in front was what appeared to be a round pendant of black enamel studded with diamonds to form a daisy. But in reality it was one of the very new and very thin watches.

To the out-of-town girl it was an entirely new way to wear a watch; and it certainly introduced a fashion that she had never heard of before.

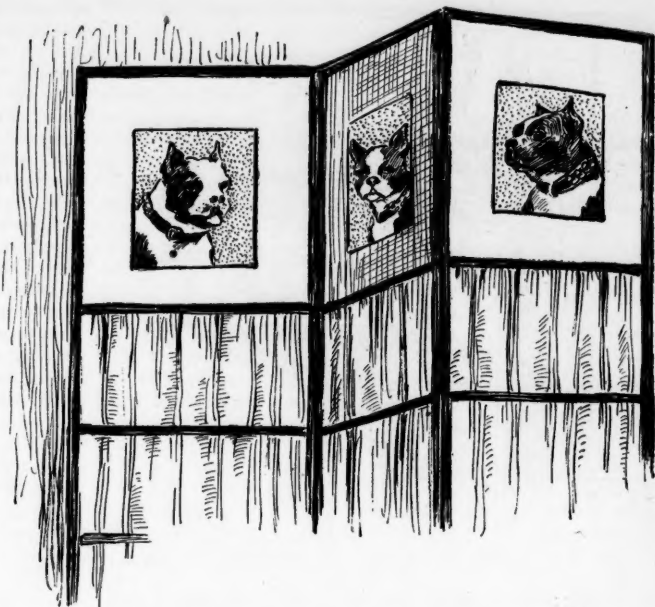
Of course every girl cannot afford diamond-studded watches and ribbon neck-chains which glitter with a sparkle of real gems, but our out-of-town girl, who is always quick to get a suggestion for herself from the fads of her rich friends, thought at once of the possibility of the ribbon neck-chain, and of how pretty it would look in different light colors worn with a white gown. As a substitute for the diamond buckles, she might use silver ones studded with rhinestones.

The out-of-town girl, being a privileged character, had what might be termed a private view before dinner that first afternoon of her arrival of her hostess' new summer frocks. The gown which she picked out as just the loveliest ever, and the one she wanted her friend to wear that night at dinner, was a modified Princess frock

as just the loveliest ever, and the one she wanted her friend to wear that night at dinner, was a modified Princess frock

of silvery gray silk voile. The front of the dress was decorated with old lace medallions, the center of each being a delicate, filmy rose in a shade of Nattier blue. The gown was made with a deep yoke of the same old lace that formed the medallions, embroidered in an irregular design with shaded silk threads in very soft, dull shades of blue. Folds of gray chiffon outlined the yoke, caught with dull silver buckles set with rhinestones and imitation sapphires. A soft gray satin messaline girdle broke the Princess lines at the sides and back of the frock, which was, indeed, a most exclusive French creation.

Of course the out-of-town girl was most enthusiastic in her praise of it, and she asked all sorts of questions as to where it came from, etc. To her astonishment she heard that her friend liked this particular gown better than all her others, and that she had a very special reason for her preference. It seems, so the whispered story went, as one girl confided to the other, that among her many dress accessories the rich New York girl had a scarf of some filmy crape fabric, which, for reasons all her own, had a host of happy memories connected with it. It was a mere bit of gauze; and of course no matter how she tried to treasure it, wear out



*New idea for a screen—used in the dog den in a Lenox country house.*

it would. Now this scarf happened to have for its design the most artistic-looking blue roses so soft in their shade that they seemed almost blurred in effect; and these were the roses that gave the charm to the frock which our out-of-town girl said was the very loveliest of the whole creation. They had been carefully cut out from the scarf, mounted on blue chiffon the same shade, and used as the center of the lace medallions. Here's a new way to treasure a memory and help along the association of ideas, to say nothing of giving a hint to the out-of-town girl as to how to use to advantage a printed chiffon scarf the worse for long wear, or a waist of all-over embroidery, or lace where the motifs were good but the foundation worn.

Now that old-fashioned chintz is regarded in high favor in Paris, very novel and pretty trimming effects may be easily carried out by the clever girl merely by cutting out the flower design



*The mantel in the delft den.*

in chintz; say a little bunch of pink roses, for instance, and appliquéing them upon an oval or square of black satin or black lace, and then using them to give the French touch to perhaps just a home-made frock.

Since draperies on the fichu and pelerine order are now the mode of the hour, very lovely ones can be made of white chiffon cloth laid in tucks at the shoulders, having the fulness caught in at the waist-line with a medallion of black satin appliquéed with a chintz flower, using perhaps a single pink rose; and then from the medallion have a cluster of pink ribbon velvet loops dangle.

In looking over her friend's wardrobe, the out-of-town girl was aghast at the number of pairs of gloves that she saw. And such gloves as they were. Any number of them were of silk. Perhaps the gloves which appealed to the out-of-town girl the most were of black silk, with the long arm portion exquisitely embroidered. She learned a little fad connected with these gloves, too; for it seems that the smart girls

of fashion are very particular these days to have the embroidery on their gloves match the flowers on their hats. If, for instance, they wear a leghorn hat garland with pink roses, then their long black silk gloves are embroidered in pink rosebuds.

A very charming black and white effect was introduced in a long pair of black silk gloves embroidered in white silk daisies; and with these gloves, the out-of-town girl was told, were worn the most exquisite of bracelets. Each bracelet was a circle of daisies, the petals made of baroque pearls shaped to form the

petals of the real flower, while the center of each daisy was gold.

The out-of-town girl appropriated two ideas from her first dinner at her friend's Lenox home. One was just a new way of serving canteloupe. Melons were the first course of the dinner. Instead of appearing in their usual way—just half of a melon banked with ice being served to each guest—the melon was taken from the rind and served in the high grape-fruit glasses. A green feathery vine was wound around the standard of each grape-fruit glass, and the pieces of melon, of course, rested upon shaved ice. A rather unusual way of serving canteloupe, the out-of-town girl thought, and one quite worth copying.

The other novelty was a place-card idea; and this was surely far away from the conventional. At each guest's plate was the dearest, cutest little hand-painted paper doll, the sight of which made you want to be a little girl at the doll age again in a hurry. The standard for each dolly was the name-card.

The out-of-town girl in her search

for new ideas never before had found so many collected together as in this big Lenox country house. Everywhere she turned she saw something new to delight her. Her own room, to begin with, was the loveliest she had ever dreamed of. It was known as the pink rose cretonne room. Not only was the furniture covered with cretonne, but the walls and the ceiling. The oval mirror and the dressing-table were framed in cretonne; and the top of the table where the toilet articles were placed was of glass, with cretonne beneath it. Even the lamp-shade on the lovely old pewter lamp was of cretonne. The design of the roses on the shade were much smaller than those used for the wall-paper and ceiling, while the edge of the shade was finished with a pink bead fringe. The room looked like a bower of pink roses. There was also a yellow cretonne guest-room in the house, and a blue one, which were equally lovely.

In her hostess' own room, which was in green and white, the out-of-town girl spied a lamp-shade which she specially liked; and surely it was simple enough and inexpensive enough to grace a much more humble home. It was made of sheer lingerie lawn over delicate green silk; the lawn was cut in a large circle full enough to fall in soft folds; and it had a deep scalloped edge finished with a fall of lace, which was knife-plaited. This dainty shade was strapped in sections, with green ribbon-

run beading. Where the ribbon reached the plaited edge it appeared in the form of a rosette. Insets of lace were used at regular intervals to form the lawn portion of the shade. The top of the shade was finished with a band of shirred green ribbon. Underneath the shade was a fixture of isinglass to support it.

The out-of-town girl went into ecstasies over her friend's den, which was right off her beautiful green-and-white bedroom. It seemed to be a room of just dogs and books; and in coloring was green and brown. In talking of her den, the girl who designed it said: "The two things I love best in all the world are dogs and books, and why shouldn't I have them around me in the room I want for rest and seclusion?"

The walls of the room were lined with low bookcases. In the way of decoration there were a few fine old pieces of gleaming copper and brass—loving-cups, tankards, and candlesticks. But the big round jardinière, in which a



*A pewter lamp with a cretonne shade.*



*A dainty lamp-shade of lingerie lawn, lace and ribbons.*

Boston fern was growing, was decorated with dogs' heads in bas-relief. The walls were covered only with dog pictures; and a screen, which was one of the most novel features of the room, had a series of dogs' heads, each a fine painting in itself, forming the upper part. That her dogs were allowed to make themselves comfortable in this room was apparent at a glance. For when the out-of-town girl first saw this interesting den there were four of them occupying the room, and it looked as if they knew full well the meaning of solid comfort.

It interested the out-of-town girl to see that there were no single guest-rooms in this wonderful country house. The rooms for the guests were in suites, some just a bedroom, dressing-room, and bath, but the majority had, in addition to the bedroom and little dressing-room, a den. For the men were smoking-rooms with open fires, leather couches, and plenty of books; while for the women guests different ideas were carried out. One den was a most artistic little delft room, with everything in delft blue and white. Another was a baby-room, with the coloring baby-blue and pale-pink, and the pictures all showing the sweetest and dearest of babies.

It was some years ago the out-of-town girl learned that to be a desirable guest for a house-party a knowledge of bridge was most necessary. No matter how deficient you might be in other things, bridge you must know. Though the Lenox coterie had many varying diversions, bridge seemed never slighted. Lawn and porch bridge-parties were very often the order of the day. Soon after the arrival of our out-of-town girl, her hostess gave a bridge-party which had many novel features. The game was preceded by a heart-luncheon, where everything possible was in the shape of a heart, and where the color scheme was red. The suit of hearts was used as place-cards for the luncheon, with the name of each guest written on each card. The card was cut and tied with ribbons to sprays of red poppies. The ices were served in the form of card-shaped bricks of vanilla ice-cream, decorated with small red-heart candies placed upon each ice-cream card to match the number of hearts shown on the place-card. For instance, the guest of honor at the right of the hostess had the ace of hearts as her place-card and as the decoration for her ice-cream, and the rest followed in regular order, running from ace to ten.

*Hand-painted paper dolls as place-cards.*





# MISS ANN MONTGOMERY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT

BY  
MARGARET  
PRESCOTT  
MONTAGUE



ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. BRIDGE

**I**T was Miss Ann Montgomery's twenty-third birthday. She paced up and down the long drawing room of Grey Mount, pausing now and again before the windows, to glance at the autumn blaze of coloring that lighted up all the mountainsides—for Miss Ann's birthday fell in October.

Miss Ann was deep in thought, therefore she walked, for in this manner she was wont to assist meditation. Her bearing as she walked thus was erect and graceful, and the long lines of her figure were very beautiful. In her hand she held a telegram, at which she glanced idly now and again, though she was already very well aware of its contents.

"Shall arrive Tuesday afternoon," it ran, "on three o'clock train," and it was signed "Philip Dangerfield."

That was all it said, but it meant very much more than that. Doubtless it meant that Philip Dangerfield was going to do again what he had done regularly on every one of Ann's birthdays since, and including, her eighteenth—namely, request her acceptance of his hand, his heart, and all his oil fields—no inconsiderable trifles, these last. All this was so very sure to Miss Ann, that in her mind there was no question as

to what Philip Dangerfield's telegram meant; the question was: What should her answer be?

As she paced up and down, with the gentle swish, swish, of her skirts, and the meditative look in her delicate face, she went over in her mind the other birthdays since Philip had become a tangible consideration in her existence. First there was her eighteenth. That was her day of days. The world was to her at eighteen what it should be to every young thing—a very wonderful and delightful place. Was it any wonder, then, that Ann had laughed in her heart that night when her party was all over, and Philip, privileged as an old friend, had stayed after all the others were gone, and in a space when they were alone together had offered her one more birthday present—himself?

At eighteen Miss Ann had dreams that somewhere in the world waited her affinity, and at the appointed time the curtain would go up and reveal him on his matchless steed, or, perhaps, in his automobile, for girls' dreams must keep pace with the times. Therefore it was absurd to suppose that Philip Dangerfield, whom one had known almost all one's life, and who was more interested in oil wells than



he was in matchless steeds or automobiles, could possibly be the affinity, the ideal, the One and Only.

To do her justice, Ann's laughter had all been in her heart; to Philip himself she had been very kind, and he had taken away with him the vision of a slip of a girl in a soft white dress, with a half dozen yellow chrysanthemums clasped loosely in her arms, and a registered vow to try his luck on every one of her birthdays until—well, until something happened.

On the nineteenth birthday it was the same thing over again—still an impossible idea to Ann, still a hopeful one to Philip.

Her twentieth birthday Ann spent abroad. Philip could not get away from business to go to her in person, but his letter came to her timed for the right day. Was it likely that a letter would move her when personal pleading had failed to do so? Besides, who would exchange Paris for prospective oil fields? Also, there were others—indeed, a good many others. No one of them, to be sure, the ideal, but still others who served to give spice to single blessedness.

It is a far cry for a girl from eighteen to twenty-one, and at twenty-one Ann no longer laughed in her heart at Philip. She even felt sorry for him when she said no. She had come to realize that in it all there might be heartaches for him.

At twenty-two Ann felt a little sorry for herself. There were still others, and, in all probability, would be for a reasonable number of years to come, and there was always Philip, but the curtain had not rolled up, the affinity had not arrived, and in her heart of hearts Ann had begun to doubt if such a person existed.

And now it was her twenty-third birthday, and she was giving Philip Dangerfield a more serious attention than she had ever bestowed upon any man. Several events in the past months had served to bring Philip into unusual prominence, and to show him to her in a new light. In the first place, there had been a strike among Philip's

oil workers—a strike which he had managed in an unusual manner, showing an understanding of human nature beyond the ordinary. The papers took it up; men talked about him—men who knew about things and spoke with authority—some in praise of his line of action, some in violent condemnation; but, whether in praise or condemnation, all spoke of him as a man to be taken into account. Then a wave of reformation swept over the city in which Philip lived. At first Philip was only one among several men who were its leaders, yet before it was over it was called Dangerfield's reformation. These things made Ann realize the possibility that Philip, the ever-delightful and charming—nay, brilliant companion, might, perhaps, be something more, as well.

To do her justice, the praise of other people was not what she greatly regarded, but the attention which he was attracting from others made her look at him in a new light. If what was said of him were true, then Philip Dangerfield was a different man from what she had always supposed him to be. At eighteen she had believed that she knew him thoroughly. Docketed and labeled, as it were, then, she had not until recently seen any reason to change her original opinion of him. Now she asked herself if she had been wrong in her first impressions, or if the years from twenty-five to thirty made as much difference to a man as those from eighteen to twenty-three did to a girl. In short, Miss Ann had brought from the recesses of her mind her preconceived idea of Philip Dangerfield, and was reconsidering it. The question was: Should he be again labeled and put back, to be lost once more in the obscurity of classification?

Suddenly, as Ann paced back and forth, she paused before a long mirror and regarded her reflection critically. Certainly the frock she wore was undeniably pretty, but was it the most effective? Always well gowned, it was a fact worthy of note that this was the first time in their intercourse that Ann had felt a desire to dress particu-

larly for Philip. She hesitated a little longer before the mirror, then went upstairs slowly, and shamefacedly chose a dress of faintest green in color, and of an exquisite shimmering softness. This she put on; and, as her only ornaments, she wore, caught here and there in her dress, five little gold pins in the shape of maple leaves, delicately colored in autumn tints. There had been one of these little pins on each birthday since her eighteenth, and they had always seemed to Ann particularly graceful little gifts—she had never denied Philip the ability to do the appropriate thing. Autumn leaves seemed especially fitting jewelry for her month of October. It was like Philip to remember these things; and Ann also had reason to know that a certain ring set with an opal—her birth stone—only waited the lifting of her finger. Should she

lift it that day? In all truth Ann did not herself know. She stood a moment before her mirror when she was dressed, and asked herself the question without obtaining any satisfactory answer.

Intent on her toilet, Ann had not heeded the flight of time, and suddenly she was startled by hearing the stroke of five.

Five, and Philip's train was due at three! Surely it must be very late. The two-mile drive from the station never took more than half an hour. Startled by the lateness, Ann hastily descended to make inquiries. In the

hall she met her father; his look alone was enough to assure her that something was wrong.

"What is it—what has happened?" she exclaimed, breathlessly.

"Don't be frightened," he answered; "it's probably not half as bad as it seems."

"What is it?" she persisted.

"I sent Edwards down with the dog-cart to meet Philip Dangerfield, and he's just phoned up to say Philip's train went through a bridge six miles west of here. They don't know how serious it

is yet. I'll phone the moment I find out anything."

In a moment he was gone, flinging himself into the waiting trap at the door, and Ann was alone. The world seemed spinning round with her, and she caught at the back of a chair to steady herself. For a space she stood thus



"Ann, I have something to say to you."

stunned by the realization, then she crept slowly back into the drawing room, once more to walk up and down; but now she walked because she could not keep still, and every now and again she wrung her little hands feverishly.

If he were dead! Somehow she had never considered death in connection with Philip. He was always so strong, so obviously alive. Once she caught her reflection in the long mirror, and a sudden surge of anger against herself swept over her as she remembered the question she had put to her reflection, standing before the mirror in her own room, such a short little time before.

With a sudden realization and decision that disaster occasionally brings, she asked herself fiercely now how she had ever doubted the state of her feelings toward Philip.

Oh, why, *why*, had she not said yes long ago, instead of being led away by a will-o'-the-wisp dream of an ideal? So she walked up and down in an agony, her shimmering green dress trailing behind her, and all the time the old mocking rhyme sang itself in her ears with a quite sinister inflection:

She who will not when she may,  
When she will she shall have nay.

It seemed ages, though it was not really more than a few hours, before the telephone rang, and, running to it, she heard her father's reassuring voice:

"Philip's all right. Not a scratch. We'll be up in a little while. Yes, an awful accident; tell you all about it when we get home, no time now."

Ann put down the receiver with a glad, warm rush of exaltation. Philip was safe, and she knew, she knew beyond a shadow of doubt, what her answer to him would be. Yet, when her father and Philip at length arrived, in very fear lest he should guess her secret, her manner toward the latter was almost cold, scarcely as warm as it should have been for any old friend who had narrowly escaped death.

That evening during dinner Ann was unusually silent; the rush of new ideas that had come to her in connection with Philip was enough to keep her so.

The conversation meandered on without her aid, and she found it an excellent opportunity to study Philip. Halfway through dinner it occurred to her that she was regarding him for the first time as a man, independent of herself. Heretofore she had always considered him in the light of her lover. Looked at thus, irrespective of herself, his strong personality shone out wonderfully, and she began to see what had carried him to the front. Though her father and brothers were men above the ordinary, unconsciously he dominated them all. And Ann realized that if she married this man, hence-

forth he, and not she, would be the leader, and she exulted in the realization of his force.

But it was a little later, with the arrival of the dessert, that the curtain rolled up and Ann awoke to a still further knowledge. It came to her as suddenly as she had always dreamed it would, yet the revelation was astoundingly unexpected. Looking at Philip Dangerfield in this new light independent of his love for her, it dawned upon Ann Montgomery that her ideal, for whom she had waited and dreamed, had always been at hand, in the person of Philip Dangerfield; that he, the new Philip, or, rather, Philip seen with new eyes, was the man, her affinity, the ideal; and she rose from the table with the rest, trembling and shaken with the excitement of her discovery.

After dinner it was not long before Philip and she were alone together. The family perfectly understood Philip's annual visits, and, as he was a favorite with them all, they befriended his suit as best they could. Therefore, upon one pretext and another, they each drifted away.

Ann was extremely excited, and she had never been so happy before in her life. Her eyes were very bright and dark, and two little spots of color burned in her cheeks. He had done it so many times that she knew just how he would begin, and she rejoiced in the prospect of his happiness as well as her own.

But Philip seemed in no hurry to begin, and presently it struck Ann that his manner toward her was unusual and constrained. He talked feverishly and disjointedly, skipping from one topic to another, and it was late before he at length said, with a slight effort:

"Ann, I have something to say to you."

Ann felt the blood leap to her cheeks, and now that it had come she longed to escape. But she only sat quite still and waited, her head turned a little from him.

"Ann," he said again, and he spoke somewhat uncertainly, "I want to tell you—to tell you of my engagement."

For one second Ann's heart stood still, then with a bound it went on again in great racing leaps. For just that time she was stunned; then all her pride came flooding back, and she took fierce hold upon herself. Easily, naturally, she turned to Philip.

"Why, Philip!" she exclaimed, with just the right amount of surprise. Then she held out her hand. "I hope you will be very, very happy," she said cordially. "Is it announced yet?"

"Not yet," he answered. "I wanted you to know first of all."

"Thank you," she said. "I am glad you told me first, we've always been such friends."

"Such friends," he repeated, "and we might have been more, Ann, if you would only——"

"But now you see how right I was," she cut in quickly and lightly, horrified at the ground she had inadvertently trodden upon.

"Please tell me all about her," she said.

Philip began eagerly, and for a difficult half hour Ann listened to the praises of that other girl.

"And you will be a friend to her, Ann?" he begged. "She's lived in a small town all her life, and when we come to the city"—he lingered maddeningly over the "we"—"it will all seem awfully big and lonesome, and I am counting on you to make it easier for her."

"Yes, yes; of course I will," she answered, feverishly. She had risen to say good-night, and she had a tragic desire to break into wild laughter at herself.

He took her outstretched hand warmly.

"Thank you, Ann," he said. "I knew you would be our friend, and I'm glad to have you the first to congratulate me."

"I do, I do," she answered, hastily drawing her hand away. "You must tell me more about her to-morrow; it is late now—good-night." Smiling, she turned away from him, and with her head very erect she started to leave the room; but at the door she paused

and in very bravado to herself she turned and threw him another smiling "good-night." Then she closed the door between them and fled like a stricken thing to the refuge of her own room.

But Ann had a spirit of her own, and after the first shock of revelation it rose in her defense. Bravely she fought her way through the long night, and by the morning she had won something like tranquillity, though the remembrance of it all made her shudder.

She rose early, intending to walk before breakfast, that the exercise and fresh air might take something of the haggard look from her face before she encountered Philip. Early as she was down, however, on glancing into the dining room, she saw that some one had already breakfasted, and the maid handed her a note. It was from Philip. Eagerly she tore it open and read:

DEAR ANN: I am off early this morning. I cannot bear to see you again. All that I told you last night about my engagement was a — lie. Please fill up the blank with whatever epithet you see fit to use. I have already fitted a good many adjectives to it myself.

Heaven knows why I did it. I love you as I always have loved you—and always shall; and I came yesterday to offer, as usual, my unacceptable, and to you impossible and doubtless ridiculous, birthday present. On the way I met with that accident. For a time I was in great danger, and I told myself afterward that if you had any spark of feeling for me, or ever would have, then you would surely show it. I was mistaken. When we met you were entirely yourself, as always. It required no great cleverness to perceive that danger to me could touch you in no vital spot. Then an insane idea seized me. What possessed me I do not know. Perhaps it angered me to think how sure you must be of me in your indifference. Perhaps I thought jealousy might move you; it did not, and the lie about my engagement went for nothing. I have always loved you, I always shall, but now I love you with a difference. Before yesterday, when I learned unmistakably how little I was to you, I loved hopefully—I no longer love you thus.

I leave this morning early—make my excuses, please, to your mother. I do not doubt you will be able to forgive my deceit; I know you too well to believe that anything which I may do can affect you in any way—even to anger.

PHILIP DANGERFIELD.

Ann turned upon the maid.  
 "How long has Mr. Dangerfield been gone?" she demanded.

"About fifteen minutes, miss," the woman answered.

"Did he walk to the station?"



"Yes'm; he said his dress-suit case was real light, and he could easy carry it."

"Tell Edward to saddle Sparkle for me at once. Quick, quick!" Ann cried.

She dashed upstairs, and was down again in her habit before the groom could bring her horse to the door. Impatiently she ran out to the stable and, mounting there, took her way at a swift pace along a bridle path which joined the road half a mile from the station. It was shorter than the regular way. Philip did not know it, and there was just a chance that by fast riding she might overtake him, in spite of his half hour's start.

The morning was beautiful and exhilarating, but Ann heeded it not. She rode furiously, and in her heart was a fierce anger against Philip.

Philip meantime walked listlessly along the road to the station. If the morning was fair, he also was indifferent to it. He was only conscious of the remembrance of a girl in a trailing green dress, and of a great disgust with the world in general and himself in particular. When about half a mile from the station he became aware of the sound of rapid hoofbeats, somewhere off to the left in the woods. They approached swiftly, until suddenly a horse and rider sprang



*Philip set his dress-suit case down in the middle of the road and started toward her.*

into the road from a side path directly ahead, and, wheeling quickly, confronted him.

It was Ann. But what an Ann!



Eyes alight with emotion, cheeks pink, hair loosened and waving. Philip gasped.

"Ann!" he cried.

"I have come after you, to have you ask my forgiveness," she cried, imperiously.

Philip set his dress-suit case down in the road and started toward her.

"Forgive me, Ann, for lying to you."

"Wait!" she cried. "Begin at the beginning. Ask me to forgive you first for the three terrible hours I spent yesterday, walking up and down and wringing my hands, because I thought you were dead or hurt."

A great light flashed up in Philip's eyes, and he made a quick step toward her.

"Then you did care, after all?" he cried.

But she reined her horse back from him.

"Ask me to forgive you for it!" she cried, passionately.

Philip stood still, looking at her with eyes radiant.

"Forgive me," he said again;

"though that was hardly my fault," he added, with tender amusement.

"Then ask me to forgive you for the lie you told!" she cried.

"I do, I do," he said, earnestly.

"And now," she said, a little tremble shaking her voice, "ask me to forgive you for the night of torment and jealousy I have just spent."

Philip came closer to her. "Forgive me, sweetheart," he said, and his own voice shook.

Ann looked down at him uncertainly.

"Shall I forgive you?" she said, almost wildly. "Shall I forgive the man who had his happiness in his hand and flung it away with a lie?"

"I flung it away and thought it had gone forever, but it has come back to me. Ann, say it has come back to me!" he cried, passionately, stretching his hands out to her.

For a little space she looked down at him, searching his face, then suddenly she dropped her own hands into his.

"It has come back to you," she said, softly; "and my happiness is with it, so please be very careful."



#### THE OFFICE-BOY'S EXCUSE.

THE office-boy had buried countless grandmothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins, but he felt an enthusiasm for the baseball-game that day which would not be downed.

Suddenly an idea struck him. Approaching the easy boss with an air of familiarity, which had been nurtured by long usage, he asked:

"May I leave at noon to-day, sir?"

"And why, my boy?"

"There is a fancy fair at our church, and mother wants me to go this afternoon. She was so anxious that she bought me a ticket, which cost a dollar, as she was sure you would allow me the few hours off. I have to assist at the refreshment stall, and it seems a pity to waste——"

"But surely you are above such things as that, which take you away from your work. Why not give the ticket to one of your sisters?"

"Well, you see, sir, that wouldn't be fair, for I'm the only one of our family who can be depended upon to eat a dollar's worth, and——"

His supreme nerve won the day.



# A BEAUTY SERMON TO THE OUT-DOOR GIRL

—BY—  
**AUGUSTA  
PRESCOTT**



SHE CAN BREATHE FRESH AIR AND GATHER GOOD HEALTH WITHOUT ENDANGERING HER FIGURE OR HER COMPLEXION

**A**T this time the outdoor girl is the victim of circumstance. She longs for the fresh air and its diversions, yet each day's indulgence acts as a beauty destroyer upon both figure and looks.

The first and strongest temptation of the outdoor girl in summer-time is to drink a great deal, and this alone acts as a figure destroyer. If the drink were always water, and good pure, sweet spring-water at that, there would be less harm. But in the summer the girl who goes on outings stops frequently for sweet drinks that destroy her skin and add flesh to her waist-line. Sodas and bottled waters with sugar in them tend to put on fat. So that in the autumn the outdoor girl, instead of being benefited as to figure, is usually far too fat for beauty. She has been eating and drinking indiscriminately.

The sunshine is another foe to beauty. It gives red cheeks, but, unless carefully managed, it gives a red nose as well. It also gives weak eyes and a wrinkled forehead. Thus it happens that the very elements that are supposed to carry beauty with them really act as beauty destroyers. And it is with these semi-destructive elements that the pretty summer girl must learn to grapple.

There is a girl who golfs a great

deal, and her course lies over a sunny stretch of country. Day after day, before she goes forth, she bathes her face in the pure juice of cucumbers. She lays a warm towel over her cheeks, and rests half an hour before going out. Not for worlds would she go out directly after washing her face, for she knows that she would freckle and burn. But she rests half an hour, and, thus fortified, ventures forth. The result shows in her perfectly preserved skin, white as milk, in August days.

But it is not only by bathing the face in cucumber-juice before going out that the summer girl keeps her skin nice. On her return she must spread her face, from her forehead to the tip of her chin, with cold-cream melted to a liquid consistency. And this she must leave on her face for fifteen minutes. It is then taken off with a little sweet milk. And, over the skin, there is puffed a cloud of fine complexion-powder.

At night this girl creams her face with cream of milk, and once a week she steams it with hot cloths. Occasionally she rubs her skin with a cut lime, following it with cold-cream. And now and then she treats it to a bath of benzoinated rain-water prepared and bottled ready for use.

This young woman has a nice soft, white skin when her friends are suffer-

ing from a chapped, wrinkled, and crinkled cuticle. Her lips are specially pretty, for she rubs them with glycerin and orange-flower water; and, before going out, she puts on just a dash of alcohol to make them red and moist looking. Her "ripe" mouth is famed for its beauty.

The average summer girl longs to be a fresh-air girl; and, if she be wise, she will live in the open as much as possible. In the fall she will be rewarded by firm health and a good stock of nervous energy for the long months that are to come.

There is a fancy these days for sleeping in the open air. And to meet the demand for outdoor sleeping quarters, nearly all the new homes on Long Island and along the Jersey shore are fitted with outdoor sleeping-parlors. The outdoor sleeping-room, in most cases, is located upon an upper piazza opening out from a bedroom proper. There are matting screens that can be lowered should the rain dash in, and there is a wind-break to be shifted in the night should the elements howl. It is in these outdoor sleeping-rooms that the girls of the summer get their fine nerves and good spirits, not to mention the red cheeks that come with outdoor sleeping.

In New Jersey, not far from the old home of Joe Jefferson, there lives a

young woman who, for part of the summer, leads a Rip Van Winkle existence. She sleeps days and nights in the open. Her pillow is an old rug spread over a log, and her covering a steamer-blanket. Here she lies, among the pines, reading and sleeping. It is a rest cure and "constitutional" rolled in one.

Living out-of-doors is immensely

beneficial if one will take advantage of the opportunities offered. There is a girl who is roughing it upon a Virginia farm. There is a well of crisp drinking water; there are fruits and vegetables; there is milk within carrying distance, and there are sociable neighbors. With a girl chum she is gathering health and beauty. Her daily complexion bath is a milk bath; she dips in a convenient stream for her water bath; she eats fruits to keep her complexion clear, and she rests her nerves and her mind. Truly an ideal vacation for the nerve worker.

The fresh-air summer girl—the girl who is determined to have fresh air no mat-

ter how she gets it—can spend her summer vacation in the enjoyment of a walking tour. This is a cheap way of becoming good-looking; and it is certainly a pleasant one.

To take a walking tour that will bring one back good-looking and ready for fall requires many things, one of which is a cheerful companion, who has



THE IDEAL OUT-DOOR SUMMER GIRL

the same end in view. The second thing is suitable clothing, particularly comfortable walking shoes; and the third is some knowledge as to right diet during a walking tour.

The girl who is going to walk should begin by a trolley ride to the city limits. Then comes the venture into paths unknown. A compass is absolutely necessary, or the fresh-air girl will surely walk around in a circle. At night she will be very near where she started.

The clothing should, of course, be comfortable, but not too loose around the waist-line. The hat should be light and wide in the brim, and there should be two pairs of boots, to be changed daily in the middle of the day. A light knapsack will hold these extra things, as well as a supply of underclothing.

For her beauty specifics the fresh-air girl will depend upon milk; and she will try to get a cup of it each morning for her face after her water dip. At night she will beg or buy a cup of sour cream to rub upon her parched skin before retiring. Once a day she will go over her neck and arms with a cut potato for the sake of its thick starch; and she will take off sun-spots and tan regularly with apple juice or the extract of a cucumber. Her cosmetics grow right around her path, and she will take full advantage of them.

The fresh-air girl will walk sufficiently to bring her weight down to nor-

mal. And, if inclined to put on fat while in the open air—as so many do—she will refrain from drinking with her meals; and she will not eat cake or pastry, however much may be offered her at the farmhouses.

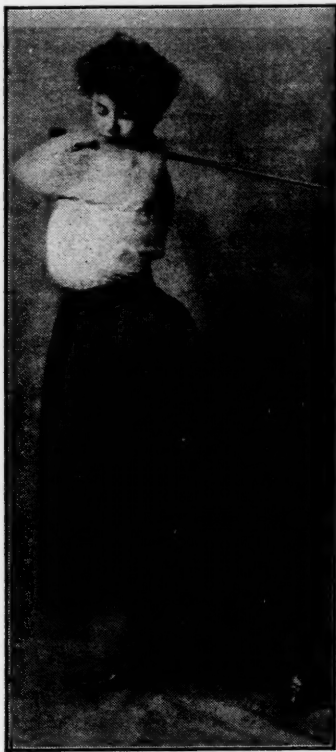
But it is upon her return home that the outdoor girl gets in her best work.

She has restored her nerves and brought down her weight and added color to her face. The thing now is to restore her skin to its original softness and beauty, for it will surely be more or less injured by her outdoor indulgence.

The nose particularly will be the worse for wear; and often that long-suffering member shows a positive coarseness that will apparently yield to nothing at all. For a nose that has coarsened in the sun there are several treatments, the most heroic of which is to scrub it with a coarse towel until the skin is positively off. This is face-skinning with a vengeance, but, if well done, it may give returns in added beauty. The skin, particularly the skin of the nose, heals rapidly. And,

in a few days, the nose will be nice and smooth again; but it should be cold-creamed to keep it from getting terribly pink while the new skin is forming.

In the hands of an amateur the process of face-skinning is attended with much heroism; yet, really, nothing is easier than to gently rub off the skin and let the new skin come on. The



THERE IS A GIRL WHO GOLFS A GREAT DEAL

skin is peculiar in that it forms in a night, and it is also remarkable in that it thrives on bad treatment.

The man who scrapes his face daily with a razor is rewarded by a smooth, white skin; and the woman who washes her hands every hour in the day, rubbing them roughly with a towel, is pretty sure to have smooth hands. That is one reason why the hands of house-workers are whiter and smoother than the hands of the petted belle.

The summer girl who washes her face with good soap and water, and who rubs it vigorously, following it with libations of skin food, will have a good skin in spite of her daily sunning; and she who exercises in the open air will have a good figure in spite of the fact that she is loosely dressed and careless as to her form.

The outdoor girl will have plenty of trouble with her hair in summer-time, for the hair fills with dust, and it grows danky in the dews. In addition to this it grows harsh, rough, brittle, and inclined to fade in streaks. The remedy for this is what is called a summer shampoo.

The summer shampoo begins with a spraying of warm water, and the head is rubbed with a cut lime. Then the head is shampooed again, and a whole egg is broken into it. This is followed by a liberal shampoo with soap jelly, after which the hair is rinsed and dried in the shade. This will, in most cases, keep the hair nice and soft if repeated as often as once in three weeks. But very rough hair can have a thimble-full of almond-oil rubbed into it. When riding, the clothing should be snug and the hair tied in a neat knot, from which the dust can be easily brushed out.

The summer girl will see to it that she has plenty of scent in her ward-



THERE IS A WELL OF CRISP DRINKING WATER

robe. Sweet clover tops abound now; and there is plenty of lemon verbenä. These, mixed with lavender, will give a wardrobe bouquet which can be made into sachets and pillows for the bureau and trunk. One of the great attractions of out-of-doors is the odor of summer, and the outdoor girl must do all she can to preserve it.

If she will take her lemon verbenä, and will fix the odor with sweet spices, imprisoning the whole in little bags, she will find that she has just the thing for her wardrobe. For her head she will want some pine pillows and a few cushions of lavender, catnip, balsam, and kitchen herbs.

While talking to the outdoor girl, there is just a word to be said to the woman who is not an outdoor girl at all, but who longs to be such. There is the fat woman so stout that she cannot walk at all; and there is the woman whose health will not allow her to be an outdoor girl. One is in as bad a predicament as the other.

To both the same advice can be given.



HER CLOTHING SHOULD BE SNUG AND HER HAIR  
TIED IN A NEAT BOW

It is this: Get out of doors; try each day to walk; make up your mind that you will persevere in spite of obstacles; and while you are walking don't forget that you are to take a beauty bath when you get back home.

The fat woman—the woman whose weight is such that she cannot walk a dozen city blocks without going all to pieces from weariness—will find that a very hot beauty bath restores her strength. Fat is partly disease, partly overindulgence, partly inertia. And there is no time like the summer for

shaking it off. Weigh daily, walk as much as possible, take hot baths, and watch how the flesh will disappear. This is the best advice for the fat woman.

The outdoor girl who is reducing, or whose health is not all it might be, should wear moderately heavy clothing. If she can persuade her skin to sweat, she will feel better than if her skin were dry and hot. One of the great advantages of outdoor life in the summer-time is that the skin sweats and gives off the impurities of the system.

The outdoor girl should, in every instance, protect her hands. She should wear gloves always, and, if she wants to whiten her fingers, she should put on gloves of leather, so that they will be moist. At night she can wear gloves lined with glove paste should her hands have become out of condition.

To be an ideal outdoor girl, then, requires some study. But it is a sort of study that is well worth the while of every girl who wants to be pretty in the summer-time.

### Answers to Correspondents

I have lived in the open air so much, tenting out, that my hands begin to look like red leather. They are calloused inside and rough outside. I want to return to city life and look nice. What can I do? I wonder if the beauty department has any advice for me.

Mrs. H. F. S.

The beauty department has many readers who have lived a careless life in the open. The first remedy is a liberal coating of skin food; then some good soap and water; and then a bleaching with lemon juice. Finally the hands must be treated with gloves lined with glove paste.

I like SMITH'S MAGAZINE better than any other that comes into our home, and we take five or six periodicals. I enclose a subscription, and I want to ask you for a skin food. I have a friend who does not take the magazine, but who would like to write to you. May she do so? Mrs. Y. A.

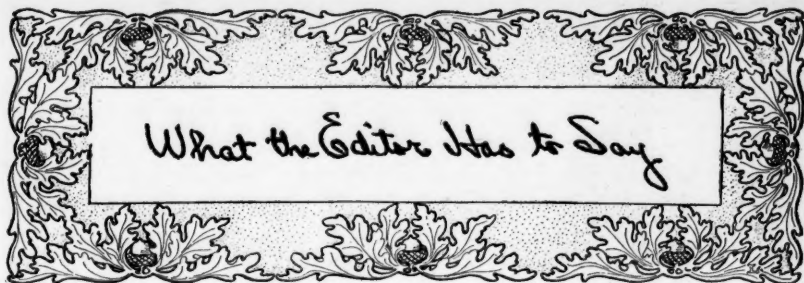
Thank you for the subscription. Certainly your friend may write. I am always glad to get letters.

Our copy of SMITH'S arrived yesterday, and we found something in it for each one of us. Our home is in Texas, and we would feel lonely were it not for SMITH'S with its brightness and home cheer. Incidentally we would all like to know of a good skin food, as we find the climate very trying upon the face. I am getting very wrinkled, which I do not enjoy at my age, which is only thirty.

A TEXAN GIRL.

You are much too young, dear girl, to be wrinkled. I am going to send you a formula for wrinkle-cream. You can make the cream yourself. Thank you for your appreciation of SMITH'S.





## What the Editor Has to Say

LONG ago, before he had anything to do with magazines, the writer imagined an editor's lot to be one of the happiest and most peaceful in the world. He pictured to himself a handsome and urbane gentleman, lounging gracefully in a mahogany-furnished room, expensive engravings adorning the walls, and some worthy piece of statuary—say a Winged Victory—on the broad mantelshelf above the open fireplace. The half-drawn blinds allowed the golden afternoon sunshine to fill the room with a mellow radiance; and a long-necked vase filled with American Beauty roses gave a touch of color to an apartment that might otherwise have been too somber in its chastened magnificence. Here sat the editor, faultlessly attired, reading a folio edition of Shakespeare and waiting for his mail. When the mail arrived it consisted of stories, and such good stories! The editor read them leisurely, selecting some and rejecting others. A few afternoons such as this supplied sufficient material to furnish forth one issue of the magazine, and the editor's work for the month was over.

THIS charming picture, needless to say, was imaginary, and founded solely upon an invincible ignorance of what the inside of a magazine office was like, and of what the functions of an editor consisted. Like most creations of the imagination—save those of men of genius who possess an in-

sight often more informing than the knowledge gained by experience—the picture was radically false in the essentials. So far as the physical details are concerned—the mahogany, the roses, and the Victory of Samothrace—some editors have achieved these things, some have had them thrust upon them, some have been born with them, and a great many others have cheerfully done without them. The essentially false thing about the picture was that it represented the editor in a passive, critical frame of mind. He was not seeking the stories. They were seeking him.

PERHAPS you have written stories yourself, submitted them to magazines, and received them back. You may have wished that you could get in touch with the editor. Depend upon it, that if you have a story to tell, the editor is even more eager to get in touch with you. During the past year we have spent several thousand dollars on a system organized solely for the purpose of getting in touch with new authors who are doing good work. We find them now and then. Sometimes their manuscripts are received in the mail, and the editor who thus discovers the new author of talent feels somewhat the same thrill that the miner feels when he sees the grains of gold glittering in the sand in the bottom of his pan. Sometimes we see in other magazines new authors who show the ability for which we are looking. In either case



we feel that we are looking for the author a great deal harder than he is looking for us. When we do run across nuggets of genuine gold in the shape of short stories, whether by known or unknown authors, we feel like shouting the good news so that all our readers may hear it. The series of short stories by Eden Phillpotts now appearing in SMITH's is a splendid example of such a find. Mr. Phillpotts is already famous on both sides of the Atlantic, and we feel certain that these "Human Boy" stories are going to bring him a great deal more celebrity.

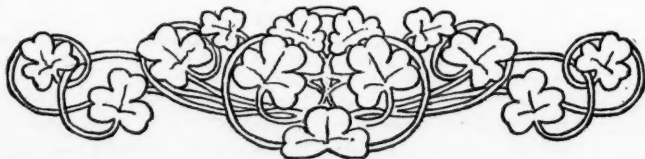
WE have already spoken of these stories, but we cannot help calling your attention to them once more. The story in the present issue, "Peters; Detective," is the funniest we have published so far; but the story which will appear next month, "The Tiger's Tail," is even better. Aside from their delicious humor, their quaint portrayal of boy nature, their accuracy of detail, these stories have qualities which lift them out of the ranks of ordinary good fiction which is read and thrown aside. They stand a second and third reading even better than a first, and we know of no better test of solid literary merit.

NEXT month we will publish a complete novelette by Anne O'Hagan. Her story, "The Whirlpool," which appeared some months ago in SMITH's, attracted a great deal of comment. "On Board the Nephenthe," which appears next month, is a love-story with an unusual plot. Miss O'Hagan has the ability to make her

readers sympathize with her characters and feel their reality.

OVER a year ago a Russian actress came to this country to play for a short time in serious dramas by Ibsen. Her managers were not particularly noisy in their announcements of her ability. There was very little of the press-agent trumpeting that precedes the arrival of a great many foreign stars who afterward turn out to be luminaries of a very dim luster. It was thought by most judges that Alla Nazimova would make a short and unsuccessful stay in this country. Her experience has falsified all these predictions. She made a remarkable success with her first performance, and bids fair to prove herself a really great actress. She has a peculiar personality; peculiar in its charm and in its racial dissimilarity to anything American or Anglo-Saxon. In the next issue of SMITH's, Rennold Wolf will describe an interview with Mme. Nazimova, and give his impressions of her. You will find it interesting reading.

ARE you interested in the new shirt-waists and hats that women will wear this fall? If you are a man, you should at least have an academic and critical interest in these things. If you are a woman, your interest is more real and vital. Next month you will find in SMITH's an article on the latest models, illustrated with photographs, and written by an authority on the subject. In the same number of the magazine Grace Margaret Gould will tell you something about the latest fads of fashionable women.



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Mechan. Draughtsman  
Telephone Engineer  
Elec. Lighting Supt.  
Mech. Engineer  
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# Ainslee's for September

"The Magazine That Entertains"

## ROBERT HICHENS

will hold the first place in September magazine fiction, as he did in July and August, with his serial story in AINSLEE'S.

### "Barbary Sheep,"

which has made such a palpable hit with the public, will reach its third instalment in the September number, in which it attains a climax that nobody can afford to miss. In human interest, in craftsmanship, it is one of a very few really great stories.

**Edith Macvane** is the author of the novelette, which, after the serial, will be the feature. It is a masterly and absorbing story, with intense dramatic strength, called "*The Wayward Scales*."

**Mary H. Vorse** will have one of her irresistibly funny child stories, which she calls "*The Spanking of Agnes*." Nobody will make a mistake in paying fifteen cents to read this alone.

**Dorothy Dix**, whose work has not recently appeared in magazine form, will be represented in the September number by one of the brightest and snappiest essays she has written, called "*First Aids to Matrimony*."

**Martha McCulloch Williams** has the reputation of writing the best racing stories published anywhere, and one of them, called "*At Evens*," will have a place in September.

There will be a Western story by **Ada Woodruff Anderson**, and other stories by **Owen Oliver**, **Joseph C. Lincoln**, **Johnson Morton**, **Campbell McCulloch**, **H. B. Marriott-Watson**, **Robert E. MacAlarney**, and **Broughton Brandenburg**.

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**Subscription, \$1.80 per Year**

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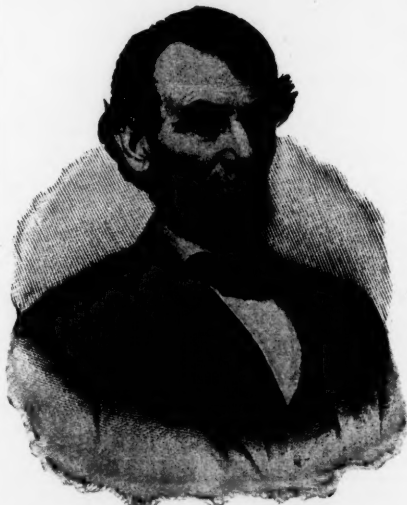
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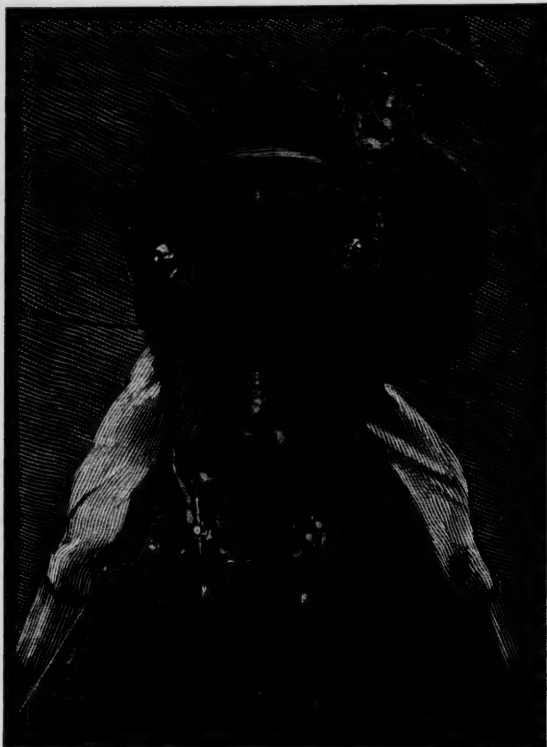
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By Scott Campbell

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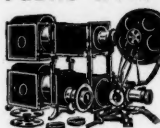
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# Everybody Dances When the PHONOGRAPH Plays



**T**HE dance music of the Edison Phonograph is irresistible. Its selections are clear, distinct, tuneful and in perfect time. It offers the most fascinating waltzes and spirited two-steps of the world's great composers as well as the popular dance music of the hour. It is a military band or a symphony orchestra at will, affording a delightful and widely varied program without expense or attention. The Phonograph represents the personal work of Mr. Edison, the inventor of the talking machine idea. Hear it at any Edison store; you must compare it with others to fully appreciate its entertaining powers. If you wish information in advance, write for our booklet, giving descriptions and prices.

**NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 37 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.**

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

# The August List of New EDISON RECORDS

**W**ITH every new Record you buy your Edison Phonograph affords a new pleasure. Keep your library up-to-date by selecting what you like from each month's new Records. Most anything you choose from the August list will increase your interest in your Phonograph and your appreciation of its ability to amuse and entertain. Your dealer will have the new August Records on sale July 27th. Hear them all at the store and buy those you like and those you think your friends will like.

9602 Minuet and Gavotte from "Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo)	Edison Concert Band
9603 He Never Even Said Good-Bye (Gumble)	Ada Jones
9604 My Dear (Ball)	Reinald Werrenrath
9605 Sonoma (Friedman)	Edison Venetian Trio
9606 I'm Tying the Leaves so They Won't Come Down (Helf)	Byron G. Harlan
9607 Work, for the Night is Coming (Mason)	Edison Mixed Quartette
9608 Flanagan and His Money (Original)	Steve Porter
9609 Joyce's 71st Regiment March (Boyer)	Edison Military Band
9610 Dearest, Sweetest, Best (Peabody)	Harry Anthony
9611 Ev'ry Little Bit Added to What You've Got Makes Just a Little Bit More (Dillon Bros.)	Collins and Harlan
9612 He Goes to Church On Sunday (Goetz)	Billy Murray
9613 Heather Bells (Losey)	Albert Benzer
9614 She Was a Grand Old Lady (Henry)	Harvey Hindernymer
9615 Street Piano Medley (Original)	August Molinari
9616 Harrigan (Cohan)	Edward Meeker
9617 Miss Dixie (Hager)	Edison Concert Band
9618 So Long, So Long (Clark)	Arthur Collins
9619 In the Good Old Steamboat Days (Hill)	Murry K. Hill
9620 My Word! What a Lot of It (Reed)	Will F. Denny
9621 The Merry Lark (Bendix)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9622 Red Wing (Mills)	Frederick H. Potter and Chorus
9623 Burying the Hatchet (Original)	Ada Jones and Len Spencer
9624 The Sailors' Chorus (Parry)	Edison Male Quartette
9625 School Days Medley (Original)	Edison Military Band

## FIVE NEW GRAND OPERA RECORDS

B.51 Ich grolle nicht ("I'll not complain")	Schumann
By OTTO GORITZ, Baritone. Sung in German, orchestra accompaniment.	
B.52 Brindisi ("Drinking Song") "Cavalleria Rusticana"	Mascagni
By FLORENCIO CONSTANTINO, Tenor. Sung in Italian, orchestra accompaniment.	
B.53 In quelle trine morbide ("In those soft, silken curtains") "Manon Lescaut"	Puccini
By SIGNORINA GARAVAGLIA, Soprano. Sung in Italian, orchestra accompaniment.	
B.54 Io son l'amore ("I am Love")	Tosti
By GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI, Baritone. Sung in Italian, orchestra accompaniment.	
B.100 Cujus Animam ("Lord! vouchsafe Thy loving kindness") "Stabat Mater"	Rossini
By ANGILO PINTUCCI, Tenor. Sung in Latin, orchestra accompaniment.	

**F**ROM July 27th on you can get at any Edison store, or from us, three free books — The Phonogram, the Supplemental Catalogue and the Complete Catalogue — which will give you complete information regarding the new Records for August and all Edison Records brought out in the past and still on sale. If you write today you will not forget it.

Edison Records are also made in Bohemian, Chinese, Cuban, French, German, Hebrew, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Mexican, Polish, Russian, Spanish and Swedish. Ask your dealer or write us for a catalogue.



THOMAS A. EDISON

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 37 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

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